

PaperBoy

Bei Maejor

B-E-I M-A-E-J-O-R (get familiar)
Straight to it I'm ballin'
Know I'm in the club when you see them dollars fallin'
Pass shorty off to my homie like Stockton
Caught her off the rebound like Rodman
I be hollerin' yeah
I'm that talk of moving traffic
Coupe is 6-speed, brake this here is automatic
Ca-Ca-Call me
R.I.P. My homie Status
I am macho man, Randy Savage
Come on shorty stop into it
Oops I mean back into it
Gon' head put yo back into it
You know how I like to do it
Gon' head baby work it
When I'm starin' at that from the back
T-T-That look perfect
Waitin' on that (aye) like a verdict
3 1 3 2 4 2 7 7 5
Hit me up I'm on the line
Oops I'm sorry, where was I-I
I be with pros KB that's that my folk
Trey Songz, that's my bro
C. May what's up wit' her though

Straight to the gwap
Straight straight to the money boy
Straight to the gwap
Straight straight to the money boy
They say that Bei Maejor's gettin' paper
Call me Paper Boy
[x2]

Unh, stackin' paper is my hobby
Big-headed in my own world, call me Bobby
Shinin' with these diamonds and this Polo on my body
Laughin' in V.I.P.
Yo girl right beside me
Game time, I'm hittin', I'm swishin'
I'm Jordan, you Pippen
You want me to miss
But I didn't
I'm swagged up
I'm too cool
You old school
I'm new school
I'm champagne
You be-beer
I'm Braveheart
You too scared nigga
Gettin' back to the money that's all I know
I think Bill Gates
Think I'm bout to f-ck it more
F-ck it look at this dough, woah
Look ma I made it
All my cars are graded

Grandma told me
"Boy I know one day you'll be the greatest"

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I'm shining like the lightning
I be balling like the thunder do
Synonym for pro'd up
Antonym for under you
The swagger is so wonderful
That it'll leave you wonderful
Like where you get them shoes?
Where you get them jewels at?
I know you feel me
But I feel like I'm untouchable
The arms on the shades are the tusks of a buffalo
I put them on my face and look just like a buffalo
It's camouflage when I'm hunting for the bucks y'know?
Either you're winning or losing
You're cashy or trashy
You're major or minor
There's no in between
You know I'm winnin'
And I'm cashy
And we major
Never minor
Let's go get this cream
Cash rules everything around me
Scratch that
Cash rooms everywhere around me
And Christ rules everything around me
It's such a blessing to be tithing more than you're accounting

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