# **Paper Chase**

## Do or Die

#### Chorus:

Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase

#### Verse One:

I need...mo money mo money mo, suck 'em fast suck 'em slow
Even though I gotta pay my bills I'm still on the streets
tryin' to keep it real
Pass that shit let me take a hit, hopin' this money ain't
counterfeit

Give 'em 211 get 'em in line and let 'em 20 so(?)
Cut that money let's be up, which you want to ride, the
Benz or the Truck

Back up, get on the one way 'cause more Sundays hotter than Monday
Often gettin' trailed by cops, gotta get away by hittin them blocks
Got my glock, never stick middle finger up my ass, known to blast
Keep me down, where I'm from I'm known to clown
Get a dub off a nine, go get a sack, I'm back, pro black
achiever, leave her, thug and ashtray
More to the fact I'm back to the scene, let in the wonder
let all the smoke out

And if Luke coulda broke out

Gotta make more stacks of these, so I Z's for bud in the breeze, ain't spittin' cheese

What a freak want to trip off, sip off the lame with the game, get sick of the man who point the blame

Still a P-O, P-I,M-P, we be P-A,P-E-R...chase

#### Chorus:

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### Verse 2:

You see my nice Mom smokin', money slopin' 'tween my fo with open arms when my option is to my mission it's a paperchase So when you face to face: mom and dollar, keep to the streets, hit the joints like hollow
Boy better figure if you owe them, better low then
With po-po corruption on the phone double 1-9-1-87, with
a couple of zeros
I'm sittin' there makin' dollars
Verse 2 G, nigga didn't want to holler
Back to the streets again, but a nigga want to go there
The game treatment so fair
Crucial, in neutral, all eyes on me I'm brutal, choppin'
up that paper like you know
Gotta click since I call them blue notes
Shippin' that paper from Earth to Pluto
Get that new song
Nineteen ninety-six we be paperchasin'!

#### Chorus:

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#### Verse 3:

I'm...checkin' paper like a hunter, Belo Had dreams about runnin' four to the floor O.G.s in my house me in the clause Nigga want cheese, nigga want more Bumpin' all the good shit 'cause all the good shit makes you forget about the bad bit Now you make a nigga match wits Never want what I never had, 'cause I never had shit The basketball, the all, the ounce, bounce, A to the motherfucking K I smoke the bead but they keep on calling me and they want my apology And they fall, see it's unexplainable how money's unattainable if you play in this game So nigga never call me names when I aim the gun but holler: A to the motherfucking K with a motherfucking spray-ay-ay A to the motherfucking K with a spray-ay-ay It's 95 keep your ass out the line-up Why don't you keep the double-time up, pimp keep them lines up Help 'em talk to shiner, give me the best wish The paperchase be for me 'cause you got blasted with an eighth of a key Niggas be be-comin' up but come or stay away

And I'll let you take your fate with three...

If you know P-gang going for the G-Style

Never relax, realize don't give a one-too-many free packs

Come check your ho to see I'm a G

I-get in a sick dream

Paid to pick teams in a room full of dick fiends

Much love to thugs who sacrifice their life to get greens

for the troop of 15, what the shit mean?

It's you bitch, you better save your breath, 'cause you

can't count how many days is left

Let the weed smoke, blaze, but check, until I'm ready to wreck

Then a motherfucker gonna be paid to death

Because I'm goin' on a paperchase

Bullets to the chest, put your body rest

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