

# 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!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>