

# Get Your Paper Up

Paul Wall

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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