

Let's Get This Paper

Rich Boy

Yeah, yeah, hey, hey hey R.I.P. Pooh Bear, that's my dead homie
Fuck that other shit, hey, let's get this bread homie
Remember when they could catch a charge down in Atlanta
They underestimate me 'cause I'm comin' from Alabama
Martin Lee, innocent, he ain't even have a chance
They beat him in that boot camp 'til he died in that ambulance
That boy was only fifteen years old, fuck what they say he did
So tell me how I'm 'posed to feel when police killin' kids?
And then we can't get a job, ridin' we get them pounds
If it ain't that coke then we get that 'dro and break it down
See that ice, the dope man paradise
Boy better think twice, that dope have you doin' life
They tore down the projects, so where we gonna move next?
They takin' them food stamps, they stop government checks
Hey, money my motivator, my mouth, my money maker
Now I don't see them haters, so let's go get this paper
Yeah when you think about us, think about it, we don't own nothin'
If we get money, we got a little few dollars, but our whole family tore up nigga
you're gettin' money for the people in your family that ain't got nothin'.
When it's all said and done, what do you own? You don't own nothin', you don't own you...
The nigga's playin' basketball, he don't own that jersey,
he can't even be in a commercial with his name on the back,
so when it's really all said and done, what did you do this for?
What difference did you make? You see how the world changin'? Yeah, they left Saddam
hanging?
Wish they just kill 'em all so now the Middle East they bangin'
Preachers in that pulpit, say they teach that bullshit
So know how we know it's bullshit? Same niggas I went to school with
Grabbin' on your nuts and disrespectin' get you merked
Them young niggas got pistol grips, they've been about they killin' shit
But they all some hypocrites, haters they won't let me be
When I come up to them gates, I hope you say you heard of me
Now Kendrick Curtis gone, them angels took him home
They gave my brother ten years, the system did him wrong
Now we convicted felons, because they caught us sellin'
And nine times out of ten your friend the one who tellin'
I wanna go to Heaven, up to that Promised Land
I need another chance, I wanna meet that man
Money my motivator, my mouth my money maker
No I don't see you haters, so let's go get this paper
Yeah! Surprise niggas! Hey we be high nigga! Everybody talkin' 'bout they gettin' money...
You all niggas ain't gettin' no muthafuckin' money nigga!

I got millions nigga and I'm still broke nigga 'cause that ain't no motherfucking' money!
You all playin' right into these motherfucking' hands...
Risk your life everyday for some bullshit!
Huh nigga? What your bank account say nigga?
Oh that's all? Ha ha! They shippin' them boys off, they fightin' in Iraq
Its soldiers in that war that ain't never gonna make it back
Niggas this the battlefield, fake niggas scream keep it real
Yeah yeah, rob, steal, anything to pay them bills
Hey nigga time's harder, so we grind harder
We're takin' chances with that coke comin' 'cross that water
Tryin' to get up out this ghetto life ain't gotta be this way
Them pigs they came and kicked my mama door in yesterday
I prayed a thousand nights, I did a hundred crimes
And now I'm beggin' Lord that you don't let me down this time
Money my motivator, my mouth my money maker
No I don't see them haters, so let's go get this paper Our Father who art in Heaven, Please Lord
forgive me for that crack sellin'...
Thou kingdom come, thou will be done, these niggas dumb
Yeah nigga gave my brother ten years nigga...
what the fuck you supposed to do with that nigga they gave my uncle twenty years nigga.
matter fact they gave my cousin life nigga...
I can tell you how I feel nigga be on that motherfucking' stand nigga
lookin' the motherfucking judge in they face nigga...
and he's gonna tell you some stupid shit like "life" nigga.
They're sendin' you all niggas on vacation nigga 'cross the nation nigga,
you all niggas caught up in the motherfucking hype nigga...
Sellin' that white nigga... I been there, done that nigga
Nigga I'm from Mobile nigga they call that bitch?? city nigga,
you bring your black ass there nigga, you ain't gonna make it nigga...
You guaranteed to go to motherfucking prison bein' black where I'm from
nigga I come from the motherfucking impossible nigga
Now you all niggas gotta deal with me, nigga I'm here!
Zone 4 new motherfucking money nigga D Boy Squad.
Rich Boy! Polow Da Don! Yeah!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>