

## The Paper

Noyd, Big

This is real life, ain't no motion picture soundtrack  
I know killers that know killers, y'all don't want that  
This is real life, ain't no motion picture soundtrack  
I know killers that know killers, y'all don't want it  
Y'all don't want it  
This is

You already know what it is, I rep the Bridge for life, black  
(Show me where the cash at) And it's like that  
So I can get some good shit that keep the fiends comin back  
You niggas talk gangsta but I don't hear none of that  
You find me in the hood anywhere they get money at  
Rollin in a coupe fully equipped, I can live with that  
A chick real thick so when I'm bent I can get in that  
They love the kid cause I rap, plus what I spit is crack  
You know I'm 'bout money, though, won't be no cuffin that  
Shorty's a hoe, so picture me lovin that  
Spendin my dollars on Prada, never that  
And I don't ever trick, I sit back, let the cheddar stack  
And all you fake gangsters, I got one for you  
You step on my toes or fuck with my dough I have to kill you  
I dare one of you moolies to fool with the moolah  
I reach for the toolie and send a shot through your medulla  
Motherfucker cause

[Hook]