

Paperboys, It's Paper

con, con herre, reppin one the microphone
paperboys here, reppin one the microphone
double A coming through, we were slightly gone
critical, vegabond keep it tight for y'all

(Vinni)

yo i know i'm hopeless i was high when i wrote this
so focus, i don't wanna die with the dopeness
i lie staring at the sky by the pochers
buenas noches, see the pies that approach us
stockbroke knocking cockroaches
we dot the posters, the top postmokers
leaving the beer coz i ain't leaving this chair
"hey man" i ain't even here, beamed upstairs
sitting on mars, politicing spittin 16 bars
i blaze and switch between stars
gotta hell of a flow but not to many's ever telling me so
they too slow when my melody blow, i let the jealousy go
way back, hey jack, i don't play that, wanna lay back in the hay sack
lace tracks, erase todays crap, face flat, so rewind till your tape snaps

(chours)

it's paper
y'all better wake up
we starting the race, yup
pardon me, man, wut
paper
say what?
hard to break
what?
far from a faker
what?
it's all in my nature
paper

(Critics)

Yo i've been wild and jiggy, my niggas been afraid of riding with me
taking to threats when the style gets shitty
lacing it nice and pretty
hitting niggas when eyes are greedy
these people lie, cry, die to get shimmy
trying to drop the venom on 'em, mock the way they flowing,
stop tha later morning
to cop whatever they be showing in the stores from the chartlist,
eating everything a nigga say like a harddisk,
step into my office, home of the stoned and the heartless,
where are my partnes? vinni (yup) i'm feeling nausceaus
knowing these niggas done took it to the threshold,
vinni wanna start something? you know that i be next door
oh hell np, i ain't gonna leave him by his lonely,,
i ain't really got nothing to say my players know me
hold it
.....gotta catchmy breath
ready to go flow, like most these niggas ain't never heard
on weed, off weed,
drunk, sober, really doesn't matter
when i kick it you know the show's over,
i'm flowing on, cracking on whatever to spread word
A, dot, A, dot on a rise, you heard (me)

(Chorus)

(Vinni)

i try to call the lord,

to get a life we can all afford
a set of pipes and a wall of sword,
better write coz i'm surely bored,
get a light then i fall in chords
get it tight and record it all,
need a flight, see the waterfall,
i need a bite coz i swore to ball,
i be the type that'll tour the mall,
leave my stripes by the shore and crawl,
i'd just like a little more that's all

bridge
we here to lock it down
double A - top shit,
don't fuck around,
roll j's, poop lips
we gon bark now (... ...)
till ya hear the (... ...)
when it's dark outside and shit

and we here to let you know
we gon settle this for sure,
so prepare to shut your door
when it hits your home: feeling this for sure

(Chorus)