

Get Your Paper Up

Paul Wall And Yung Redd

Ay gon' salute me, I don't flip, neva that
But I know how to get it, I know where the money at
Them haters talkin' down, still I'm comin' up
I get money, stay true, get your paper up
They see me, posen'
Ridin' fresh with the paint, doors open
Them haters talkin' down, still I'm comin' up
I get money, stay true, get your paper up
It's Paul Wall baby, Swishahouse Spokesman
I'm crushing all competition like a coke can
I'm with that Damon Jones Mix-O and Black Lac
In that Lac with the trunk cracked, I'm swingin'
Until the swingers collapse, I'm back, I'm stuntin'
Comin' down on gold tires, I'm on the block, holdin' it down
Like some [unverified] I keep the swingers pokin'
I got the windows open, white cup with somethin' potent
Wood wheel still what I'm chokin'
I'm on that Antwaan with Lou, Hawk
And Freddie Thug, dismantle them mics
And make their heads bobb, that's my job
My mind on stackin' a wad, these boys out here chasin'
Broads, look close, it's no mirage
I got somethin' for all them frauds
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I'm on the block holdin' posts like Jermaine O' Neal
No ice grill, just cold steel, that's a gangsta grill
I'm down for that drama so I'm known to pack a cannon
A sharp seein' hittin' targets like Peyton Manning
And you can catch me in the hood like a liquor store
Roll those dice, let's get that dough, I'm 6-8, I'm 10-4
I got that Tish from black, that tip got my back
I put them elbows under the Lac and know they plottin' ta jack

Boppers don't know how to act
I'm leanin' back and countin' stacks
Postin' up on big wheels, still tippen lex's don't get distressed
I'm out here chasin' banks, breakin' bread
And sippin' drank, accumulating, my Benz taste
My mind straight and my paper chase
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My vision's nocturnal so I'm grindin' all night
I gotta cup that's rather purple so it's oil and it's Spirte
I got some partnas in the cage, I be shootin' them kites
Them other guys is all hype
Tell them suckas take a hike baby, you see these future
Locs, you see them hundred spokes
I'm on posters just one deep, ya get it, coast to coast
I'm slabbin' candy drops, punchin' clocks
And slammin' broads, I got money like Reggie Bush
My billboard got a lotta yards, I'm with that Poppa Joe
I got dro on da low, I keep tha lean for a month or so
But I'm back on it, I can't let go
I'm down with T.Farris and G.Dat, we switchin' glass
Some of these boys ain't lastin' we still right here countin' cash
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