

Royce Da 59, Get'cha Paper

(Royce)

uh, yeh

Rock City is the anthem

This one is the theme

My nigga Tre

(Tre)

Detroit came up you know we hot

30 years were gators and big locks

600's on chrome, you don't stop

Detroit we just hot

(Royce)

My flow switch go, pop like a pistol

Shit, don't stop, its so hard

How many times must I tell you how I do?

How many times must I prove how I do?

You, get six million ways to die, choose one

Or, booya!

you can get one assigned to ya

Hows about to thump, when I'm thumbin this non Ruger

Something that will tear you in half and times two ya

(ooh) I don't think you are better then me

(no) Nobodys better then me

Niggas better quit believing they better then a nigga

thats merely letting them breath, I dead them with ease

Now come one, you can get swallowed

If you let your lead get you into something

That your eraser can't get you out of

I wrote a song about it, like to hear it here it go

(ahhhhh haaaaaa) Thank you very much

(Royce) (Chorus)

Cause we get this jumpin up in here

We don't want no trouble up in here

I gon' get my money up in here

Ladys is you with me?

(ooh) Nobodys better then me

(no) I don't think your better then me

(ooh) Somebody better believe

Getcha Paper, Now Lets Go

(Royce)

You see how my wrist it glows

and I'm here to get this dough

You can see my shit explode

And if you aint with me (so?)

(How many?)

Hits does it take for you to believe me?

(How many?)

Times do I gotta tell you its easy?

(How many?)

People must I run up on, and?

(How many?)

Bout to see the gun up drawn

Nigga, we just wanna get it up jumpin

Up in here but ya'll be frontin

We can rumble anytime, ya'll niggas talkin shit is nothin

Try to f**k with nothin, but a hustler

You get gutted like a blunt

Or you get smoked, or treated like a joke

Niggas why did you lie? Like you fittin to stop it

I'm donny ize, lottery ticket? It's in the pocket

While I'm high, while im on top

While I'm living, while im survivin
While I'm even able to say "while I"

(Chorus)

(Tre)

Detroit came up you know we hot
30 years were gators and big locks
600's on chrome, you don't stop
Detroit we just hot
Young niggas stay fly at all times
Hoes 21 and under with gangsta rides
Keep our guns by our sides at all times
Detroit we just fly

(Royce)

Whoa, pause for a second for the flow
Hands up for my niggas from the D
A momment of silence for my enemies (tssh)
It wont turn to beef till you fools
Do something to me or one of my crew
We lay low like Master P and Snoop
With' high shots that will put you away
You don't wanna step in front of the gun, when it's comin
it's like the abundance of like a hundred the numbers is runnin
I'm a rare form, you bled warm, be gone dead
You prepare for me, beware all, lets go
Mami lookin robotic cause of the strobe light
Hands up in the sky for the whole night
You can get between the thighs if it goes right
The perfect song for the job, and it goes like...

(Chorus) - 2X