

Paperboys, Last Lieutenants

yeah, hold on, shit, so smooth, ya..

(Vinni)

ey yo I love it when the sky's blue
I'm leaning heavy to the side when I slide through
red in ma eye, you know how I do
ready to ride, me and my crew, veterans high
we keep the medicine inside let me guide you
were fly tool splitting hash with cynics
coz they don't wanna let these bastards in it
filling marihuana passed the limit
we've been ignored for these past few minutes
now I'm sure we're the last lieutenants
we get the cash printed while backpackers getting pissed
telling me I cant be rapping to this
I've got the snap of an immaculate wrist
keep it cracking in this natural mist
to make it happen, get my track on the list, I'm not an activist
I play it cool, the type that likes to stay in the pool
with weed swaying through ma molecules
I follow jewels while running with rum
that's where I'm humming it from
coming like, "Vinni, you son of a gun"

Chorus:

shit it's really all the same, ain't nothing to tell
and I ain't really trying to change always puffin a L
might as well yo coz I ain't tryin to be like you
see we just do the shit that we like to, "we're high"

shit it's really all the same, ain't nothing to see
we're only dealing with some change, ain't no fucking for free
can't complain, get a couple of g's and roll on
and all you funny motherfuckers so long

ther eain't nothing you can tell me
untill they're hearing the bells that set ma cells free
I'm wearing this shell might as well be
sharing ma spells where they sell g's
staring at fellas that yell please
spending parallell cheese, just like me
and same recognize same so I reckoned I'd explain
for a check in ma name
champagne and a second of fame, see I'm reppin for lames
mic-checking and I'm stepping up ma game
trained for ma turn to spit, It's ma life I've earned the script
nice and I ain't concerned with shit
payed the price and firmed the grip, learned the tricks of the trade
to fix shit like a switchblade, the music-industry is bitchmade
dummis and gimmicks and in a few Ill be running this clinic
I don't really care for none of your limits, that's on you
shouldn't listen to them fools they be wrong too

Chorus:

these are the gratest hits also known as the only hits
how long you think it is before we gon blow this bitch?
trade in these bogus kicks, shit sober up and focus
work the shoulders, see me vouge-ing like that shit was chic
or I'll be six feet deep - hating on the dream
still waiting for the cream
vacant with the scheme, naked all green with no bacon just skin
future science celebrating how they made him this thin
I'm breaking it in, awaking in the A.m., working overtime

I'll have your folders lined, big up to Copyline
the show is signed, sealed, pressed and shipped
- just in time, man I guess that's it

Chorus:
-see ya!