

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
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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]