

Lil' Wayne "Paper Machine"

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[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]

UGH!! you can smell it through the wrapper
That's that s*** n**** sit it in a pamper
I still got two sittin in the hamper
I let em' sit and air out unless you want em' damper
My lil brother got piffs on the campus
We call him, the NO capo
We all in this what we rid for
We got "cash money" on the table layin' underneath
the flo' S*** it's like I gotta pan how I heat the flo'
A but I really gotta a pan how I heat the blow
S*** a Develope this beat is so,
motha'f***in' GI-Joe and the hydro got me high I cant
see where I go
When the rap stop movin you just follow the coke
When yo b**** start choosin she gone ride wit a pro
Imma have that hoe swelling coke Birdman Jr.

Chorus:

Young money imma take the machine thing, you can
catch me in the louis not the latest machine ! x 3

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

Now I aint putting nothing out, I smoke when I wanna
26-inch chrome spokes on the Hummer
This heat gon last for the whole summer
Running your bitch faster then the Road Runner
Rocks on my wrist, rolls gold under
Glocks on my hip, those throw thunder
Im buying diamond by the pier
But when you stop, the only thing still spinning is your
ear
Yeah, im riding with that all black snub
Raiders cap back, all black gloves

Im 80s man, but the boy smack thugs
These record sales equal more back rubs
Not to mention I bought a pack of clubs
His impacts about as raw as crack was
Now all these new artists getting raw deals
Im only 21, sitting on mills

Chorus :

Young money imma take the machine thing ,you can
catch me in the louis not the latest machine ! x3

Verse 3 :

Copped ten sold five then I hide three
Baking soda residue I'm gone with the other two
Copped ten sold five then I hide three
Baking soda residue I'm gone with the other two
Copped ten sold five then I hide three
Baking soda residue I'm gone with the other two
Fuck a magic stick Jeezy got a magic wrist
David Copperfield on the stove all types of shit
Stack it up like Pringles all type of chips
AR-15 all type of clips
G.A. yeah Atlanta
Dipset Harlem World call Santana
Hit Jim on the hip Cam on the celly
We gon' call Ace I get 'em for R.Kelly
That's seventeen a chicken I know the birdman
140th and Lenix I know the birdgang

Chorus :

Young money imma take the machine thing ,you can
catch me in the louis not the latest machine ! x3

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