

Paper Tags

Real Boston Richey

Oh, uh

Mm-mm

Time for a new environment, new craft
(Ddot cold as a motherfucker, on God)

I'm slidin' Bentley coup, paper tag (Mhm-hm, mhm-hm)
She don't work her ass of, she ain't get no ass (Mhm, mhm)
I'm with a ticker bitch, she got more ass, way more cash
High-class, get her Chanel bag, move too fast
Cracker hit the block, I spinned that, I move too fast
I'm up in the 'Vette, that must be drug abusers
All I hang 'round is drug users (Uh, uh)

Really came up out the slums too
Why you tote that gun? You know you ain't gon' use
Niggas go for anythin', gettin' bamboozled
Don't know where I'd been if I weren't makin' music
But they know where I been, they just go check on Google
Don't matter where I go, they know I'm keepin' a tooly
Don't matter where she go, she know I'ma run into her
Tired of givin' niggas game, niggas treat me like a tutor
Call me Gary V, givin' out too much game
No more outrunnin' my check, that move bring me more pain
Remember me and dawg was spinnin' up in that Mustang
Bust it down, Ps, we sellin' the grams the Pat way
She gon' come home with a sad face
Play with Boston, it's gon' be a bad day (Uh)
One of my goals, dine, like on a runway (Uh)
Thuggin' niggas street like goin' on a blind date

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Oh, here they come, must have the funds
Pushin' through, we havin' plenty guns
Standin' on that business, we ain't havin' fun
'Nother one, in the same coupe, that's another one
Slidin' Bentley coupe, jump in another one
They say the same bitch you see here, that's another one
Fuck with them, we lockin' in with them, then we stuck with them
Fuckin' bitches, I ain't never trustin' them
Its gon be a bad day they piss me off
I'm doin' fifty with bad bitches on the [?] game
Before that bag came, I swear, I was havin' more litter days
I was fuckin' the ho for the free, but now it's like I got to pay (Yeah)
VVs havin' clarity (Yeah), thinkin' to myself, like, "Who the fuck wanna marry me"
I'm out here sellin' [?], wherever that the trappers be
I got a be on beat, I know they out here plottin' on me (Yeah)
Bust down, diamonds havin' clarity (Yeah)
Tell me, why do they wanna [?] the savage in me?
However, you actin' a friend just please do it in the back of me

I'm tired gettin' with friends, don't know how them niggas keep askin' me
Say they got my back, but keep on stabbin' on me
I ain't even askin' 'bout what happenin' to me
And the B be in the back of the beat
Man, the back of the beat (Back of the beat, back of the beat)

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Ew, hold up
Hang around drug users (Uh, uh)
Hang around drug users
Hang around drug users
(Ddot cold as a motherfucker, on God)