## Paper (feat. Rick Ross)

## Boyz N Da Hood

[Chorus - Jody Breeze] X2

Fake niggas be talking, real niggas get paper

Yeah nigga we gangster, who gives a fuck what you thinking?

We be flipping them cakes, we be whipping that soda

From the streets of the A, to the home of the coca[Verse 1 - Big Gee]

I be tucked off, '75 Cut' dog

Trapping at the bus stop, trying to get this dust off

Get pissed off, then the TEC talk

All at the Waffle House bathroom, trying to wipe the blood off

I been lost, been throwed off

Ever since they set Wayne free, preliminary hearings off

I'm veering off, in the fast lane

Driving up the lonely road hollering "real nigga get money mane!"

[Verse 2 - Rick Ross]

Fake niggas be talking, real niggas get paper

Look hater you're hating, look at us, we major

It get hotter and hotter, the hotter the water

No remodel now, it's Maybach and no less than Mirada

I keep killers, they keep killing

These little fuck niggas, they barely keep living

Bitch we break them down, so we keep building

Young and blowing pounds, in the hood, making millions[Chorus][Verse 3 - Jody Breeze]

Yeah nigga we gangsters, so fuck what you think

I'm addicted to paper, I got money to make

Lot of niggas be flexing, like they real when they ain't

Thousand grams in the trunk, I got a paper for plates

Hit the block with the product, trying not to get caught up

Nigga front, you get shot up, that's just how I was brought up

Pops was a rolling stone, so I grew a bone on the corner

Nigga rolling stones, with a bunch of stones

[Verse 4 - Gorilla Zoe]

Coca-Cola, I ain't talking soda

Add a little water, add a little soda

Yeah it's locking up, because the water's getting colder

Let it dry, sit it on a Bounty towel

The robbers on the prowl, I got killers at the window

Say the wrong shit, dog I'm shooting through the peephole

Fuck niggas snitch, real niggas stack dough though

Ditto, Boyz N Da Hood, Gorilla Z.O. [Chorus]

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