# Paper (feat. Rick Ross)

## Boyz N Da Hood

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Chorus - Jody Breeze] X2
Fake niggas be talking, real niggas get paper
Yeah nigga we gangster, who gives a fuck what you thinking?
We be flipping them cakes, we be whipping that soda
From the streets of the A, to the home of the coca[Verse 1 - Big Gee]
I be tucked off, '75 Cut' dog
Trapping at the bus stop, trying to get this dust off
Get pissed off, then the TEC talk
All at the Waffle House bathroom, trying to wipe the blood off
I been lost, been throwed off
Ever since they set Wayne free, preliminary hearings off
I'm veering off, in the fast lane
Driving up the lonely road hollering "real nigga get money mane!"[Verse 2 - Rick Ross]
Fake niggas be talking, real niggas get paper
Look hater you're hating, look at us, we major
It get hotter and hotter, the hotter the water
No remodel now, it's Maybach and no less than Mirada
I keep killers, they keep killing
These little fuck niggas, they barely keep living
Bitch we break them down, so we keep building
Young and blowing pounds, in the hood, making millions[Chorus][Verse 3 - Jody Breeze]
Yeah nigga we gangsters, so fuck what you think
I'm addicted to paper, I got money to make
Lot of niggas be flexing, like they real when they ain't
Thousand grams in the trunk, I got a paper for plates
Hit the block with the product, trying not to get caught up
Nigga front, you get shot up, that's just how I was brought up
Pops was a rolling stone, so I grew a up on the corner
Nigga rolling stones, with a bunch of stones[Verse 4 - Gorilla Zoe]
Coca-Cola, I ain't talking soda
Add a little water, add a little soda
Yeah it's locking up, because the water's getting colder

Let it dry, sit it on a Bounty towel
The robbers on the prowl, I got killers at the window
Say the wrong shit, dog I'm shooting through the people
Fuck niggas snitch, real niggas stack dough though
Ditto, Boyz N Da Hood, Gorilla Z.O.[Chorus]


Lyrics provided by