

# 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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