

W.C. "Paper Trippin'"

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[WC]

Uhh, yeah! What's crackin y'all? Dub C

Still chasin this cheese, puttin it down

Whassup Nate?

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

Nigga I ain't rich yet, I'm still stackin G's (dem dolla dolla dollars)

Ain't afraid to bust back, paper's all I need (we rider rider riders)

Nigga I ain't rich yet, I'm still stackin G's (yeah, yeah)

Ain't afraid to bust back, paper's all I need

[WC]

Check it out

What they hittin fo'? Look I'm sick of all this chattin

Bullshit rappin, let's really get it a-crackin

Y'all niggaz ain't ready fo' a nigga that's gettin paper

Foe scraper, dice shaker, the white, Chuck Taylors

Dark fat laces and fetti with big-ass faces

Blue gators (?), X.O. by the cases

The rider ringleader with weed and my zag smashin

Ya bang ambassador, givin it up back at'cha blastin ya

Off brand assassin-er, jackin for figures c'mon

Totalled up a rock, with a repetitive offender

The purple tinter, the big spender

The realest nigga you know, smellin like doe doe and

Pruno

Sick with the flow, swangin low-lows and Harleys

Gather the guests at my mansions and throw my parole parties

Ex criminal turned corporate; elevated my game to worldwide nation

Tippin on paper trippin nia

[Chorus]

[WC]

Big beans or big wings or big screens

Befo' y'all stands a ghetto nigga with big dreams

I throw the dice, close my eyes and rich roll 'em

Take my handkerchief and fold 'em, y'all know the slogan

Riders don't worry multiply shift gears

Toss fingers in the sky, fuck hoes and stay high

The bigger the lick the bigger the hit to cash it all

So whether they ready or not I'm snatchin it all
Wood grains and chrome frames the mode is hang
A trick that won't sang, transported dem thangs
Fuck the pain, give me a label ain't shit funny
Look I'm tryin to touch that Rush and Lyor Cohen's
money
Get the Neville's money and blow doja with my stash on
rich
And get my dick licked by the baddest bitch
Fade ya, real boy major with tough shit they ain't got
like three-way pagers, nigga I'm paper trippin
[Chorus]
[Nate Dogg]
Paper is all.. (dolla dolla dolla dolla dollars)
.. (dolla dolla dolla dolla dollars)
.. (dolla dolla dolla dolla dollars)
.. I need
[WC]
Testin testin, broadcastin live
All day unleaded 'll go fo' forty-nine
No garbage no cut, just the bomb pow-wow
Gots to get my hands on that new body style
Floss all you nigga, toss liquor up
A rugged nigga smokin on a cigarette butt
Mashin and I ain't lettin the pedal up
Cause all these songs on my radio ain't ghetto enough
Shutted 'em up with the tank in the cut, I'm sweated to
bust
Dub C'zy, fo'ever, gettin 'em up
Hands down I'm the motherfuckin man
Who else could take a gang hop and turn it to a
national dance
Givin the fans a glance of a rider saggin his pants
with my rag on my cane standin in a penguin stance,
nigga
Worldwidin, ridin, collidin
Fool it's sincerely yours the Ghetto Heisman, paper
trippin
[Chorus]
[WC]
Dub C, ghetto extraordinaire, hood fabulous
Comin through with fingers in the air
Y'all know what time it is
[Nate] Nigga I ain't rich yet, I'm still stackin G's
[WC] Dem dolla dolla dollars

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