

# Paper

Freddie Gibbs

With a mic, bitch, and I'm ice, bitch  
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that mic shit  
But I hit her two weeks ago  
Sit and drink it, the reefer smoke  
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On a mic, bitch and I'm ice, bitch  
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that mic shit  
Straight thug, nigga, most of my life's spent  
Was on that black top, working that white bitch, yeah  
It was just fine and a little bit of zippy  
Got a plug and my home boy chipped in  
I was gonna set the team when I bagged her  
High rich, working motherfucker rich team  
Turned up to be turned down  
It's what kush it's for, we got burned down  
I got a muddy cup and that Texan dope  
That good smoke from that Oaktown Beach  
100 pounds from the hood where they caught me  
Hit 'em with a ski mask, nigga lost me  
I don't trigger these hoes but I will pay your broke bitch to bag her for me

Drop and draws off I call that talking  
House on my nick, I call that balling  
True shit it ain't shit like a new bitch  
My old hoes, I don't call them off  
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House on my nick, I call that balling  
True shit it ain't shit like a new bitch  
Old hoes, I don't call them off

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I hit her two weeks ago, got hit in the G before  
Straight bought with this sloppy top, man  
This bitch was a freaky hoe  
Sit and drink it, the reefer smoke  
Hurry up, man, we beat it, though  
When she ask me to eat it  
I told her take it and leave it, hoe  
'Cause this paper shit in my bones  
Million cash on my mind, bitch  
Snowflakes when it's cold, gold fees on my grind, bitch  
Straight hand to hand, East side, on my land I'm the man  
Learn how to shuffle up them cookies  
Got to let a man drive by the fair  
We keep that chopped up in plastic  
Gotta find a new place to stash it  
Once I ran through my pack, hit the club, balled up like a draft  
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