

Al-D, Get Your Paper

[Hook - 2x]

I'ma tell you, like a nigga told me
Money rules everything, around a G
You gotta get up get out, get on and get your paper
It's Y2K mayn, no time for you fakers

[Z-Ro]

All I ever wanted, was a piece of mind
Doing it legal going crazy, trying to deal with 5.25
Minimum wage ain't the solution, shit I don't even apply
So it ain't no use for Mr. Ro, to do a suit and a tie
I exercise my right, as a real nigga when I mash
Fuck friends, cause they don't pay the rent give me the cash
We soldiers and we united for it, chasing the cheddar
We arrogant fellas, automatic rain pain baretta
But let's think cause I'ma ride for mine, fuck it I'll die for mine
It ain't just my mouth, I gotta feed two mo' so fuck it I'll try for mine
Money don't grow on trees, otherwise I'm similar to an eighth
Meanwhile I struggle daily, lights off and the rent late
Facing a picture day, Guerilla Maab one deep gotta deal with that
Go in the studio and I get paid, mouthpiece I'm real with that
Never get it twisted, if it ain't no work I'll go for broke
Strong arming a motherfucker, inhaling and blow the smoke

[Hook - 2x]

[Enjoli]

Who gives a fuck, about these fake ass hoes
Niggaz be lacking on pimping, I swear I'm in it for the do'
Staying on my tippie-toes, mind clicking for the green
Got no time for plex so what's next, on rough sex or wolf cream
No to mean G bitch thug life, and I'm married to the game
In my sleep I hear my fans, guns is screaming my name
Ain't a damn thang changed, moving quickly for the green
Pushing V-12's with screens, sweetly no what I mean
Boss hogging ripping up tracks, breaking they backs
My nigga Screw yeah he gone, but ain't no stopping the techs
Knock-knock we hit you right back, again and again
Until we hit the top ten, six figgas rolling on in
Picture that, S.U.C. gon ball like that
I'm trying to put down this pen, but I can't let you make it like that
You steady calling out my name, so nigga hear I come
Mashing fast like a cheetah, cause you done fucked with the wrong one

[Hook - 2x]

[Al-D]

Painful lessons as an adolescent, made me a man
Money and power in my hand, trying to make it expand
I went from hobo to POLO, dimes to dollars
Diamond cuffs on my wrists, ice matching my collar
Follow, why a lot of hard heads and G's
Screaming S.U.C., all about our currency
Southside's where we reside, we ain't hard to find
Catch us sipping and flipping, grain gripping with the top down
Showing our ass, counting cash moving fast
Diamonds on the dash, kicking in do's like the task
Straight mobbing, ain't no rags see we dobbling
Blowing big, with medication in our noggins
Talking shit, on our cellulars
Living it up like stars, with diamond bars in our jars
Outlaws for life, shaking the FED's like dice
We go-getters not quitters, putting it down for a price cause uh

[Hook - 4x]