

Paper

Master P

Grinky had that ounce of crack, turn that to that whole joint
Then he got that nina and he turned that to whole point
Me I bet them pounds down, never got that brown, brown
Take it to my homie crib and then I break it down, down
Used to flood this whole shit, just like a surround sound
Panorama for stack, used to go and pound, pound
Just to get a hole in one, cop it, he gonn throw one
O'malley in the kitchen, whipin white until his nose run
Then I met my nigga meek, hit me with that trick or treat
Took it to the south side, and I was right back in a week
Fresh from outa jail cell, right back out here in these streets
Yeah I was out on bail, but now it's time to pay these lawyer fees
30 charges pending and the cops could come to court on me
Pity ain't gonn do shit, but to sit me in that court and plea
And I ain't tryina cop out, looking for a knock out
High school I dropped out, so I can slang that rock out

I'm a hustle nigga all night, all night
Till I get my fuckin paper right, paper right
Bitch you ball that's a halley hoop
20 pounds, that's a bentley coupe
I'm a hustle nigga all night, all night
Till I get my fuckin paper right, paper right
Bitch you ball that's a alley hoop
20 pounds, that's a bentley coupe

I'm on my grind and I don't sleep
Don't fuck with you niggas tell the police
Niggas client tryina get me for a half a key
I got my young niggas that put your ass straight to sleep
This ain't a sport boy, I'm pistol pete
Do that ball through the hood, call me cp3
I did it once, now I'm back bitch, look at me
No limit forever motherfucker, and we in the streets

I'm a hustle nigga all night, all night
Till I get my fuckin paper right, paper right
Bitch you ball that's a halley hoop
20 pounds, that's a bentley coupe
I'm a hustle nigga all night, all night
Till I get my fuckin paper right, paper right
Bitch you ball that's a alley hoop
20 pounds, that's a bentley coupe

Fuckin shine, I'm lebron, give me the whole 9
I need that fat to jump it back from the freehrow line
I gotta get it, I'm a trap it out the whole night
Razor blade, residue jays in the glass pipe
Started out wearing deacon suits to wearing all new
If it's money in the house, we gonn get to em
I went from standin on the corner, to a benz owner
I had to move to california and get my bread lonely
Nigga my whole team murkin while you broke hurtin
We all get it for certain, you lames still purpin
We back to back and for us niggas get back and chill
If you ain't comin spending money, my youngins don't trill

I'm a hustle nigga all night, all night
Till I get my fuckin paper right, paper right
Bitch you ball that's a halley hoop
20 pounds, that's a bentley coupe
I'm a hustle nigga all night, all night
Till I get my fuckin paper right, paper right
Bitch you ball that's a halley hoop
20 pounds, that's a bentley coupe.