

Bun B

"My Paper"

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I fly like paper, get high like planes, If you catch me at the border i got visas in my name, If you come around here, i make 'em all day, I get one down in a second if you wait, Sometimes i feel sitting on trains, Every stop i get to i'm clocking that game, Everyone's a winner now we're making that fame, Bonafide hustler making my name. All i wanna do is (bang bang bang bang!) And (kkkaaaa ching!) And take your money [x2] Pirate skulls and bones, Sticks and stones and weed and bombs, Running when we hit 'em, Lethal poison through their system, No one on the corner has swagger like us, Hit me on my banner prepaid wireless, We pack and deliver like ups trucks, Already going hard just pumping that gas, All i wanna do is (bang bang bang bang!) And (kkkaaaa ching!) And take your money Rollin through the city, old school on them big boys, 12 inch woofers in the trunk making big noise, Got the big toys(toys), dont make me have to blast, Let a hundred rounds go, you do a hundred yard dash, Back up in the hood where the rules dont shift, And the gangstas talk trills, sippin ??? You can call 5-0 and 5-0 might come, But by the time that they arrive all that dirt had been done. Now one things for certain, and two are for sure, Being poor is a disease, you gotta hustle up a cure, Start with your head homie then use your hands, If you try it in reverse, you dont even have a chance. We worldwide worried with the hunger and the thirst, From the third world countries to the second and the first, It sounds like a verse but its more like a plan, Get your robin hood on, put some pressure on the man tell it! All i wanna do is (bang bang bang bang!) And (kkkaaaa ching!) And take your money M.i.a. Third world democracy Yeah, i got more records than the k.g.b. So, uh, no funny business I wake up in the mornin with my xxxxx in the bed, She dont like the police and she sure hate the feds, I love my girl cause she gives me what i want, She rides in the trunk or either rides in the front, She looks like 22 but shes really 45, Some reason she done made a whole lotta niggas cry, So bad that she make em' wanna pull ther're money out, Take it out they pockets and they put it in my box, Ahh! gotta hurt ya with that girl do ya, Shes always one on

one, take take take the moolah, Gimmie them pace or
the cash and the credit card, Might be a brawd but the
lil' xxxxx is hittin hard, You the police and we is the
robbers, You need more than a million cops just to stop
us, Excuse me, let me introduce my lady, Her name is
baretta and shes mothafuckin crazy! All i wanna do is
(bang bang bang bang!) And (kkkaaaa ching!) And
take your money

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