

# 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 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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