

## George Reefah "Paparazzi"

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Chorus:

A yo they watching my car like I owe them Aki, Trying to  
holler at the kid, but I don't know them papi,  
Ra, Rap stars cant stand the paparazzi,  
Ra, Rap stars cant stand the paparazzi,  
Cameras Flashing on Kawasaki's, got ya boy dodging  
them lanes and driving sloppy,  
Ra, Rap stars cant stand the paparazzi,  
Ra, Rap stars cant stand the paparazzi.

Verse 1:

A yo the paparazzi done got me low tip, tip, toeing to a  
bitch crib trying to bone that bitch,  
She go up and dip, dip like she own that shit, she go up  
and dip, dip, like she know that shit,  
See now I'm a pimp, pimp and I run this shit, give a  
chick a tip, tip the rest be all my cash,  
Hide the rest of my cash in a Swiss, Swiss bank  
account, balance be a large amount and there's  
something to talk about.  
I spit it like a bone to a poodle, what you dream I can  
do, see what you write I can doodle,  
See I can do it in my sleep, and I can do it in my jeep,  
on a cell phone, speeding from the Dee's  
Yup, But no they cant see the kid, in the 08' Tahoe with  
low pro tints, in the black on black with the gun black  
rims stunted to the tip, tip, wide body balling it bitch.

Chorus:

Verse 2:

See I connect like Voltron to ear drums, I connect my  
black skin to platinum,  
  
I collect my cash like I print it, you portray this life like  
you live it,  
See what I do is only entertainment, and watching you  
is so entertaining,  
You dumb-ass yo I'mo put terms in layman's, make it  
simple for y'all to retain it,  
The rap crown I'm not here to regain it, it's the title I'm

here to rename it,  
I'm a reefer, I reef, reef is not dead, he uptown with a  
duffle bag of stacked reds,  
Black kid ballin' like a spoiled ass bastard, fuck living  
broke that's too much of a hassle,  
Na, Na, Na, Na, y'all cant catch me, so ask bout the  
reef or muthafucka don't ask me.

Chorus:

Verse 3:

They on my every Nike step, no need to tell me,  
already know that I'm the nicest,  
All around they throwing stories my way, click, click,  
click, click, clicking pictures all day,  
Checking all good, but on my savings, the rattle snake  
niggas is on the same thing,  
The game changed and change aint come the same  
and I swear its cause niggaz is saying the same thing.  
The journalist is swerving in suburban's trying to get a  
glimpse of stars while they burning,  
Before he burn out, he might pull the burner on em, but  
be careful though he might have a burner on em,  
I call em' Nikon pythons, get bit they'll have you like Brit  
with no nylons,  
Or like puffy and Dylon, and have Dave Chappelle on a  
skit, relaying your shit wrong.

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