

# Paper

Tech N9ne

This is your big homie Bryan B Shynin from Hot 103 Jams, host of underground heat

This next one is called "Paper", from that Tech N9ne Collabos, The Gates Mix ed Plate, baby!

Boy I'm 'bout my presidents  
Benjamins and Jacksons  
My name Jay Rock, a.k.a. get paper if you askin'  
Catch me out in traffic  
Traffic insult n' tragic  
That magic trynna get that Frank Lucas and Ricky Ross cabbage  
Find me on the freeway  
Doin' deals on the 3 way  
If you don't got my paper that chopper split you in 3 ways  
My money runnin, it should be in some relays  
No candles on my cake but everyday be my b-day  
Comin' out that gutta, bitch I'm 'bout my dollas  
Me and Tech up at the bank, takin' them paper showers  
Who gives a fuck what you think, broke niggas envy hard  
Gats in my drawers, guns in the car  
Knock a nigga off  
It's all about survival dawg  
Get money, fuck bitches, rockstar  
I'm 'bout my paper, you 'bout some paper? Let's do some business  
If you cross me, hundred round magazine you gon' get your issue

Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper, paper, paper  
Do what we do to survive (gotta get it)  
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper, paper, paper  
Get it like a thief in the night (you know I'm gettin')  
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper, paper, paper  
I'm comin' for yours, now it's mine (all about it)  
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper, paper  
Mind on money, money on my mind

I've sacrificed everything to get this fuckin' money  
It'll be a wrap just like a mummy if you try to get it from me  
Think it's funny  
Try to get me when I'm lookin' stunny  
Your blood and guts runny when I bust in the middle open up your tummy, yumm  
Y  
Federal reserve note  
Better know the darn ropes  
Let her go with her folks, find out that she rollin' with your dope  
Rats never deserve hope, put a knife where there were throats  
Varicose veins are drained, and not a single word flows  
Dollars made boss, holla raised cost  
Cause all was in squalor because of all your days off  
So I gotta get paid off, I'm a baller nay lost  
Crosses and your wall lookin' like ragù and hollandaise sauce  
I'll make ya the yapa no fakin' a neighbor for sacred  
But if your face is a hater I'll erase your space on this place, ya  
Better take the base out your trachea  
I'mma waste your crepes and your Jäger  
Not a fuckin' place will be safer  
I'mma say that it's scraped in my nature to chase the

