

# Paper Boy

## Hell Rell

Blazin' artist

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Rugar Rell Dipset let's go[Verse 1:]

Welcome you niggas to world war three

Turn his lights out I shine brighter than paul wall teeth

Fuck this rap game fuck it it needs more more me

And this writer right here can front all your theives nigga

Got these fiends looking for a dime again

Green ferrari looking like a heinekin

You rapping bout your chain is making me want it

If they make a million dolla bill my face should be on it

And your bullets can't touch me your words can't reach me

I'm mister know it all these niggas can't teach me

I asked her if she fucking or not soon as she read me

She thought it was apple juice now she drinking pepe

Yeah, set a nigga on fire burn a hata

Come in his crib spray it up like the exterminata

If killa say he dead it's off with his fucking head

I shoot em 20 times and make sure the fucker dead[Chorus:]

Dope man, Dope man, I heard you looking for that coke man, coke man, I got it coming off that

Boat man, boat man, A big gun under my

Coat man, coat man, Boom you dead and

Only way you be around this muthafucking paperboy

Is if you quit your job and go be a paperboy

Only way you be around this muthafucking paperboy

Is if you quit your job and go be a paperboy[Verse 2:]

I blow money wanna see me splurge

Call me if you need a burg(hit me up)

Yellow diamonds look like I kidnapped tweety bird

Stay away from the snakes boa constrictors sayin

I don't talk on the phone you know whos listenin

Bucket hat on like a old ass fisherman

I heard he wanna buy 20 os then send him in

I could cook a brick with my fucking eyes closed

No scale I could weigh it up with a blindfold

And if I hollar then you losing your wife

I'm out of this world I done been to jupiter twice

Plus I stay at the gun range

Neck looking stupid that's dumb change

See this eyes related to the blood gang

Why let em live it's better to clip him  
I always the shooter baby I'm never the victim  
Dis nigga get on da stand swear 2 god on 10 bibles  
Yeah he washed up fresh off spin cycles[Chorus:]  
Dope man, Dope man, I heard you looking for that coke man, coke man, I got it coming off that  
Boat man, boat man, A big gun under my  
Coat man, coat man, Boom you dead and  
Only way you be around this muthafucking paperboy  
Is if you quit your job and go be a paperboy  
Only way you be around this muthafucking paperboy  
Is if you quit your job and go be a paperboyHe can't rap forreal  
Why they give his ass a deal  
I'm smoking back to back blunt she on half a pill  
She said she rolling like 26 inches  
I'm feeling like I can fuck 26 bitches  
Talking shit bout the set get you 26 stitches  
Took flicks of the room sent his mama all da pictures  
Your brothers a flunky  
Your fathers a junky  
Extorting your uncle he paying me monthly  
We can bring the porsche out or cruise the bentley  
Got muthafucking more whips than kunta kuntai  
He was beefin in the morning got em shot by midday  
Always listen to ruga gotta do it his way  
Your money right get your work weighed up  
Know some real killas get yo moms church sprayed up  
You know ruga on deck for the money  
I'm a walking checkbook u tryna disrespect da money[Chorus:]  
Dope man, Dope man, I heard you looking for that coke man, coke man, I got it coming off that  
Boat man, boat man, A big gun under my  
Coat man, coat man, Boom you dead and  
Only way you be around this muthafucking paperboy  
Is if you quit your job and go be a paperboy  
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Is if you quit your job and go be a paperboy

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