

Z-RO, Get Yo Paper

[Z-Ro]

You got to get your paper in this game
If you a hustler (if you a hustler)
Niggas be playing with this thang, but you all about your change
They can't touch us (they can't touch us)
24/7 all day, and in business
But on the low, 5-0 ain't gon witness it
I'm in the alley with them quarters and halves up in my hand
Thinking of a master plan, I can
Hustle all night, to the early morn', I can
Flip and serving rappers, serve his dome
And if a nigga plotting on me, I disturb his home
And then straight up fore' they even, as I swerve his dome

[Chorus]

Get your paper hustling up in these city streets
Don't forget to spending 10 thousand dollas on c.d.s
And if you rapping ain't no handouts in this industry
Whatever you can take your time
Get your paper hustling up in these city streets
Don't forget to spending 10 thousand dollas on c.d.s
And if you rapping ain't no handouts in this industry
Don't let it take over your mind

[Z-Ro]

I use to set up shop bout six o'clock
In the morning on my grind
Powder packs and crack and nerve sacks
Out of the ghetto was on my mind
Needed to relocate with the thought of location, keeping it on the low
Cause when niggas beep you all the time
It seems they act friends, just to get your dough
But it ain't no raw to me
I ride with the armory, the AR 1-5
Collecting my digits and spinning my tires
No time for conversation, I gotta ride
Back to my safe place, stash spot for the waste plate
Cause I'm a go getter, if the game escapes
Balling was the picture, cause there was no hitter
Niggas is sinning major
Nothing but home runs when I swing my bat
But some of these niggas be playing crooked
So I can't forget to bring my gat
And when it's all said and done
I'ma redo my walls with platinum placks
At the Source Awards, with a granddaddy
Couple of drinks, straight like that

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

I'ma get my paper, hustling up in this rap game
I'm moving my units, I'm moving my heart it's all for stacks man
And once I get it, it ain't gon be no turning back
Fuck the boomerang affect, making motherfuckers hate me
From a distance, hopping fences in an instant
Trying to get away from the long arm of the law
Jepordize my benjamins, I will be forced to put some harm on your jaw
My attitude be raising it's amazing, I'm not locked for man slaughter
Because I love my plastic princess, and I can't keep my hands off her
She be right next to my nuts, everytime I deal with hoes and crews
Send my bitch to fucking suck it bitch, before I know they move
Is that gangster enough for you baby, Ro gotta get his dough bro
Bending corners, in a tinted out four do' Volvo, blowing dro hoe

[Chorus - 2x]