

# Paper Chaser

## Chinx Drugz

You be paper chasing, you got your block on fire  
Remaining a G until the moment you expire  
You know what it is, and make something out of nothing  
You handle yo biz, and don't be cryin and suffering  
Yeaahhhhh you know I'm goin in Fifty racks up in that Louie just made fifty more  
Fifty rounds up out that uzi 'gest you hit the floor  
You on your grind, you make your runs, you keep your pockets healthy.  
You hit your runners with that work, your block is rocking steady  
That's what I'm talking about, lil' one do your thing  
You stepping on that competition pursuing your game.  
Thirty on your wrist, about eighty on your sterling,  
You got them haters sick, they finna earl up.  
You pray to God you keep your focus, never go insane,  
Make each and every dollar count and stack all of your change.  
But them jackers they ain't jacking that shit that you say  
They catch you slipping line you up that chopper hit your brain.  
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Yeaahhhhhh you know I'm goin in All this water on me make these bitches go insane  
Workaholic make my donuts with that coffee man  
I'm stepping out, work, I'm stepping on  
Inquisition for that paper probably call my mo-, call my mobile phone.  
You fuck around you killers put your shit up on a curb  
Knock your melon off your neck, your days have been disturbed.  
Smash your wound we grow up back, back and forth that venue.  
Leave with your chick right in that whip, I cut that like Ginsu  
Balling so hard on these busters, think I need a ring  
Why you cramping on that locker room, I'm in the game?  
They need to know I'm crushing everything within my range  
My jewelry dripping and I got that candy paint, you see them stained.  
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Yeaahhhhhh you know I'm goin in  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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