

Paper (feat. Y.B.)

Freddie Gibbs

With a mic, bitch, and I'm nice, bitch
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that Mike shit
But I hit her two weeks ago
Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke
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But I hit her two weeks ago
Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke On the mic, bitch, and I'm nice, bitch
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that Mike shit
Straight thug, nigga, most of my life spent
Was on that black top working that white, bitch
Shit, it was just 500 for the zip then
Got a plug and my homeboy chipped in
I was gunning, seventeen when I bagged up
Pyrex, work yo mo'fuckin' wrist in
Turnt up to be turnt down
It's what the kush for, let's get burnt down
I've got a muddy cup of that Texas dope
And that good smoke from that Oaktown, bitch
100 pounds of the good, what it cost?
Hit 'em with the ski mask, they get lost
I don't trick on these hoes
But I will pay your broke bitch to back up off me
Drop them drawers, ho, fuck all that talking
House on my neck, I call that balling
True shit, it ain't shit like a new bitch
My old hoes, I don't call that often
Drop them drawers, ho, fuck all that talking
House on my neck, I call that balling
True shit, it ain't shit like a new bitch
Old hoes, I don't call that often With a mic, bitch, and I'm nice, bitch
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that Mike shit
But I hit her two weeks ago
Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke
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Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke
But I hit her two weeks ago
Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke I hit her two weeks ago, got head in the Jeep before
Straight bob with this sloppy top, man, this bitch was a freaky ho

Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke
Hurry up, let me beat it, though
When she ask me to eat it
I told her, take it or leave it, ho
Cause this pimping shit in my bones
Million cash on my mind, bitch
Snowflakes on that stove, dope fiends on my line, bitch
Straight hand to hand, east side, on my land I'm the man
Learned how to chef up them cookies
Gotta let 'em just dry by the fan
We keep that chopped up in plastic
Gotta find a new place to stash it
Once I ran through my pack
Hit the club, balled out like a draft pick
Keep that chopped up in plastic
Gotta find a new place to stash it
Once I ran through my pack
Hit the club, balled out like a draft pick

Songwriters

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