

I Chase Paper

Plies

Oh, it's Plies again (I chase paper)
Aye, I just had somebody come up to me and ask me (I chase paper)
"What do you do for a living? (I chase paper)
I told 'em, "I chase paper, what da fuck do you do?" (I chase paper)
If you wanna know what my occupation is, homie...

I chase paper (Twenty), I chase paper (Four)
I chase paper (Seven), I chase paper (Homie)
I chase paper (Monday), I chase paper (Through)
I chase paper (Sunday), I chase paper (homie)
I Chase Paper

Hustle now, sleep when I'm dead
Niggas with paper, they go FED
Grandma told me, that's where I'm headin'
Gon' chase paper, can't be scared
All I know, I won't beg
Owe me paper, I want my bread
Don't wanna pay, I want yo head
Yoppa loaded, under my bed
Gon' chase paper 'til I'm dead
How much paper it's gon' take
Just for me to be straight
Me to be rich, I can't wait
All I do is paper chase
Ion't got time, I can't wait
Cuz I need millions on my plate
I chase paper, all day

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Wake up early, lookin' for a check
'Til I get rich, I can't rest
Broke and black, now that's stress
Wanna break bread wit' me, be my guest
When I got paper, I'm at my best
Only money can fix my mess
Tired of Chevy's, I want jets
All I need is one big lick
I want now, Ion't want next
I want paper, he don't want shit
I want mansions, he want a bitch
That's the last thang on my list
Without paper, I am sick
Paper ain't there, I want it
I chase paper 'til I quit
The mo' I hustle the mo' I get

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I lost it all, I almost cried
Can't sleep, I got bags under my eyes
I need paper, fuck bein' tied
I need paper, mo' than I do a wife
If I go broke, I would die
Hustle longer than nine to five
Can't be broke, got too much pride
What's after broke, suicide
Been chasin' paper all my life
They hatin' on me, that's alright
I need haters, they my high
Easy gettin' the mo' you try
Paper chaser, that is I
Hundred mil', still won't retire
My brother in prison, chasin' it now
Say Ion't chase paper, that's a lie

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Oh, I know all about chasin' paper, bra
Three albums in sixteen months, homie
I'm all about chasin' paper
This how we comin' out the gates, homie
Da REAList in stores December 16th
What time it is, bra?
5:22 in the mornin', bra, AM
Either they hatin' or they tryna be just like me, man