

# Hell Rell "Paper Boy"

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Blazin' artist

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Rugar Rell Dipset let's go

[Verse 1:]

Welcome you niggas to world war three  
Turn his lights out I shine brighter than paul wall teeth  
Fuck this rap game fuck it it needs more more me  
And this writer right here can front all your thieves  
nigga  
Got these fiends looking for a dime again  
Green ferrari looking like a heinekin  
You rapping bout your chain is making me want it  
If they make a million dolla bill my face should be on it  
And your bullets can't touch me your words can't reach  
me  
I'm mister know it all these niggas can't teach me  
I asked her if she fucking or not soon as she read me  
She thought it was apple juice now she drinking pepe  
Yeah, set a nigga on fire burn a hata  
Come in his crib spray it up like the exterminata  
If killa say he dead it's off with his fucking head  
I shoot em 20 times and make sure the fucker dead

[Chorus:]

Dope man, Dope man, I heard you looking for that coke  
man, coke man, I got it coming off that  
Boat man, boat man, A big gun under my  
Coat man, coat man, Boom you dead and  
Only way you be around this muthafucking paperboy  
Is if you quit your job and go be a paperboy  
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Is if you quit your job and go be a paperboy

[Verse 2:]

I blow money wanna see me splurge  
Call me if you need a burg(hit me up)  
Yellow diamonds look like I kidnapped tweety bird  
Stay away from the snakes boa constrictors sayin  
I don't talk on the phone you know whos listenin  
Bucket hat on like a old ass fisherman  
I heard he wanna buy 20 os then send him in  
I could cook a brick with my fucking eyes closed

No scale I could weigh it up with a blindfold  
And if I hollar then you losing your wife  
I'm out of this world I done been to jupiter twice  
Plus I stay at the gun range  
Neck looking stupid that's dumb change  
See this eyes related to the blood gang  
Why let em live it's better to clip him  
I always the shooter baby I'm never the victim  
Dis nigga get on da stand swear 2 god on 10 bibles  
Yeah he washed up fresh off spin cycles

[Chorus:]

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He can't rap forreal  
Why they give his ass a deal  
I'm smoking back to back blunt she on half a pill  
She said she rolling like 26 inches  
I'm feeling like I can fuck 26 bitches  
Talking shit bout the set get you 26 stitches  
Took flicks of the room sent his mama all da pictures  
Your brothers a flunky  
Your fathers a junky  
Extorting your uncle he paying me monthly  
We can bring the porsche out or cruise the bentley  
Got muthafucking more whips than kunta kuntai  
He was beefin in the morning got em shot by midday  
Always listen to ruga gotta do it his way  
Your money right get your work weighed up  
Know some real killas get yo moms church sprayed up  
You know ruga on deck for the money  
I'm a walking checkbook u tryna disrespect da money

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