

## Jim Jones

### "Paper Chase"

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Still chasing them hoes

Woke up in the days each all in my face  
Wanting on my moneys I gotta get paid  
Doin' my the jace when I hit the streets  
Who's gotta get paid  
Baby gotta eat oh oh  
I'm on the paper chase, paper chasin' oh oh  
I'm on the paper chase, paper chasin'  
Racks I'll be chasin  
I ain't chasing these hoes  
Focus on this money  
I'm just getting this dough oh oh

They talking money no I'm speaking fluent  
If you're talking lawyers let's keep it Jewish  
If it's dropped top let's keep it ruthless  
If you talkin' promise you know we get stupid  
If I'm sleeping I dream on  
If I sleep then my team on  
Niggas beefin' out in the streets  
Money puttin' the beam on  
Quadruple with that racing pal, yeah  
Yea, I'm master of the face and black  
Some of team just to make you back  
And all that damn try to make you stack  
My bitch in Atlanta, get money, bring the hammers  
Once she talking and understand her  
She give me brand and call it country grammar  
And I'm getting bread, all kind of dough  
While I'm getting' head I'll be countin' dough  
Fuck the feds, I'm a drown in dough  
And my trunk look like it ain't my top  
In this pump just might gonna shake that block  
I want this done so unlace the watch  
Hundred carrots, no bunny rabbits  
Motherfucker, this straight up box

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I'm just tryna get it how I live shawty  
I'm just tryna eat, who got a pill for me?  
My baby need a crib homie  
Better yet, my baby need somewhere to live broadie  
Ridin' 'round with that thorny  
Pistol talk 'til I point it  
Give it up when I want it  
Give everything out of this joint  
Got a body on the floor  
A body on the court  
Body at the starters screaming murder that you wrote  
wut  
Is you who from?  
'Cause I ain't going in until my bill's done  
My bills gotta be paid up  
Post cup, laid up till I count this paper  
Gotta get my cake up, baby need some peppers  
Hoes want shopping spree  
I guess I'm nigga  
Going on the ride sprays  
'Til I get a jace  
Tell I bring home a hundred G's  
I'm a rubber nigga for a hundred piece

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