

Cash NY

"Paper Chase"

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[Chorus: x3]

I woke up early this mornin given a new side of my life
The sun was shinin you were on my mind

[Verse 1:]

Still pitching nicks & dimes fiends lineing up
Been out since the morn now I'm tired as fuck
In the hood I'm like stringer in the wire
Can't talk to anybody niggaz talking through the wire
man
Couple bricks to flip got a click they down wit it
Aint no money in the city I'm outta town wit it
New face so cops watching the plates
So I do like anna nicole and got rid of the weight
Sick of being average gotta get that paper right
Think I'm good till I see the fucking blue & whites
Awe shit dogs sniffing the panel
Get a nine to five lil nigga how can you ?
When its fiends moving looking for a lil taste
Must be stupid if you ain't on that paper chase
Got the cuffs on thinking I'm stuck
Now I see the patty wagon
Man I know that I'm fucked damn.

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Now I'm fresh out D.A. Red in the face
Cuz I got a jewish lawyer and he ate the case
Now its back to the block
Cracks in my sock
Man I'm like baron davis how I'm good wit the rock
Like the want adds putting work on the sets
Doing this since 14 I was like shorty in fresh
Hustling 101 yea man I know the grind
Aint gotta talk wit guns they know the strip is mine
Like a marathon my lil team run the town
Red, yellow, blue crack valves on the ground
Fuck up the count you becoming a ghost
Yea I got that kind of butter
Don't come with the toast

And a couple of dojas to cover the shit
Block is like ground zero man its covered in bricks
Just know if ya paper right
I'm a fuck wit ya
Cash New York man tales of a hustler

[Chorus: repeat 'til fade]

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