

Paper Trippin'

WC

Uhh, yeah! What's crackin y'all? Dub C
Still chasin this cheese, puttin it down
Whassup Nate?

Nigga I ain't rich yet, I'm still stackin G's (dem dolla dolla dollars)
Ain't afraid to bust back, paper's all I need (we rider rider riders)
Nigga I ain't rich yet, I'm still stackin G's (yeah, yeah)
Ain't afraid to bust back, paper's all I need

Check it out
What they hittin fo'? Look I'm sick of all this chattin
Bullshit rappin, let's really get it a-crackin
Y'all niggaz ain't ready fo' a nigga that's gettin paper
Foe scraper, dice shaker, the white, Chuck Taylors
Dark fat laces and fetti with big-ass faces
Blue gators [?], X.O. by the cases
The rider ringleader with weed and my zag smashin
Ya bang ambassador, givin it up back at'cha blastin ya
Off brand assassin-er, jackin for figures c'mon
Totalled up a rock, with a repetitive offender
The purple tinter, the big spender
The realest nigga you know, smellin like doe doe and Pruno
Sick with the flow, swangin low-lows and Harleys
Gather the guests at my mansions and throw my parole parties
Ex criminal turned corporate; elevated my game to worldwide nation
Tippin on paper trippin nia

Big beans or big wings or big screens
Befo' y'all stands a ghetto nigga with big dreams
I throw the dice, close my eyes and rich roll 'em
Take my handkerchief and fold 'em, y'all know the slogan
Riders don't worry multiply shift gears
Toss fingers in the sky, fuck hoes and stay high
The bigger the lick the bigger the hit to cash it all
So whether they ready or not I'm snatchin it all
Wood grains and chrome frames the mode is hang
A trick that won't sang, transported dem thangs
Fuck the pain, give me a label ain't shit funny
Look I'm tryin to touch that Rush and Lyor Cohen's money
Get the Neville's money and blow doja with my stash on rich
And get my dick licked by the baddest bitch
Fade ya, real boy major with tough shit they ain't got
like three-way pagers, nigga I'm paper trippin

Paper is all.. (dolla dolla dolla dolla dollars)
..(dolla dolla dolla dolla dollars)
..(dolla dolla dolla dolla dollars)
..I need

Testin testin, broadcastin live
All day unleaded'll go fo' forty-nine
No garbage no cut, just the bomb pow-wow
Gots to get my hands on that new body style
Floss all you nigga, toss liquor up
A rugged nigga smokin on a cigarette butt
Mashin and I ain't lettin the pedal up

Cause all these songs on my radio ain't ghetto enough
Shutted 'em up with the tank in the cut, I'm sweated to bust
Dub C'zy, fo'ever, gettin 'em up
Hands down I'm the motherfuckin man
Who else could take a gang hop and turn it to a national dance
Givin the fans a glance of a rider saggin his pants
with my rag on my cane standin in a penguin stance, nigga
Worldwidin, ridin, collidin
Fool it's sincerely yours the Ghetto Heisman, paper trippin

Dub C, ghetto extrordinaire, hood fabulous
Comin through with fingers in the air
Y'all know what time it is

[Nate:] Nigga I ain't rich yet, I'm still stackin G's
[WC:] Dem dolla dolla dollar