

Paper Chase

Do Or Die

Chorus: Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase

Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase Verse One: I need...mo money mo money mo, suck 'em fast suck 'em slow

Even though I gotta pay my bills I'm still on the streets
tryin' to keep it real

Pass that shit let me take a hit, hopin' this money ain't
counterfeit

Give 'em 211 get 'em in line and let 'em 20 so(?)
Cut that money let's be up, which you want to ride, the
Benz or the Truck

Back up, get on the one way 'cause more Sundays hotter than Monday

Often gettin' trailed by cops, gotta get away by hittin them blocks

Got my glock, never stick middle finger up my ass, known to blast

Keep me down, where I'm from I'm known to clown

Get a dub off a nine, go get a sack, I'm back, pro black
achiever, leave her, thug and ashtray

More to the fact I'm back to the scene, let in the wonder
let all the smoke out

And if Luke coulda broke out

Gotta make more stacks of these, so I Z's for bud in
the breeze, ain't spittin' cheese

What a freak want to trip off, sip off the lame with the
game, get sick of the man who point the blame

Still a P-O, P-I,M-P, we be P-A,P-E-R...chase Chorus: Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase

Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase Verse 2: You see my nice Mom smokin', money slopin' 'tween
my fo

with open arms when my option is to my mission it's a paperchase

So when you face to face: mom and dollar, keep to the
streets, hit the joints like hollow

Boy better figure if you owe them, better low then

With po-po corruption on the phone double 1-9-1-87, with
a couple of zeros

I'm sittin' there makin' dollars

Verse 2 G, nigga didn't want to holler

Back to the streets again, but a nigga want to go there

The game treatment so fair

Crucial, in neutral, all eyes on me I'm brutal, choppin'
up that paper like you know

Gotta click since I call them blue notes

Shippin' that paper from Earth to Pluto
 Get that new song
 Nineteen ninety-six we be paperchasin'!
 Chorus: Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase
 Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase
 Verse 3: I'm...checkin' paper like a hunter, Belo
 Had dreams about runnin' four to the floor
 O.G.s in my house me in the clause
 Nigga want cheese, nigga want more
 Bumpin' all the good shit 'cause all the good shit makes
 you forget about the bad bit
 Now you make a nigga match wits
 Never want what I never had, 'cause I never had shit
 The basketball, the all, the ounce, bounce, A to the motherfucking K
 I smoke the bead but they keep on calling me and they
 want my apology
 And they fall, see it's unexplainable how money's unattainable
 if you play in this game
 So nigga never call me names when I aim the gun but holler:
 A to the motherfucking K with a motherfucking spray-ay-ay
 A to the motherfucking K with a spray-ay-ay
 It's 95 keep your ass out the line-up
 Why don't you keep the double-time up, pimp keep them lines up
 Help 'em talk to shiner, give me the best wish
 The paperchase be for me 'cause you got blasted with
 an eighth of a key
 Niggas be be-comin' up but come or stay away
 And I'll let you take your fate with three...
 Bullets to the chest, put your body rest
 If you know P-gang going for the G-Style
 Never relax, realize don't give a one-too-many free packs
 Come check your ho to see I'm a G
 I-get in a sick dream
 Paid to pick teams in a room full of dick fiends
 Much love to thugs who sacrifice their life to get greens
 for the troop of 15, what the shit mean?
 It's you bitch, you better save your breath, 'cause you
 can't count how many days is left
 Let the weed smoke, blaze, but check, until I'm ready to wreck
 Then a motherfucker gonna be paid to death
 Because I'm goin' on a paperchase
 Chorus: Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase
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 Paperchase, I'm on a motherfuckin' paperchase
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