

Marks, marks on his face, on his face, with a mask
Money, money in the crib for the cats
Cash in the attic get black
Pull up to the curb, get the sack

Pull up to the curb, get the sack
Pull up to the curb, get the sack
Pull up to the curb, pull up to the curb, pull up to the curb,
sack, swerve
Pull up to the curb, pull up to the curb, pull up to the curb,
sack

Pull up to the curb, pull up in the swerve
Pulled up, pushed 2 bullets, now you pull up in a hearse
Puttin' in the work, boy I put in work
Pulled up, pushed 2 bullets, now you pull up in hearse
Bullet, bullet to the curb, pull up in the swerve
Pulled up, pushed 2 bullets, now you pull up in hearse
Puttin' in the work, boy I put in work
Pulled up, pushed 2 bullets, now you pull up in hearse

Uhh, I been up since 6am, in the kitchen I been whippin' all da
y
Uhh, and when that new shit drop, whole city get high, but the
hood gone shake
Uhh, like a tail feather, I been runnin' to the paper like a ma
il nigga
When I was rockin' 9's high with the Hilfiger
I was 10 toes down, been a real nigga
Spark's motherfuckin' niggas don't know nothing 'bout the soup
You be CP3, I'm Blake Griffin off the hoop
Tryna light the game down, tryna see what it'll do
I be all about the chicken when I'm cruisin' in the coupe
Uhh, yeah, I'm tryna show that doe
Punch lines picture perfect with a kodak flow
Catch more than the tunnel vision, tryna go at war, with the el
ephant in the room
It's young Paper Platoon

Hey sugar, make your whole body twerk
Hey sugar, make your whole body twerk
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Hey sugar, make your whole body twerk