

Let's Get This Paper (Produced By Polow Da Don)

Rich Boy

R.I.P., Pooh Bear that my dead homie
Fuck that other shit, hey, let's get this bread, homie
Remember when they could catch a charge down in Atlanta
They underestimate me 'cause I'm comin' from Alabama
Martin Lee, innocent, he ain't even have a chance
They beat him in that boot camp 'til he died in that ambulance
That boy was only fifteen years old, fuck what they say he did
So tell me how I'm 'posed to feel when police killin' kids?
And then we can't get a job, ridin' we get them
pounds
If it ain't that coke then we get that 'dro and break it down
See that ice, the dope man paradise
Boy, better think twice that dope have you doin' life
They tore down the projects, so where we gon' move next?
They takin' them food stamps, they stop government checks
Hey, money, my motivator, my mouth, my money maker
No, I don't see them haters, so let's go get this paper
Yeah when you look at us, just think about it
We don't own nothin', if we get money, we got a lil' few dollars
But our whole family tore up, nigga, you gettin' the money
For the people in ya family that ain't got nothin'
When it's all said and done, what do you own?
You don't own nothin', you don't own you
The nigga playin' basketball, he don't own that jersey
He can't even be in a commercial with his name on the back
So when it's really all said and done
What did you do this for? What difference did you make?
You see how the world changin', yeah, they look so
dumb, ain't it?
Wish they just kill 'em all, so now the Middle East, they bangin'
Preachers in that pulpit, say they teach that bullshit
So how we know it's bullshit? Same niggas I went to school with
Grabbin' on yo' nuts and disrespectin' get you
merked
Well, them young niggas got pistol grips
They been about they killin' shit
But they all some hypocrites, haters, they won't let me be
When I come up to them gates, I hope you say you heard of me
Now Kendrick Curtis gone, them angels took
him home
They gave my brother ten years, the system did him wrong
Now we're convicted felons because they caught us sellin'
And nine times out of ten yo' friend the one who tellin'
I wanna go to Heaven, up to that Promised Land
I need another chance, I wanna meet that Man
Money, my motivator, my mouth, my money maker
No, I don't see you haters, so let's go get this paper
Yeah, surprise, niggas, hey, we behind that, nigga
Everybody tell me to get money

Y'all niggas ain't gettin' no motherfuckin' money, nigga
I got millions, nigga and I'm still broke, nigga
'Cause that ain't no motherfuckin' money, shity'all playin' right into these motherfuckers' hands
Risk ya life everyday for some bullshit, huh, nigga?
What yo' bank account say nigga? Oh, that's all? They shippin' boys off, they fightin' in Iraq
This soldiers in that war that ain't never gon' make it back
Nigga, this the battlefield, fake niggas scream, "Keep it real"
Yeah, yeah, rob, steal, anything to pay them bills Hey nigga, time's harder, hey so we grind harder
We takin' chances with that cocaine comin' 'cross that border
Tryin' to make it up out this ghetto life, ain't gotta be this way
Them pigs, they came and kicked my mama do' in yesterday I prayed a thousand nights, I did a hundred crimes
And now I'm beggin', Lord that you don't let me die this time
Money, my motivator, my mouth, my money maker
No, I don't see them haters, so let's go get this paper Our Father who art in Heaven
Please Lord, forgive me for that crack sellin'
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done
These niggas dumb Yeah, nigga, they gave my brother ten years, nigga
What the fuck you 'posed to do with that, nigga?
They gave my uncle twenty years, nigga
Matter of fact, they gave my cousin life, nigga I can tell ya how I feel, nigga
To be on that motherfuckin' stand, nigga
Lookin' the motherfuckin' judge in they face, nigga
And he gon' tell you some stupid shit like life, nigga They sendin' y'all niggas on vacation
Nigga 'cross the nation, nigga
Y'all niggas caught up in the motherfuckin' hype, nigga
Sellin' that white, nigga I've been there, done that, nigga
Nigga, I'm from Mobile
Nigga, they call that bitch [Incomprehensible], nigga
You bring yo' black ass down, nigga
You ain't gon' make it, nigga You guaranteed to go to motherfuckin' prison
Bein' black where I'm from, nigga
I come from the motherfuckin' impossible, nigga Now y'all niggas gotta deal with me, nigga
I'm here, Zone 4, new motherfuckin' money, nigga
D Boy Squad, Rich Boy, Polow Da Don, yeah

Songwriters

JONES, JAMAL F. / RICHARDS, MARECE BENJAMIN Published by

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