

## Z-Ro f/ Paul Wall "Eyes On Paper"

Visit "[Eyes On Paper](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Sample: 4X] "Keep your mind on paper, keep your mind on paper" "Keep your eyes on paper, keep your eyes on paper" [Z-Ro] Uh, I was down to my last dime with my stomach touching my back Instead of my partners helping me, I was what they were laughing at You can't approach the girl of your dreams in Pro Wings and Wrangler jeans A white five-oh shirt with the collar, plus no dollars It's been a long time since I stepped outside, next stopped at my daddy house Back then Darryll Lewis was McVey Junior in my daddy house I'm not tripping, I'm actually glad that they turned they backs on me Fuck family and fuck friends too, it's just me and my strap homie Yeah I was that nerd nigga yesterday, the day I rapped homie A pocket full of pencils became a pistol in my lap homie I was voted most likely to become a teacher Everybody class is in session, put your ear up to the nearest speaker Today's lesson is simple, if you don't work you don't eat And the lowest level of a man is when he is living on the street Whatever you put in the game, the game gon' give back to ya player That's why my mind ain't on these bitches, I keep my mind on paper [Chorus: 2X] "Keep your mind on paper, keep your mind on paper" "Keep your eyes on paper, keep your eyes on paper" I got to keep my head on son "Keep your mind on paper, keep your mind on paper" "Keep your eyes on paper, keep your eyes on paper" [Paul Wall] I got my mind on that paper mayne, I'm thinking bout them stacks My motivation is Benzos and Cadillacs My decoration is candy coats and super boats My worst nightmare is waking up and being broke My mind frame is go get it with no excuse If all that crying don't help me then tell me what's the use? My hustle schedule is all night and all day If there's some paper to be made, then I'm on the way My daily routine is stacking change and hitting licks I use my wits to go get it when stacking chips Now haters bumping they lips to try to throw me out But my eyes on the green like I was playing golf I'll never ease up mashing until the day I croak I'll be eighty, selling plain meals to old folks I keep my mind on bread just like a baker My eyes on that paper till I meet my maker

[Chorus: 2X] [Z-Ro] See I might meet a chick, fuck the  
shit out her then take the hoe home When you meet a  
chick, you fuck and the next day her home is your  
home But at my crib, them type of shenanigans just  
don't go on Thinking I'm gon' pay to see your pussy,  
bitch you got me so wrong I might spend a lil' here,  
spend a lil' there Never spend any of it on pussy, I'm a  
real player Early birds get the worm, I'm up when the  
cock crows I must live in a bakery cause I promise I got  
dough This ain't pay rent money, this play with money  
When my friends stopped playing with me, I started to  
play with money My nigga my ass, ain't near one of  
y'all my nigga no more Except for Jimbo, one night he  
caught me creeping up out of the bio He knew I was  
down on my luck so he threw me a bone Put money in  
my pocket, rented me a room and then my nigga was  
gone Every since then I've been chasing paper like  
paper murdered one of my people Having money ain't  
wrong, the love of it is evil [Chorus: 2X]

Visit [Z-Ro f/ Paul Wall](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.