

## **Project Pat F/ Edgar Fletcher, Namond Lumpkin**

### **"Where Da Paper At"**

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[Cha Cha]

Hey yo, you niggaz wasn't expecting me  
Jump out the S.E. wit Betsy and any one of you broadz  
dat test me  
Now lets see if I can keep it heated, when I spit it  
Where Da Paper At  
Run it, told you I gotta get it  
Cuz I'll run thru yo neighborhood, just to find yo  
address  
And make you give up everything you got from under  
your mattress  
Half you broadz is hectic, dealin with the realest  
The reason why they got you in this room  
Without no witness and I'm runnin thru this business  
No matter who it be  
So this whole industry better get cool with me  
Cause see, these men adore me  
This light skin, manicured, this paper  
Hand it to her, don't make me get Sandy do it  
Mandatory and they hate that the reason why I chase  
that  
Too late cuz I'm gon get that  
Ain't nuttin but a 8 stack  
And ain't no gettin away from that, baby boy, I'm takin  
that  
Ain't no sense in statin that (one more time)  
WHERE DA PAPER AT?

[Memphis Bleek]

If the war's on, get it on my nigga  
You gon form the law once the four bark, nigga  
Plus the crack you sell won't match yo bell  
You a fifty ride supa, duke, relax and chill  
Yo I know the street, plus I roll with the heat  
Bleek wrap niggaz, clap niggaz, go against the fleet  
If you a poster don, how a nigga can't eat  
I live ya four plus three feet deep  
You villinager ass niggaz got one shot the fuck up  
Finish no album, you done fucked up  
Get missin, get yo own shit twisted, get felt  
unidentified

Nigga I ain't bullshittin  
The streets is mine and I'm on a paper chase, caked up  
wit work  
Label me a heavyweight, I'm knee deep in crack, keep  
the gat  
Sit low in the acc, where dat paper at?

[Black Child]

Where Da Paper At? Is it in this rap shit?  
Do I gotta kidnap, peel out and gat slap a bitch?  
At one point or another I chose to do sticks  
I couldn't even go for hitin hoez with this dick  
If I thro you a brick, roll they ballz to nips  
When I ask where my paper at? Have my chipz  
If you don't have half my shit, have half this clip  
Dassit, unless you gon pass yo bitch  
I'm into pimpin murderin and credit card skams  
When I was sellin coke I wanted a hundred a grand  
You want a niggaz smoke I want a hundred and fifty  
grand  
I gotta feed my fam, fuck goin hand in hand  
And my kidz is gon have what I ain't have  
Like cash that they stashin and bubblez in they bath  
If you blast, then we blast first  
For the dinero, we leavin niggaz in the dirt

[Berreta]

Now how notorious is criminals in Beijing?  
Been on the run for indictments since 18  
Beyond the world seen, corookin, seen the world  
taken  
It's mad how I shook u out the game like hey, gimmie  
the cash  
Or I let this glock pop like propane, I touch niggaz from  
any range  
Leavin them wet, I got dogz that tap and invest on the  
internet  
Get a vet witout a dog, then sell 4000 gatz  
Muthafuckaz don't undertand what this industry is all  
about  
fuck that shit niggaz is crazy, got our blocks open for  
months  
There ain't no way to hide bitch,  
Where da paper, y'all hoez done ran out of town bitch  
You better have a mil now Or I toss yo wig  
Turn yo species to allices, now here wintness, real  
niggaz do real crimes  
Wit black pieces, my game is at it's deepest and I'm  
rhymin tight  
Consecutive low rider, pushin 1.5  
Be a part or be a victim, me an yo objective is the

same, but me I'm gettin em  
Like time is mone, nigga, you aint realizin, that every  
exchange that I cook is in the piein  
Any market up in the street I'm downisizin, it's all dead  
in the ear like I'm prizin  
What....

[Throw Down]

Respect the compition my game is con  
I'm rappin all them niggaz up, dismantlin them in the  
pond  
Y'all broadz wanna touch the devil, fuck a Beanie Seag  
That bitch I slit his throat  
Money addiction that shit done got me goin around like  
money listin  
At hand is what's gon get you and yo man missin  
See the morgue, give you more of the c-4 under the  
transmisson  
Watch him blow for he hit the ground  
And garanteed if I miss you my man'll get you  
And fuck who standin wit you when he can he hit you  
Cause me and Ja hittin them shit that you were scared  
to do  
Wit me and Ja runnin yo shit, go shit yop pantz u do  
It's too late for that? You gon stay for that?  
Trust me you gon pay for that, nigga where da paper  
at?

[Ja Rule]

Come on Come on  
Ja...the Fallen angel...in the world of lights  
I'm the true so take notice to New York's Finest  
Y'all gon remember me wit Alzheimers, the  
unforgettable  
Thug, slash, political, nigga, slash spirital  
Not the typical, average mind you're used to  
Mentality cruail, bitches get it too  
I'm not hearing you, question is, do you hear me?  
If not let me introduce y'all to nine Milly  
It's a damn shame the game you played you lost  
Gotta kill a nigga on that same line you crossed  
Wit that line he'll keep his fingers crossed  
I can't call it, I wasn't the one you wanted to go to war  
wit  
And every night I drink about it, baby, I'm turnin  
alcoholic  
Gotta shop?, Call it ????  
Somebody died for the paper? Not you and I?  
Nigga and you stay scared, I see it in yo eyez...  
Uh .....

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