paperman

C.J.

They call me Paperman
I get that paper man
Yo shawty starin' homie
Don't make me take her man
But I'm just on the low
And you already know
Ya bitch choosin' pimpin'
Thats just the way it go
They call me Paperman, Paperman
In that brand new Chevy Suddan
My money stack up so tall
Like New York skyscrapers man
I keep me a fresh tapper man
Rich Yung are them basics man
Greatest player at home like Kobe in staples man
He be tryna lock her down, she tryna escape the man
I pick that paper up in the mornin', she is like my paper stand
They say money shapes a man
Keep them squares out yo circle
And work ya money nigga just don't let ya money work you
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I'm a man to blow two grand or so
On sneakers made from animal
Even if they don't understand the flow

Bet them hoes understand the doe
Every motherfucker on this planet know
Money keeps the world on spin
If I put the spur on in ain't no doubt yo girl gone grin
They like my shine, they like my grind
I take yo girl, I bring her back
Ain't it like she mine, ya hoes to blame
You know the game
It's Loso rich but if you wanna know the name I say
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Now I dip through strips in a whip
Wit black 22's and chrome on the lip
Don't slip, don't trip 'cause the tips are hollow
In this chrome on my hip
I lean so mean, so clean
That there ain't a stain on these clothes
Hoes run throw some throw
Ones we makin' it rain on these hoes
I ride through slow, just hide ya hoe
Don't let yo hoe see Loso
I think I'm this, I think I'm that
Man I don't think I know so
I let them know, we let them go
So please don't play wit them boys
She wanna come, just let her come over
And play wit them boys
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