Paranoid

Young Dolph

Izze The Producer
Yeah, yeah (yup), yeah (yup), yeah (yup)
Yeah (yup), yeah (yup), yeah (yup), yeah (yup)
Yeah (yup), yeah, yeah
Ayy fire that weed up man, ayy

Money on the floor (floor), chopper by the door (whoa)
I smoke too much weed, it's reekin' out my pores (strong)
Lil bitty waist (woo), but she got ass galore
I just count a hundred K and spent it all 'cause I got bored (fuck it)
Smashin' from the back, her face on the headboard
She graduated with masters but I treat her like a whore (it's Dolph)
Sold a lot of dope, I do it for the dope boys (for real)
The feds in the hood, this shit got me paranoid (whoa)

The feds in the hood (whoa)
And I heard they taking pictures, let me knock on wood (shit)
I hope those folks don't come and get us
Talkin' ass bitch (shut up)
I cut her off, didn't need no scissors (nah)
Nah I don't like that nigga (fuck 'em)
So I fucked his sister (yeah yeah)
I'm tripple blessed, so today I'm rockin' a jesus piece (yeah yeah)
Pull out my garage in some shit you drive on Need for Speed (yeah yeah)
I gave her a job at my traphouse sackin' up P's (trap)
Fur across my back, Balenciagas on my feet (swag)
Go and get a sack young nigga, and be all you can be (uh-huh)
I spent two hundred stacks on a coupe with two seats (uh-huh)
I used to go to sleep hungry, didn't have shit to eat (remember that?)
Now I gotta smoke a blunt of weed just to eat

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Patek Philippe with residue on it (uh, yeah, yeah)
These diamonds they hit every time I move, don't it, uh, uh
You can't eat with me if you ain't hungry (nah)
I keep some shit up my sleeve and it always got something to do with money (know that)
I'm throwin' money on Monday (yup)
I got the bitch off the runway (yup)
Boy you know I'm about gunplay (yup)
Then go pay my tithes on Sunday (thank you God)
I might stop pimpin' one day (yeah)
I might stop sippin' one day (damn)
I got so high I'm goin' the wrong way on the fuckin' one way
The way I put this shit on me, they be like how do he do it? (hah)
Don't you bring that bitch 'round me my nigga, 'cause you might lose her (ye ah)
She told me that she wanna smoke a blunt and fuck to my music (yeah)
Then she gave me head and told me I should go make a movie, ah

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