

Master P, Get Your Paper

Master P: Ughhh! Ha ha!

E-40: Oooo! Huh? P whats up boy?

MP: Whats up 40 boy?

E-40: Talk to me weepilation.

MP: Dey dont know we been doin dis.

E-40: Last Deezy, Last Don.

MP: Bay Area playa nigga.

E-40: This E-Feezy Fonzareezy, your weepilation up out the Yea Area all day erytime. Like dis here. Element of Surprise. Da Last Don, Charlie Hustle. Check it out.

E-40:

Let it be writ and said, done and published

That on the sixth month of June 1998

E-40 Fonzarellie AKA Charlie Hustleezy

And my Third Ward weepilation

From the No Limit Records Headquarters and congregation

Plugged up and did a rumble together without no hesitation and erased

Any Old School classic memories of Northern California

Godzilla ballin and Bay stranglin and hustlin

Morning, night, day in NOriens

And dang near fallin asleep on the freeway

Bobbin and weavin and ditchin and dodgin po-po, penelope force

Tryin to convince em that me and the dope game wasnt gettin along any how

We had been went our separate ways

Shit, we been had a divorce

In and out of court, betta yet

Neva was married any how and engaged

Pushed in the game at a young age, trapped in a ghetto cage

Went from hardly any to, uh, plenty of cash

To, uh, high speed chases to, uh, makin a dash

Uh, excuse me sir can I have your autograph

And, uh, when your new album droppin fool

That other shit was cool

(Chorus)

E-40:

Get your money man, get your paper

Get your paper man, get your money

Get your fettie or your scratch, get your skrill

Get your revvies man, get paid

Get your mail man, get your marbles

Get your marbles man, get your mail

Get your grits, get your chettah, get your chips

Get your snaps man, get paid

Mater P:

Ughhh! Ball wit da real, hang wit da Gs

Started from Richmond, California to New Orleans

Game wont change, these niggas cant fade me

Mama still pray for baby

Ghetto got me sick, dope fiends and crack heads

Niggas on da front porch wit tech nines and lemon heads

And all I want be is a soldier

Cause Im tired of runnin from da rollas

Jumped in da rap game and now dey cant hold us

Ghetto millionaires and still blowin doja

Keep my composure when times hectic

Now I own a house in California, Orlando, and Texas

And still run wit the thug niggas

And made tapes for bitches and drug dealas

And push 600 wit a bulletproof

The ghetto Bill Gates

The only president wit a gold tooth

(Chorus)

E-40:

Uh, n-neva let your guards down
Always play defense neva offense
Cause suckas a try to make your kindness for weakness
And damn sho try to shake your hand up unda falsified pretenses
Sequence this
Paint a portrait of these next events
See if you can predict what I was about to say
Within the next couple of sentences
Technically impossible
To hard to call
See right when he thought I was gone throw a slider
I threw him a knuckle ball
Back against the wall, knockin niggas out (knockin niggas out)
Hemmed up in da corner nigga thats what Im about

Master P:

Feel my pain, sometimes I feel trapped
Nigga tired of hangin in the ghetto takin food stamps
Cause this street life got me crazy
But I hustle cause I gotta feed a baby
And only God can take me
And aint no nigga in this hood gone play me
So when I ball Im a ball til I fizall
And when Im gone put my name on the wizall

(Chorus)

[Ad-libs until end]