

Paperboys, What You Need

"Yo its on
ima put it together in ma hooded sean john sweater
So full of footage! bomb better
Don juan with some strong feathers
flying from storms to warm weather
And my long johns are gone its all pleasure
Im an umbrella just trying to keep the rain away
My training day ended with ovations
Fuck what haters say
Im made to play and I stay where gladiators lay
I stay babyfaced
stay debated while you fade to grey
I made em say -hey- this muthafucka knows what he's doing
See ive created and ive rose from the ruins
Keeping soldiers influenced by dropping hot shit
Face it im toxic my palm's clutching bombs in your cockpit
So when its on bring your chopsticks
pick up the bits and pieces
Coming for your chips and your visas
Flip the meter
stick to the script a real leader Hail cesar I can picture this shit,
real fever

'Listen up and follow the flow
we've risen up to follow the dough
that's how im living, but y'll don't now
im what you need
we don't care what you call it
it's a ball we can all afford (oslo, we've got you on it)
i'm what you need'

Everybody get up
and holler if you hear me
there's nothing but bottles here
so give em a swallow and share fairly
I solemnly swear to care
clearly im out of the bottom this year
And properly prepared
living carefree
With barefeet up in the studio
see me puto rubio
Shining like a movie
future's beautiful
Coz who you know quite like me?
That's pretty unlikely
See im tight like the stripes on ma nike's (I see)
incredible im on a level with nothing better to do
than getting ahead of you
getting ready to
steady spew
letting em know now
knuckle up and go rounds
so listen up fuckers this is profound
slowdown a little bit
I guess yall don't get it coz yall are idiots
professional critcs, im gon spit at it ('.)
fucking illiterates can get the balls
no reason to get involved
cant please em all
fuck yall

I'm pretty sure that I told em before
but now i guess I've got to tell em again
You know its over when the double A flow

because aint nobody better than them

Aint no need to flatter this bastard
im the shit
spit battery acid
Picture it
ma scriptures had to be crafted
I flipped and now they're flabbergasted
cos I hit like astrix
A master
getting his ass licked
Equipped with a bag of classics
while yall are still stuck with the fits
I'll be passing traffic
With nasty habits I attack the cut
And plus I flow like the aquaduct
so back the fuck up