Chase The Paper

50 Cent

I'm still a rider, I'm still rolling
A nigga still hold the steel, that's how I'm owning
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money makingI'm still a baller, I'm still balling
That's five times I ain't picked up, your bitch still calling
I'm super ghetto, I'm still with the shit
Still pass the steel to my nigga, hit a lick
We still mob, niggas steal stuff
We still deal after deal, shit is no problem
He still love her, she ain't shit
Get her a pair of Louboutins, she suck a dick
Still real niggas, still will kill
Tote the steel bitch don't squeal, get your cap peeled
The Mac filled, black talons, hollow tips
Copper-tops, get your ass popped, watch a body dropYou chase the hoes, I chase the paper
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You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money makingI'm clean as a motherfucker, still getting my hands dirty
Bitches they wanna fuck, grab a glass, you looking thirsty
See I'm a gangsta, you soft as R&B singers
I'm at a war with the banger, in the club with the shanker
Mask on, lone ranger, scope on the K, long ranger
Rather be alive and rich than die and be famous
Live my life in the fast lane, I crash into anything
I ain't here to entertain when I let them bullets sing
Rims on, Rida Gang, slap the fuck out of you, nigga
Trying to pull out your pistol when you know that you're lame
You chasing these bitches instead of chasing your paper
Niggas taking your bitches while they taking your paper
I'm goneYou chase the hoes, I chase the paper
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You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money makingShe on my leg like a little kid
She hump my leg like a horny pit
Pitbull in a skirt, yeah, I'm a magnet
Now I ain't running after no broads, she stuck on my dick
I'm a different breed, blame it on my genes
Money in my jeans, pockets turn her eyes green
She's seeing dollar signs, I'm seeing reasons why
Never had to stress no pussy, I'm one of a kind
Pretty nigga with a gorgeous gun
You die a beautiful death, pull a stunt, look
There ain't a bitch more dime than me
The thirst is real, she knocking over drinks to get next to me
While youYou chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
I'm still a rider, I'm still rolling
A nigga still hold the steel, that's how I'm owning
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You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money makingGhetto niggas still'll pick a penny up
You outside chasing them hoes throwing your Henny up
Little homie loading a semi up
Catch him all after the club, tell him to ante up
Anyway, each and every day, I'm looking for a better way
You owe me, you better pay
Ghost, let the beretta spray
Hood want uncut dope and some better yay
I ain't chasing pussy, never have
Hustle hard, take a break, run and get some head and ass
Still robbing, still rolling, still need a mask
Still popping, still slinging, still need the cashYou chase the hoes, I chase the paper
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You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money making

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