

Beyond Angels

"Be About Yo' Paper"

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(B-Legit)

We have'n so much fetti homes, we can't quit now

I break the back off a cake
Mix some soda with this A-1 D
I zip lock and flip flop
43 I'm livin like a kingpin cuz I had clients
Them bitches love to fuck with us Hillside giants
And I was hittin me one
No matter the cost
A 44 two with the dual exhaust
With so much rumble in the back on my load
I hit the parkin lot and watch convertables fold
Them zippers was sold
And bitches use to hold my D
And back then an ounce would cost you a G
I stacked 22 and had 21 left
7 to the kill nigga thanks to chef
They was lovin me to death cuz I had cream
Them niggas double up so dope fiend never seen
And on my team you gone get your green
Cuz a nigga had to have it by all means

Chorus -

(Levitti)

Be about yo paper main

Fetti, scrilla, scratch main

(D-Shot)

My paper, My paper is way to strong
Cuz when it comes to fetti muthafucka it's own
Money, scratch, revenues and all that shit
Stingy nigga in your hood tryin' to strike at rich
I gots the town hecks a sewed up
Thangs for 13 - 5, no bakin' soda
I'm to heavy the feds can't fuck with me
My lawyers paid so fuck the D.E.A
Boss ballin droppin sacks through your fuckin hood
You want it hard or soft, It's to the good
We're gettin stronger with this distrubution drug shit
We're gettin bigger muthafuckas don't want to see my

Click
I'm in and out, from town to fuckin town
Collectin mail makin my fuckin rounds
Northern Cali is the place where a nigga dwell
Nuts hangin' bitch I'm about my mail

Chorus

(E-40)
Sittin' on top of a mattress full of dried up pee stains
Choppin up my candy cane
Use your razor blade nigga use a saftey pin
See I probably wouldn't quit if they raided my shit
Soon as I get out I'm right back in it
Now I got my car and were thick as shit
I you ain't know a car's a click
Employees on the boulevard rough and tough'n
Got my test clean from puff and stuff'n
Came off a hook up on some chops never been fired
off
Steal a box with the styrofoam Guarenteed not to
cough
Vallejo, V-town, Valley Joe
No respect for the muthafucka Po Po
A Yaba Do the boys in blue be gettin shookin
Sometimes I'm suited up, Sometimes I'm bummy lookin
Slick and slide, whoppin 'em at they own game
Publicity stunts changin my pager number every six
months

Chorus

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