

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
Keep Your Eyes
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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