

C-Bo "Paper Made"

Visit "[Paper Made](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[C-Bo]

My whole crew is platinum
Quick to throw it down with Magnums
We ain't duckin' when the guns start blatin'
What's happenin'
West Coast rollin', Benjamins foldin'
Nigga bank accounts holdin', more loot than the jews
And I just stepped fresh up out some county blues
Had me all on the news, cuz I'm gettin' my paper
And my goal life now is livin' it major
Coppin' Crystal, Champagne
I'm in the 'Natti with the blow brains
Leavin' my mansion up in Spokane
The dope Game, was lovely
Out with the flip rollos and drop Benzes when they
clucked me
Now the haters wanna mug me, cuz I'm AMG kid candy
on some dub leech
But fuck them tricks cuz they haters
They stick out like short thumbs around Playaz

[Chorus 2x]

All I wanna do is get my paper straight
Roll up highways sideways out the gates
Luxury livin' baddest women and I'm straight
Back up with the flames BITCH
I'm Paper Made

[C-Bo]

I still scream "Fuck the World" _Til My Casket Drop_
I give a fuck about parole and these bastard cops
He could see me on TV coat with two glocks and a P
Cuz some bitch nigga snitched on me down in
Cincinnati
I bet the bitch thought he had me
Ain't that a bitch how niggaz trip
That nigga must have been smokin' the cavi
I won't rest until my 'Natti niggaz get him
Run up in him hit him with a blade up of in his kidney
And leave him face down, real niggaz don't play
around

Paralyze that motherfucker from the waste down
Cuz he's a bitch turned snitch on the next nigga
On sight I'm takin' his life with the Tec trigga
And give a fuck about his kid, cuz he didn't give a fuck
about mine
When I was servin' my bid
I knew he was a flunky, punk nigga dressed like a
junkie
Runnin' around with a pound of bunk weed

[Chorus 2x]

[C-Bo]

See I'm all about the cash fool
Blast to get a mill and I keep it real fool
I owe court and the streets, fuck a deal
Wanna see me cuffed and stuck in the back seat of a
cop car
When I got jewels and pull more strings on a good
tar/guitar than a rock star
Cop car by the UB wanna do me down like Doobie
Straight haters is what you fools be
Hangin' on my balls like newbies
You do three's dumped outta trees is how we do these
Enemies when we WC 'em down like my crew be
Pack heaters nonetheless and now better leave his
Bulletproof vest down in the Beemer
Hit 'em up we lead 'em then streetsweap 'em
We don't need 'em
That nigga's a bitch like Ru Paul
Whipped his with his ass you'll be sold like blue balls
We some murderers, haven't ya heard of the straight
killa
All black, the realest on the map, mission to get the
millas
Y'all best off feel me, a motherfuckin' real G
In this shit Paper Made til they kill me kill me

[Chorus 2x]

Visit [C-Bo](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.