

Get This Paper

Maino

I hustle, I scrape, I gamble, I take
Anything for me to get that paper
I rob, I steal, I plot, I kill
Anything for me to get that paper
I work, do dirt, hit the block, sell work
Anything for me to get that paper
I pimp, I play, I scam, run game
Anything for me to get that paper

Picture me down on my luck, down to a buck
Barely ate, ribs touching, nigga, I'm stuck
Nothing in the fridge, I'm so hungry I'mma bust
So these niggas with money start to look like lunch
Maybe I can pull a jux, run up in the store
Make Papi give it to me, get away or
Run up in the weed spot, come through, fifth cocked
Take everything, leave him nothing but his dreadlocks
Might be easier to just sell [?]
Stand around the corner and just make sales
Nigga, I'm broke, how the fuck I'm gon' chill?
Anything that ain't nailed down I'm gon' steal
It feels like I got a right to rob
You would do the same, dog, what, I'm supposed to starve?
Rather be the frank man, before I beg and bark
You think if I played lotto I'd get rich tomorrow?

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Sometimes I sit and think what'd happen if I didn't get my rap on
I would be back in the hood with a mask on
Probably pushing every rock til the crack of dawn
Seeing me, run and snatch the chain that you had on
One of these days I'm gon' get me rich
Plus the girls say I'm cute, I could pimp me a bitch
I could shake up the dice, I could gamble a bit
I could pull a burglary, steal your TV and shit
But the [?] fells, then I'mma hit the ave again
And sell bootleg DVDs like the Africans
T-shirts, socks, CDs and aspirines
I do anything for me to get cash again

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Now this is for my niggas in the hood that'll pull them capers
Do anything just to get that paper
Run up in her spot, tie her up, duct tape her
Take money now, then think later
Every bitch that's trying to get
If you're riding a [?] or you're riding a [?]
If you're riding a [?] you're riding with bricks
You can ride next to me if you're trying to get rich
Homie do what you gotta do if you gotta booze
Gotta rob, gotta steal, get your dollars, duke
Cause when you're broke, nobody love you but your mama
Nothing worse than a man living with his mama
Dead broke, sitting there low in his [?]
He'll shoot a dude for every bit of [?]
For that bread I'll go wax your neck
In 91 I connect my connect, motherfucker

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