

## Billy Currington

### "Paper Chase"

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Chorus 2X: (Cream)

I don't care what people say  
I'm gonna get 'em for a paper chase  
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I'm gonna get 'em for a paper chase

(EMP)

Know I got that feeling that the pimp gone make a killin'  
Droppin' them bodies off by the dozen I wouldn't mind,  
makin' a zillion  
Cuz there ain't no love, like that love that's on the down  
low  
Always watch your back, for some of them niggas they  
call your kinfolk  
I'd rather be broke, then one of them niggas that's on  
the board  
Every option that I got, got me livin' by the ????  
Over here, givin' a toast, to some of the niggas that did  
they dirt  
Nothin' wrong with recognizin' the real, fightin' and  
puttin' in work  
I got some things I need to do, in the pursuit, in my one  
lifetime  
And ain't no more two-stompin' me, only grant for  
makin' my grind  
And I'ma get in, where I fit in my nigga, we both can  
roll, for the ride  
Sleepin' your head,  
and nigga you fall to your knees when it's time to  
compromise  
I'm at the point of no return, only concerned with the  
fact  
Know that I feel with this hustlin' two thousand trick,  
tryin' to hold you back  
On the bow, leanin' with one foot ahead and the bow, is  
bound to break  
No more shots, no more pop,  
because he's dead and it's time for the paper chase

Chorus

(Mac Cris)

Now smoke a blunt wit'cha boy, commit Cream got that green

Now shoot them toys wit'cha boy, cuz you know we on the scene

And put them things in your face, cuz I'm ready to catch this case

You fuckin' around with me and Cream gone do this shit today

Now get it crunk wit'cha boy, don't front on your boy

And if you thuggin' up in the gates, let me see you get it up

Now hold it down with your nigga, when you smokin' up in the truck

Cuz you claim that you smoke pound, but you might get your shit smoked up

K to the I to the N to the G

G to the A to the T to the E

Smokin' and chokin' on swisher sweets

Keepin' you crunk and in on your feet

In this game ain't nothin' but G's

Fuck that shit you tryin' to plead

One in your head and then you dead and you gone fall to your knees

HEY!!!!!!

Chorus

(Cream)

Now smoke a blunt wit'cha boy, smoke some fire green with me

Go and get some plastic toys I think somebody tryin' to get me

I can't FRONT on ya boy, cuz every night I'm gettin' that green

Everybody be smokin' a pound, with the Cream on the scene

Don't make me get crunk on ya boy, cuz real niggas they move in silence

I've been known for shootin' them toys in case them suckas wanna get violent

Now what'cha want from your boy? Cream olde English and some of this weed

Turnin' all of my enemies into manipulin' fiends

But if you want it, you can get it

If you smoke it, two can hit it

I ain't perpetratin' with it

I'm gone hit it until it's finished

And just like Popeye eat his spinach, I'ma stay crunk off this all day

I don't care what the people say, WEED make my paper  
straight  
So HOLD IT DOWN wit'cha boy, don't hesitate to get 'em  
up  
Go head and smoke up what you smoked up cuz today  
we gettin' fucked up  
We smoke a pound up in my chevy, rollin' round we  
makin' credits  
I ain't messed up bout no change  
We havin' thangs and I'ma remain the same  
On top of the game, you niggas just can't get crunk up  
like my crew do  
Nigga we smoke weed like Wahoo, I get fucked up cuz I  
want to  
Now who knew? That Cream'll be makin' the money with  
niggas that get paid?  
Sippin' on Dom and I parle' HEY!!!!  
Cream about that paper chase!!!!

Chorus (.5x)

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