

Cha Cha, Where Da Paper At?

(Cha Cha)

Hey yo, you niggaz wasn't expecting me
Jump out the S.E. wit Betsy and any one of you broadz dat test me
Now lets see if I can keep it heated, when I spit it
Where Da Paper At
Run it, told you I gotta get it
'cause I'll run thru yo neighborhood, just to find yo address
And make you give up everything you got from under your mattress
Half you broadz is hectic, dealin with the realest
The reason why they got you in this room
Without no witness and I'm runnin thru this business
No matter who it be
So this whole industry better get cool with me
Cause see, these men adore me
This light skin, manicured, this paper
Hand it to her, don't make me get Sandy do it
Mandatory and they hate that the reason why I chase that
Too late 'cause I'm gon get that
Ain't nuttin but a 8 stack
And ain't no gettin away from that, baby boy, I'm takin that
Ain't no sense in statin that (one more time)
WHERE DA PAPER AT?

(Memphis Bleek)

If the war's on, get it on my nigga
You gon form the law once the four bark, nigga
Plus the crack you sell won't match yo bell
You a fifty ride supa, duke, relax and chill
Yo I know the street, plus I roll with the heat
Bleek wrap niggaz, clap niggaz, go against the fleet
If you a poster don, how a nigga can't eat
I live ya four plus three feet deep
You villinager ass niggaz got one shot the f**k up
Finish no album, you done f**ked up
Get missin, get yo own shit twisted, get felt unidentified
Nigga I ain't bullshittin
The streets is mine and I'm on a paper chase, caked up wit work
Label me a heavyweight, I'm knee deep in crack, keep the gat
Sit low in the acc, where dat paper at?

(Black Child)

Where Da Paper At? Is it in this rap shit?
Do I gotta kidnap, peel out and gat slap a bitch?
At one point or another I chose to do sticks
I couldn't even go for hitin hoez with this dick
If I thro you a brick, roll they ballz to nips
When I ask where my paper at? Have my chipz
If you don't have half my shit, have half this clip
Dassit, unless you gon pass yo bitch
I'm into pimpin murderin and credit card skams
When I was sellin coke I wanted a hundred a grand
You want a niggaz smoke I want a hundred and fifty grand
I gotta feed my fam, f**k goin hand in hand
And my kidz is gon have what I ain't have
Like cash that they stashin and bubblez in they bath
If you blast, then we blast first
For the dinero, we leavin niggaz in the dirt

(Berreta)

Now how notorious is criminals in Beijing?
Been on the run for indictments since 18
Beyond the world seen, corookin, seen the world taken
It's mad how I shook u out the game like hey, gimme the cash
Or I let this glock pop like propane, I touch niggaz from any range

Leavin them wet, I got dogz that tap and invest on the internet
Get a vet witout a dog, then sell 4000 gatz
Muthaf**kaz don't undertand what this industry is all about
f**k that shit niggaz is crazy, got our blocks open for months
There ain't no way to hide bitch,
Where da paper, y'all hoez done ran out of town bitch
You better have a mil now Or I toss yo wig
Turn yo species to allices, now here wintness, real niggaz do real crimes
Wit black pieces, my game is at it's deepest and I'm rhymin tight
Consecutive low rider, pushin 1.5
Be a part or be a victim, me an yo objective is the same, but me I'm gettin em
Like time is mone, nigga, you aint realizin, that every exchange that I cook is in the piein
Any market up in the street I'm downisizin, it's all dead in the ear like I'm prizin
What....

(Throw Down)

Respect the compition my game is con
I'm rappin all them niggaz up, dismantlin them in the pond
Y'all broadz wanna touch the devil, f**k a Beanie Seag
That bitch I slit his throat
Money addiction that shit done got me goin around like money listin
At hand is what's gon get you and yo man missin
See the morgue, give you more of the c-4 under the transmisson
Watch him blow for he hit the ground
And garanteed if I miss you my man'll get you
And f**k who standin wit you when he can he hit you
Cause me and Ja hittin them shit that you were scared to do
Wit me and Ja runnin yo shit, go shit yop pantz u do
It's too late for that? You gon stay for that?
Trust me you gon pay for that, nigga where da paper at?

(Ja Rule)

Come on Come on
Ja...the Fallen angel...in the world of lights
I'm the true so take notice to New York's Finest
Y'all gon remember me wit Alzheimers, the unforgettable
Thug, slash, political, nigga, slash spirital
Not the typical, average mind you're used to
Mentality cruail, bitches get it too
I'm not hearing you, question is, do you hear me?
If not let me introduce y'all to nine Milly
It's a damn shame the game you played you lost
Gotta kill a nigga on that same line you crossed
Wit that line he'll keep his fingers crossed
I can't call it, I wasn't the one you wanted to go to war wit
And every night I drink about it, baby, I'm turnin alcoholic
Gotta shop?, Call it ?????
Somebody died for the paper? Not you and I?
Nigga and you stay scared, I see it in yo eyez...
Uh