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
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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:]
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