

Southside To Bedstuy

Tony Yayo

These rappers talkin bout fast cars and kilos
That caviar prosche 911 down with kilos
Let's talk money homie pillows of that brain dead
When I was broke I had no pillow for my damn head
Damn rich I got a little money on my head
That's chump change og, I'm not dead
My angels turn my tears to a bright smile
I binged out doin time on rikers isle
I'm in a challenger, high with my honey bunch
Flip flop colour, the dodge is hawaiian punch
Them fiends want lunch, I give em dog food
Run up on my whip, you be the lords food

I ain't out here chasing my dick I'm chasing paper
And when you make too much these niggaz they learn to hate ya
You are a hater I'm a hermeez draper
A jimmy tabinni and a new lamborghini
These haterz wanna be me, your bitch I'm a scrape her
Mad at me cause I'm all about paper
Paper, paper
Mad at me cause I'm all about paper
Paper, paper
Mad at me cause I'm all about paper

I could see it in your eyes that you niggaz really hateful
It hurt you too see me and I ain't in that shell suit
I ain't in that big yard, I ain't in that mess hall
I ain't even think that, I would make it this far
Ain't life strange though, look at how it changed though
You don't even like me the bitch love maino
She love how my chain glow, love when my shirt off
Sl drop no top baby shirt off
Runnin through the city pants half down half up
We get money pussy niggaz get they eyes shut
Black bandana on my right wrist tied up
You still chasing pussy while pussy tryna find us