

## Eyes on Paper

Z-Ro

Keep Your Mind On Paper  
Keep Your Mind On Paper  
Keep Your Eyes On Paper  
Keep Your Eyes On Pape  
Keep-Keep Your Mind On Paper  
Keep Your Mind On Paper  
Keep-Keep Your Eyes  
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Keep Your Eyes On Paper

Uh

I was down on my last down with my stomach touching my back  
Instead of my partner's helping me I was what they were laughing at  
Can't approach the girl of your dreams with pro-wiens and wragger jeans  
So wife five-four shirt with the collar, plus no dollar  
It's been a long time since I slept outside, next door to my daddy house  
Back then Darrell Louis would smack they Junior in my daddy house  
I'm not trippin' I'm actually glad that they turned there backs on me  
Fuck family and fuck friends too, It's just me and my strap homie  
Yeah I was that nerd nigga yestraday the day I rapped homie  
A pocket full of pencils but came a pistol in my lap homie  
I was voted most likely to become a teacher  
Everybody class is in session put'cha ears up and a mirror speaker  
And the day's lesser than simple if you don't work, you don't eat  
And the lowest level of a man is when he is living on the street  
Whatever you put in the game, the game goin give back to you playa  
That's why my mind ain't on these bitches, I keep my mind on paper

Keep my eyes on my paper  
Keep my mind on my paper (I got to keep my hands on swoll)  
Keep my eyes on my paper

I got my mind on that paper, mayn  
I'm thinking bout them stacks  
My motivation is being solds in Cadillac's  
My decoration is candy coats and super posts  
My worst nightmare's waking up and being broke

My mind frame is go get it with no excuse  
If all that crying though help me, then tell me what's the use?

My hustle schedule is all night and all day  
If there some paper to be made, then I'm on the way  
My daily routine is stacking chains and hitting licks  
I use my with stick go get it and stack them chips  
The haters bumping they lips to try to throw me off  
But my eyes on the green like I was playing golf  
I'll never ease up mashing until the day I croak  
I'll be eighty selling med's to old folks  
I keep my mind on bread just like a baker  
My eyes on that paper till I meet my...

See I might beat a chick up or should I'da and take the  
hoe home  
When you meet a chick you fuckin' the next day, her  
homies go home  
But in my crib the type of shenanigans just don't go on  
Thinking I'm goin pay to see your pussy, bitch you got  
me so wrong  
I might spend a little here, spend a little there  
Never spend any of it on pussy, I'm a real player  
Early birds get the worm, I'm up when the cock crows  
I'm a slip in the baker read cause I promise I got doe  
This ain't pay rent money, this play with money  
When my friends stop playing with me, I started to play  
with money  
My nigga my ass, ain't not one of y'all my nigga no mo'  
Except for Jimbo, one night he caught me creepin' up  
out of da bibyo  
Even though I was down on my luck so he threw me a bone  
Put money in my pocket, put me in a room and then my  
nigga was gone  
Ever since then I been tasting paper like paper murder  
One of my people have money ain't grown in love of it  
is evil