

Getting Paper (feat. Dra Day)

Twista

You ever seen what a real nigga look like?
Sittin' in the Lamborghini lower than the black 'vette (black 'vette)
With a pocket full of money lookin' for a honey
Stuntin' and never trippin' on nothin' 'cause I got that (got that)
Exquisite taste, chase paper, capers on my rÃ©sumÃ©
And where I lay might get a little bit, lonely
On the grind, so I be missin' the feelin'
of a woman touchin' me and layin all up on me
But I see you got the make-up and the tendencies
A complete understandin' that a nigga gotta work (uh-huh)
Even though she be havin' a attitude
I tell her "You ain't gotta curse baby, I'mma buy the purse" (that's right)
I feel like she a fly bitch (yup)
The only one I wanna see in fly kicks (yup)
And I want her to be mine so I spit her some game
from a nigga guaranteed to die rich
Like You can be my ride or die chick, I be on my shit
I be gettin' paper, paper, girl
You so bad you so damn thick, and I be on my shit
I be gettin' paper, paper, girl
I be on my shit (ay!) I be on my shit (ay!)
I be on my shit!
You so bad you so damn thick, and I be on my shit
I be gettin' paper, paper, girl That's right, c'mon
Gettin' money, oh
Tell 'em Dra
What, c'mon Go 'head and put it where you wanna put it (put it)
And while you at it let me get some footage (footage)
And it ain't no need for you askin me could it
'Cause when we get in our mode I'ma show you how good it
Gets, because I be on my shit (yeah)
And I be doin my thang (yeah) nobody better than this (no)
Come if you ready to hang (yeah) you wanna be with the Twist? (what?)
Would you be with it if I wanna travel and take you into the abyss? (huh?)
Give me the word and I'mma cuff (c'mon)
'Cause I be feelin' like we've both been waitin' long enough
You got that loud pack pussy other bitches huff
Deep inside sweet and sexy but you act tough
That's what I need on my team (what)

Somebody gettin' it that I can fuck and spoil with some fly shit
And I really feel like she can be my sidekick (yeah)
My gettin' high chick (yeah) my ride or die chick (what)
Let's go You can be my ride or die chick, I be on my shit
I be gettin' paper, paper, girl
You so bad you so damn thick, and I be on my shit
I be gettin' paper, paper, girl
I be on my shit (ay!) I be on my shit (ay!)
I be on my shit!
You so bad you so damn thick, and I be on my shit
I be gettin' paper, paper, girl For real, that's right
Oh I know you can tell by the 30's that I'm sittin' on
Take a whiff of this shit, this Dolce
Mix it up with the purp', it's okay
Later on I'm free to lay, lay
Lay anywhere you want
Just say the word and I swear that it's gon' be on
I be on my jungle shit, baby no lie
Freak you like an animal from the backside
Got the bomb shit, shawty that'll change your life
Feels so damn good I'mma make you cry
Oh, hold up, wait a minute
Seizin up, and I'm in it
Now pull it out, I'mma finish
Oh yeah You can be my ride or die chick, I be on my shit
I be gettin' paper, paper, girl
You so bad you so damn thick, and I be on my shit
I be gettin' paper, paper, girl
I be on my shit (ay!) I be on my shit (ay!)
I be on my shit!
You so bad you so damn thick, and I be on my shit
I be gettin' paper, paper, girl

Songwriters

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