

Chase the Paper

50 Cent

I'm still a rider, I'm still rolling

A nigga still hold the steel, that's how I'm owning

You chase the hoes, I chase the paper

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You chase the hoes, I chase the paper

You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money making I'm still a baller, I'm still balling

That's five times I ain't picked up, your bitch still calling

I'm super ghetto, I'm still with the shit

Still pass the steel to my nigga, hit a lick

We still mob, niggas steal stuff

We still deal after deal, shit is no problem

He still love her, she ain't shit

Get her a pair of Louboutins, she suck a dick

Still real niggas, still will kill

Tote the steel bitch don't squeal, get your cap peeled

The Mac filled, black talons, hollow tips

Copper-tops, get your ass popped, watch a body drop You chase the hoes, I chase the paper

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You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money making I'm clean as a motherfucker, still getting my hands dirty

Bitches they wanna fuck, grab a glass, you looking thirsty

See I'm a gangsta, you soft as R&B singers

I'm at a war with the banger, in the club with the shanker

Mask on, lone ranger, scope on the K, long ranger

Rather be alive and rich than die and be famous

Live my life in the fast lane, I crash into anything

I ain't here to entertain when I let them bullets sing

Rims on, Rida Gang, slap the fuck out of you, nigga

Trying to pull out your pistol when you know that you're lame

You chasing these bitches instead of chasing your paper

Niggas taking your bitches while they taking your paper

I'm gone You chase the hoes, I chase the paper

You chase the hoes, I chase the paper

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You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
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You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money making She on my leg like a little kid
She hump my leg like a horny pit
Pitbull in a skirt, yeah, I'm a magnet
Now I ain't running after no broads, she stuck on my dick
I'm a different breed, blame it on my genes
Money in my jeans, pockets turn her eyes green
She's seeing dollar signs, I'm seeing reasons why
Never had to stress no pussy, I'm one of a kind
Pretty nigga with a gorgeous gun
You die a beautiful death, pull a stunt, look
There ain't a bitch more dime than me
The thirst is real, she knocking over drinks to get next to me
While you You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
I'm still a rider, I'm still rolling
A nigga still hold the steel, that's how I'm owning
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money making Ghetto niggas still'll pick a penny up
You outside chasing them hoes throwing your Henny up
Little homie loading a semi up
Catch him all after the club, tell him to ante up
Anyway, each and every day, I'm looking for a better way
You owe me, you better pay
Ghost, let the beretta spray
Hood want uncut dope and some better yay
I ain't chasing pussy, never have
Hustle hard, take a break, run and get some head and ass
Still robbing, still rolling, still need a mask
Still popping, still slinging, still need the cash You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
I'm still a rider, I'm still rolling
A nigga still hold the steel, that's how I'm owning
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper
You a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money making

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