

Paper Paper

Marc E. Bassy

Lonely is my weather
Cut me, through my leather
Girl I sleep much better
When we say forever

In a race, it ain't no drug money
Tell me what they really want from me?
Bust the Rollie down, make it freeze
Best friend turnin' to enemies, ayy
I'm tryna break through the trends but
My bitch got on a new dress
And she say if I don't choose up
Pretty soon she gotta choose up

Paper, paper, money, money (Money, money)
Tell me what you really done for me? (Done for me)
Got me out here chasin' cliches (Cliches, ayy)
Ricky Ross, without the freeway (Freeway)
Ayy, [?] get in my account (My account)
[?] made a hunnid thousand
I do it for the ransom (Ransom)
Say I'm sorry to my grandson, yeah, yeah

Ripped off a couple adlibs (Adlibs)
Tryna turn my shit to classic (Classic)
I'm feelin' like a vulture (Vulture)
I'm too cultured for my culture
Tryna slide into slidin'
Tell your girl to bring her girlfriends, oh (Girlfriends)
Raise the money, then dilute the love
But shit that love was always switchin' up

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