

Red Cafe f/ Cassidy, Fabolous, Fat Joe, Jadakiss, Latif

"Paper Touchin"

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[Intro: Latif]

Paper touchin! I don't know if your money right but a
nigga like me got paper

[Chorus: Latif] (Red Cafe)

I don't know if your money right but a nigga like me got
paper (HUH!)

I don't know what your money like but a nigga like me
'bout paper (Red Cafe!)

I'm 'bout paper, I'm 'bout paper (That's all!)

All my niggas gettin paper

We got paper, we got paper (You know I'm cooler than
the other side of the pillow)

All my hustlers got paper

[Verse 1: Red Cafe]

Listen up hustlers, I treat them bricks

Like the Wheel Of Fortune spin it, that's why I'm rich
(DAMN!)

Sick, I should have been in Saw IV

But I'm numero uno trick draw four

HEY! I wave at the haters

They know it's me I be wearin all the lasers

Shakedown, we paper touch

Ever since I came home and escaped the cuffs

Cafe, servin the East to the West! (WHAT ELSE!)

I got 'em on E like Ryan Seacrest (WHAT ELSE!)

The Wire said keep the devil in the hole (THAT'S ALL!)

But I'm the chef my kettle is never cold

It's whatever for the dough, whatever on the 'flo

Like I'm from 'Frisco just tell me when to go

(WALLA!) Memorial Day in M-I-A!

I made it Hurricane Chris, Ay Bay Bay

[Verse 2: Fat Joe]

Coca baby, you know the streets we run this

You niggas wanna talk crazy, till they catch at least a
hundred

OWWWWWWWWW!!!!!!

The internet say the beef gone digital

Nah I'm in The Bronx like in the block with the criminals

Gat on the side but the Mac make him miserable
You niggas piss sittin down like my sister do
A Bronx legend like Boy George and Chicken Boo
Them Damou's keep hollerin out that SOO WOO!!!!!!
Haters, leave 'em front of the bodega
My nigga Arnold Schwarzenegger couldn't take us
I'm ready for war I'm callin 'em out
Where you at? Pulp Fiction red ball in his mouth
I'm too real, Joe to ill
We run this shit wonder how Pun feel

[Chorus: Latif] (Red Cafe)

I don't know if your money right but a nigga like me got
paper
I don't know what your money like but a nigga like me
'bout paper
I'm 'bout paper, I'm 'bout paper (WHAT ELSE!!!) All my
niggas gettin paper
We got paper, we got paper (THAT'S ALL!!!) All my
hustlers got paper

[Verse 3: Jadakiss]

HA-HAH!!!! Yeah..

Yo, if it look like a good write-off, I'm chargin it (uh-
huh)

The Gucci napsack got a couple large in it (yep)

The CD player got El Debarge in it (hah)

Laid back, while your girl's massagin it (woo!)

I keep my loot saved, sell mad crack

Other than that, stay in the crib and watch bootlegs
(yep)

Polo robe on, Louis Vuitton cleathers

Thick R&B chick, gettin my Hov on (OH!!)

Soon as we unwrap 'em, cuttin the stove on

Cook 'em, cut 'em, and bag 'em then I'm gettin my O's
on

I don't pay attention to internet bloggers (nah)

I really get it in, wit the murderers and robbers (yea)

This is what a goon'll do

Treat your gravesite like a urinal then YouTube your
funeral (hahaha)

It's just Jada (yea), and I might see you in hell
much later, but right now I'ma touch paper

[Verse 4: Fabolous]

Baby, I touch paper, so much paper

We can split it down the middle like Dutch paper

And fo' real, I don't even call it paper

I got money out the ass, so it's toilet paper

Shorty good money in the back area (Woo!)

Curve on her hip make me wanna Blackberry her

And everybody talkin duffle bag shit
Only paper in is prol'ly what they stuff the bag with (fo'
real)
My swag fit like it's tailor-made yo
New York love me, I got a tailor-made flow
Oh naw, I ain't who to go hard wit
My young boy'll do the job like the Omar hit,
sheeiiiiittttttt!

[Chorus: Latif] (Red Cafe) (*Cassidy)
I don't know if your money right but a nigga like me got
paper
I don't know what your money like but a nigga like me
'bout paper
I'm 'bout paper, I'm 'bout paper (WHAT ELSE!!!) All my
niggas gettin paper
(*Yeah! Yeah!) We got paper, we got paper (THAT'S
ALL!!!) All my hustlers got paper
(*We touchin paper over here)

[Verse 5: Cassidy]
I'm paper touchin, hustlin, servin ev'ryday
You could even flip birds or flip burgers ev'ryday
You could work at Micky D's if you ain't workin with the
keys
I'm a person that'll squeeze if I ain't workin with the
cheese
I air niggas out but when you tear niggas out of the
frame
They say your name and start workin with the D's
Now certain niggas wreckless
But the same dude that try murk you for your necklace
be workin with detectives
They rats but they know that snitches get ditches
That's why you see vest's on certain niggas chest's
(UH HUH!!!) I guess if you from Kiladelphia Pistolvania
You gotta be a pistol banger
I'm the boss type off white crystal slanger
Keep a full clip and one in the pistol chamber
So if you cross the hustler or my man Red Cafe!
You probably 'gon be dead that day!

[Outro: Akon]
Konvict!!!!

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