

Z-Ro**"Get Your Paper"**Visit "[Get Your Paper](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Z-Ro:]

You got to Get Your Paper in this game
If you a hustler, if you a hustler
Niggas be playin' with this thing, but you all about your
change
They can't touch us, they can't touch us
24/7 all day handin' business
But on the low 5 0 ain't gon' witness it
I'm in the alley with them quarters & half's up in my
hand
Thinkin' of a master plan, I can
Hustle all night to the early morn'
I can
Affect a hustle servin' rappers, serve his dome
And if a nigga plottin' on me, I disturb his home
And be a straight up fore' they even as I swerve his
dome.

Get Your Paper hustlin' up in these city streets
Don't forget to spendin' 10 thousand dollars on CD's
And if you rappin' ain't no handouts in this industry
Whatever you can take your time.

Get Your Paper hustlin' up in these city streets
Don't forget to spendin' 10 thousand dollars on CD's
And if you rappin' ain't no handouts in this industry
Don't let it take over your mind.

[Z-Ro:]

I use to set up shop 'about 6:00 in the morning on my
grind
Powder packs & crack & nerve sacks out of the ghetto
was on my mind
Needed to relocate with the thought of location, keepin'
it on the low
'Cause when niggas see you all the time it seems they
act friends, just to get your dough
But it ain't no raw to me
I ride with the armory, the AR15
Collectin' my digits & spinnin' my tires, no time for
conversation, I gotta ride

Back to my safe place, stash spot for the waste plate
'Cause I'm a go getter, if the game escapes ballin' was
the picture 'cause there was no hitter
Niggas is sinnin' major, nothin' but home runs when I
swing my bat
But some of these niggas be playin' crooked so I can't
forget to bring my gat
But when it's all said & done I'm a redo my walls with
platinum placks
At the Source Awards, with a grand daddy
Couple of drinks, straight like that.

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[Z-Ro:]

I'm a get my paper, hustlin' up in this rap game
I'm movin' my units, I'm movin' my heart it's all for
stacks man
And once I get it, it ain't gon' be no turnin' back
Fuck the boomerang affect makin' muthafuckers hate
me from a distance
Hoppin' fences in an instant
Tryin' to get away from the long arm of the law
Jeopardize my Benjamin's, I will be forced to put some
harm on your jaw
My attitude be raisin' it's amazin' I'm not locked for
man slaughter
Because I love my plastic princess & I can't keep my
hands off her
She be right next to my nuts every time I deal with hoes
& crews
Send my bitch to fuckin' suck it bitch, before I know
they move.
Is that gangster enough for you baby? Ro gotta get his
dough bro
Bendin' corners in a tinted out 4 do' Volvo blowin' dro
hoe.

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