

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 Mixed 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, paper
Do what we do to survive (gotta get it)
Paper, 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, paper
I'm comin' for yours, now it's mine (all about it)
Paper, paper, 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, yum
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

