

# Paper Trippin'

WC

Uhh, yeah! What's crackin y'all? Dub C  
Still chasin this cheese, puttin it down  
Whassup Nate?

Nigga I ain't rich yet, I'm still stackin G's (dem dolla dolla dollars)  
Ain't afraid to bust back, paper's all I need (we rider rider riders)  
Nigga I ain't rich yet, I'm still stackin G's (yeah, yeah)  
Ain't afraid to bust back, paper's all I need

Check it out  
What they hittin fo'? Look I'm sick of all this chattin  
Bullshit rappin, let's really get it a-crackin  
Y'all niggaz ain't ready fo' a nigga that's gettin paper  
Foe scraper, dice shaker, the white, Chuck Taylors  
Dark fat laces and fetti with big-ass faces  
Blue gators [?], X.O. by the cases  
The rider ringleader with weed and my zag smashin  
Ya bang ambassador, givin it up back at'cha blastin ya  
Off brand assassin-er, jackin for figures c'mon  
Totalled up a rock, with a repetitive offender  
The purple tinter, the big spender  
The realest nigga you know, smellin like doe doe and Pruno  
Sick with the flow, swangin low-lows and Harleys  
Gather the guests at my mansions and throw my parole parties  
Ex criminal turned corporate; elevated my game to worldwide nation  
Tippin on paper trippin nia

Big beans or big wings or big screens  
Befo' y'all stands a ghetto nigga with big dreams  
I throw the dice, close my eyes and rich roll 'em  
Take my handkerchief and fold 'em, y'all know the slogan  
Riders don't worry multiply shift gears  
Toss fingers in the sky, fuck hoes and stay high  
The bigger the lick the bigger the hit to cash it all  
So whether they ready or not I'm snatchin it all  
Wood grains and chrome frames the mode is hang  
A trick that won't sang, transported dem thangs  
Fuck the pain, give me a label ain't shit funny  
Look I'm tryin to touch that Rush and Lyor Cohen's money  
Get the Neville's money and blow doja with my stash on rich  
And get my dick licked by the baddest bitch  
Fade ya, real boy major with tough shit they ain't got  
like three-way pagers, nigga I'm paper trippin

Paper is all.. (dolla dolla dolla dolla dollars)  
..(dolla dolla dolla dolla dollars)  
..(dolla dolla dolla dolla dollars)  
..I need

Testin testin, broadcastin live  
All day unleaded'll go fo' forty-nine  
No garbage no cut, just the bomb pow-wow  
Gots to get my hands on that new body style  
Floss all you nigga, toss liquor up  
A rugged nigga smokin on a cigarette butt  
Mashin and I ain't lettin the pedal up  
Cause all these songs on my radio ain't ghetto enough

Shutted 'em up with the tank in the cut, I'm sweated to bust  
Dub C'zy, fo'ever, gettin 'em up  
Hands down I'm the motherfuckin man  
Who else could take a gang hop and turn it to a national dance  
Givin the fans a glance of a rider saggin his pants  
with my rag on my cane standin in a penguin stance, nigga  
Worldwidin, ridin, collidin  
Fool it's sincerely yours the Ghetto Heisman, paper trippin

Dub C, ghetto extraordinaire, hood fabulous  
Comin through with fingers in the air  
Y'all know what time it is

Nigga I ain't rich yet, I'm still stackin G's  
Dem dolla dolla dollar