

Paper Chasers

Kevin Gates

I'ma let you hear that other one after I do this
I'ma let you hear the one you know the 6's and all old shit all
that we don't fuck around shit
I like this shit man

Coke and rock and choppin' off 'em, private goin' on shopping s
prees
Glock in my back pocket, already cocked okay I'm clockin' chees
e
Strap jump off the hinges in the trenches, all in alleyways
Had to say, each and every day we grabbin' paper
Live the hustle, probably die, gangster and etcetera
Sometime I can't take no break, they keep callin' my cellular
This the game and we know this life we gon' be alright
Ain't no sleep tonight, bitch we out here chasing paper

At the Paul Inn with the Tech 9, no bandana, no gloves on
Long kiss, goodnight my nigga, but we ain't makin' no love song
This bullshit you sold me got Inisotol no soda on it
I straight dropped and lost 20 grams like what the fuck is you
smokin' homie
Red Camaro, white rally stripes, gon' probably be on TV
Move wrong while the tool on, I'll put your ass on Street Beat
Repeat, you see me, I'm a repeat offender
Park the whip, lay under houses, you're moving round with the s
tethoscope
Arrested for to teach these pussy niggas 'bout stretchin' coke
Bend the bend with the machine gun, like, "Say hello to my litt
le friend"
Chick I met at Texaco, down here for school, not visitin'
Say it's about to get interesting, bitch say she from Michigan

Shipment just come in, drop work in Ponchatoula and Springfield
Extended clip, on the nine milli, a lot of hollow tips, no refi
ll
Imagine how the fuck we feel, in the winter time no heat here
I sleep here, all my smokers beg, bum, and borrow for free beer
And we feel, you need a nigga like me in your life
Grind time it's goin' brrooommm
I listen to the radio, we all fly, shawty say she all mine
Color all in the wrong lines, to the dope game I got strong tie
s
I've sold cocaine, this all the time
Favorite old song, entitled "White Lines"
Watch rich people snort white lines, with white wine at dinner
parties
I been retarded, I leave a party
People start to leavin' like we the party

Thuggin' on, don't mention it
Pockets full of Benjamins