

# Get Your Paper Up

Paul Wall

Ay gon' salute me  
I don't flip, neva that  
But I know how to get it, I know where the money at  
Them haters talkin' down, see him comin' up  
I get money, stay true, get your paper up  
Hey see me, hold it down  
Ridin' fresh with the paint, doors open  
Them haters talkin' down, see him comin' up  
I get money, stay true, get your paper up

It's Paul Wall baby, Swishahouse Spokesman  
I'm crushing all competition like a coke can  
I'm with that Damon Jones Mix-O and Black Lac  
In that Lac with the trunk cracked, I'm swingin'  
Until the swingers collapse, I'm back, I'm stuntin'  
Comin' down on gold tires, I'm on the block, holdin' it down  
Like some ?? I keep the swingers pokin' I got the  
Windows open, white cup with somethin' potent, woodwheel  
Still what I'm chokin', I'm on that Antwaan with Lou, Hawk, and  
Freddie Thug, this small of ?? is makin' their heads bop, that's  
My job, my mind's on stackin' on what, these boys out here chasin'  
Broads, look close it's no mirage, I got somethin' ballin' dawg

I'm on the block holdin' posts like Jermaine O' Neal  
No ice grill, just cold steel, that's a gangsta grill  
I'm down for that drama so I'm known to pack a cannon  
A sharp seein' hittin' targets like Peyton Manning  
And you can catch me in the hood like a liquor store  
Roll those dice, let's get that dough, I'm 6-8, I'm 10-4  
I got that Tish from black, that tip got my back  
I put them elbows under the Lac, and know they plottin' ta jack  
Boppers don't know how to act, I'm leanin' back and countin' stacks  
Postin' up on big wheels, still sippin' ?? don't get distressed  
I'm out here chasin' banks, breakin' bread and sippin' drank, accumul  
ating  
My Benz taste, my mind straight, and my paper chase

My vision's nocturnal so I'm grindin' all night  
I gotta cup that's rather purple, so it's oil and it's Spirte  
I got some partnas in the cage, I be shootin' them kites, them other  
Guys is all hype, tell them suckas take a hike baby, you see them  
??, you see them hundred spokes, I'm holdin' spokes just wood  
Deep, ya get it, coast to coast, I'm slabbin' candy drops, punchin' c  
locks  
And slammin' broads, I got money like Reggie Bush, my billboard got a  
lotta  
Yards, I'm with that Poppa Joe, I got dro on da low, I keep tha lean  
for a month  
Or so, but I'm back on it, I can't let go, I'm down with T.Farris and  
G.Dat, we  
Switchin' glass, some of these boys ain't lastin' we still right here  
countin' cash