

B.G. "'Bout My Paper"

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Un huh, I'm 'bout my feddi by all means

Look here I be on a paper chase I'm all about my
cheddar

I ain't touching the mic if it ain't five Gs or better
I plan never to fall short again, I want game
Wootay I'ma tell ya no pain no gain

I hustle hard for what I want that's how I get it
I struggle hard and if it's out there I'm goin' get it
If ya see CMR a dollar sign on the CD
Somewhere on there you'll see featuring the B.G.

Me and my nigga B like Suge and Pac
We gettin' our shine on all the way to the top
Look ain't no stoppin' us boy don't try
When you hear it once it ain't no secret you go and buy

You can lie 'bout this, stunt 'bout that
You can't dodge these fifty shots I'm 'bout ta rat-tat-tat
Ain't nothin' change still a busta wig splitter
Straight hustle for my chesse I'ma money go-getter

'Bout my paper, my chesse so before my eyes close
I want my green ta add up ta six zeros
Get yo fetti nigga, somebody playa hate split 'em
Get yo fetti nigga, somebody stop you kill 'em

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It's all about Benjamins, that's all I wanna have
Ducked off in my house with a hoe takin' a bubble bath
Sparklin' marble coverin' all my room floors
A maid in a bathin' suit doin' my house chores

Do not disturb sign on my bedroom door
'Cause my dick gettin' ate by my number one whore
Look I'm money hungry, 'bout actin' a donkey
No longer a junkie, I got rid of that monkey

I'm cheeky I don't want you fuckin' with my shit
My neck and my knuckles covered with crushed out shit
Sparklin' gold cover my muthafuckin' grill
Pockets filled with big head hundred dollar bills

Fuckin' up this rap game with these wicked rap skills
And aint far from makin' Gs ta makin' mills
I'm a treal B.G. uptown hard hitter
On the real my nigga I'ma money go-getter

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Oh, I gotta get it gotta grab it, gotta have it
Like snortin' dope but snortin' coke is a habit
I gotta see it gotta feel it, quick ta spin it
Shoot dice all day with my niggas tryin' ta win it

I rap hustle 'cause I'm a hustlin' ass nigga
Also a gat totter 'bout bustin' some ass nigga
So you can play with me 'bout my chesse
You gotta go fool in a casket six feet deep

Sellin' tapes and CDs, like sellin' pick threes
Ring up a million sales we done hit the lottery
I'm a Benjamin chaser, playa hata eraser
Police have no case 'cause I do murders without a trace

I'm almost at home I done past third base
I'm playin' with five figures when I get six I'm straight
If I catch yo bitch down bad I'ma hit her
Paper chaser nigga B.G. a money go getter

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