

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Paper Paper"

Visit "[Paper Paper](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Where the fiends at?

Nigga

Bone Thugs

Harmony

Money ain't a thang I'm gonna get me some

Money, I'm gonna get me some

Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper

Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money's my thang gonna get me some

Money, I'm gonna get me some

Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper

Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money's my thang gonna get me some

Money, I'm gonna get me some

Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper

Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money's my thang gonna get me some

Money, I'm gonna get me some

Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper

Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money

Why's my babys bangin', beefin' with me, squashed it
ordained it

Better yet sustained the flurry

Hide in the fury, but the ways of a broad

Don't mean you've died out of my life

I'm hurt, burn me baby, tie down

And child hood scars, crack head caused niggas

I don't know that who'd ya think you are

And here we are, steady we roll out over you

When it's over it's over, for the soldiers

who hear me

That'll get me in trouble

Can I be closer, stay right near me

Here we are, ain't no stars, uh huh
Can I get drunk off in some bar, without some haters
sayin'
"Who do you think you are?"
When I'm sober, I go on to win it

Shit I bet they thought we fell off
Bone Thugs-n-Harmony Resurrection
Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Wish
We in the Flesh

Remember them thuggish ruggish niggas
Gotta get down fo my thang in here
You already know when we came in here we raw
fuck what u heard and you read about us
Just believe what you saw

Till I die, I'm down to ride in the war
When you niggas get serious
Let a nigga know
Maybe then we can roll

Nigga bad to the Bone
But I sure don't click with hoes
And no bustas, hatas, or hoes when
They poppin' up at my door
I get excited, all uptight, and violent

Bitches was not invited
Put 'em in a coffin before they get me man
Krayzie, loco, insane, bang bang
Runnin' with the pump pump, no bluffin'
We buck

Nigga better realize still claim
Nineteen nine nine the nine nine
Muthafucka, fuck 'em to the end and when I run
out
I reloadin' and buckin' again, some mo
Nigga puttin' it down, worldwide

Them wicked bad-ass thugs
You punk niggas hate us
But we don't trip
We still get madd ass love

I show you the rapper that's sick of this song
We'll straight up toss his ass
And if he flossin' cash and jewelry
Rip it off his ass, keep walkin' fast

Thuggish ruggish till the day that I die
Fuck it that's all I been all of my life
It's just T H U G we be

And it ain't no thang
Keep buckin' duckin'
Dumpin', fuckin' 'em bustas up with my gauge
We poppin' all y'all, I'm watchin' all y'all

Money ain't a thang I'm gonna get me some
Money, I'm gonna get me some
Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money's my thang gonna get me some
Money, I'm gonna get me some
Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money's my thang gonna get me some
Money, I'm gonna get me some
Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money's my thang gonna get me some
Money, I'm gonna get me some
Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Time after time, everywhere I look
Everywhere I turn, niggas talkin' 'bout death
Like a nigga can't dream of nuthin' else
But a lil bit of wealth

Tryin' to help they self
And I really can't blame you
'Cause I do the same too
Man do what you gotta do

But what I'mma do is keep protectin' my cheddar fool
Ain't none of y'all niggas do it betta, ohh
And I'm ahead of you and y'all hate it
Only the real thugs keepin' it raw

Grippin' that heat tight, livin' that street life
Nigga I'mma let it fool round and get war
Niggas is plottin' that 2-11
That's why I got heat for Armageddon

Picture Lay on his knees and I'm beggin'
Nigga betta shoot me and send me to heaven

Fuck all the drama, I'mma just blast
Hollow point tips off in that ass

Tha slicka the nigga, that's pullin' the trigga
Is the nigga that's standin' up last
Countin' this cash, still doin' this mash
Blowin' much weed as we watch you bleed

Nigga got killed fo the love of the cheese
Now you cant do shit cause your 6 feet deep
Fuckin' with Lay is a game you shouldn't play
Even myself I could die today

I could lie, but hey it ain't worth it
Shit, ain't none of us here to stay
I'mma hold my ground
And I'mma lace my boots

So when it's time to shoot, then that's it
Screamin' out Mo Thug in this bitch
And Bone Thugs in this bitch, nigga

It's all about money, yeah
I'mma get me some
Can't be fuckin' with niggas that ain't got none
'Cause lately y'all been actin' funny, I guess you smell
some money

Get out my pockets, betta count your shit
It's still St. Clair wig-split
Four other niggas that I run with
You don't wanna fuck with

Dollars and dollars but still we gotta get mo
Remember back in the days when we was fucked up
But not anymore
(Uh uh, no, no)
And ain't a damn thang come easy
Alot of plannin', bus rides, and Eazy

Fo cheese, believe me, believe me,
And it ain't gone stop at the end of my time
With my Bone Thug love, I'ma always get mine
And I mean that, gotta have that, paper paper
Money money, money, money

Money ain't a thang I'm gonna get me some
Money, I'm gonna get me some
Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money's my thang gonna get me some
Money, I'm gonna get me some
Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money's my thang gonna get me some
Money, I'm gonna get me some
Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

Money's my thang gonna get me some
Money, I'm gonna get me some
Say my nigga y'all, better get your paper
Paper, paper, paper, paper, paper

You better believe we five of the last
True soldiers standin' in command
You thought of me closin' the book
On this bitch on ya'll, flip on y'all
I am what I am the Fifth Dawg

It's all good,
Paper paper for the whole hood
Tell 'em I got dibs on this and kids in this
(You real as, real as shit)
Reminisclin' on my thug ass nigga Eazy-E
(Eazy-E)

Six deep in a six-double-o Benzo fo' the love of money
I gotta get the paper
I told y'all ain't a damn thang changed
'Bout the nigga they bang
My niggas, they're down and we'll
bang your brain
Muthafucka for thinkin' he famous

We in the flesh flesh
We in the flesh
We in the flesh flesh
We in the flesh

And if I can go bite the bullet
So Eazy in my Cadillac
Bend a couple of corners
Smoke out with some hoes
Now where y'all at?

21st century heroes
Two-triple-zero
Righteous ones
And wish the Howse

Then can roll with one hundred and forty four thousand

Visit [Bone Thugs N Harmony](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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