

# Jeru The Damaja, Me Not the Paper

Cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams  
See what I mean black? I gets the paper")  
Microphone thugs flip keys and shit  
Remember the 80's when niggas was acting crazy?  
The mean streets raised me  
I used to live dangerously  
Admst crack selling armed dangerous felons  
Plus murderers drug spot burglars  
Niggas doing anything to acquire that paper  
Live the life of crime but got saved by the rhyme  
Peace to all my niggas doing time on top of time  
Plus the ones gunned down in their prime  
I made it this far because of divine design  
Diamond chains the sun still outshines  
I get you drunk off my drink like that champaigne wine  
As long as there's breath left, I father the fatherless  
If shit was real Brooklyn would snatch that chain off your chest  
Don't fess, we know why you rock that vest  
Hard on records, but really pussy, check it  
I do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%  
("Cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams  
See what I mean black? I gets the paper")  
It started way before Super Rhymes  
Peace to mom dukes for enduring hard times  
God bless all the victims of my past life crimes  
I do this for the ghetto youth living like Good Times  
Flipping rhymes saved me from the obvious traps  
In '97 studio hustlers puch crack on wax  
And breaking backs, but faking jacks  
If it wasn't for contracts, they wouldn't bust caps  
So, destroy your people and collect huge stacks  
Fat axe, and platinum plaques  
Come bring it back, rewind it that old gangster bullshit  
Got the youth running around criminal minded  
Not a player hater, just don't chase the paper  
Got a little deal so some heads caught the vapors  
So stupid motherfuckers throw your guns in the air  
To all my niggas that ain't make it past their 19th year  
I do it for me, and not the paper, stictly 100%, nah mean?  
("Cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams  
See what I mean black? I gets the paper")  
Sinister plots, every week who got shot  
Spots like the Enterprise kept the neighborhood hot  
Niggas bugging out so some receive toe tags  
Resting up north with fag or sporting shit bags  
When I think back it's so sad  
All the niggas that I had, who'd ever figure that it'd get so bad?  
So I retreat with a pen and a pad  
Hide your chain when you ride the train  
For writing rhymes about automatic weapons  
I'd rather steer the youth in the right direction  
Drop a bomb, destroy the temple's ?sen section?  
Little girls already sexing  
Hard rock shorties is flexing  
But I stick to my lessons, no stress  
Cause if shit was real, Brooklyn would snatch that chain off your chest  
Don't fess, we know why you rock that vest  
Hard on records, but really pussy, check it  
I do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%, know what I'm saying?  
("Cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams  
See what I mean black? I gets the paper