

## Paperboys "Moving Up"

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[keith cook]  
hmmm...  
yoou-hoou  
yeah..

For so long that things have been out of my reach,  
but now I've learned the game and I'm playing for  
keeps,  
yoou-hoouu

yoou hoouu

[Vinni]  
It's the philosophies of possible cheese,  
let's get some profit's from these prophecies,  
swapping some g's for DVD's, oversees properties,  
making sure the vocals dropping on the keys properly,  
get it popping in this monopoly,  
nobody stopping me, cause my mission is set,  
ain't got no listeners yet,  
peep the ignition, cannabis in effect,  
missing respect, my position is set, and the conditions  
reflect  
my coalitions when we piss on cassettes,  
yo I ain't dissing but yo're slack, folks are falling for  
crap,  
you can't be serious, you call that rap? Sure that's fat?  
I bought it but I brought it back, I can't afford a  
supporter-cap,  
run recorders till the mortar cracks, making daughters  
clap,  
game like a quarterback, with portable facts,  
Vagabond in orbital laps, absorbing the map,  
we moving till we on top  
getting my shit from the pawn shop  
as soon as this fucking song drops.

Refreng:

[keith cook]  
and we're moving on up, it's our time to shine,  
blasting J's in your face and we pass it round,  
now I know you're hating on me though

who knew that we was bout the dough for show  
I'm like a wolf among sheep, it's on me I'm hungry  
stepping on hands and toes pardon me baby,  
gotta eat, I feel you hating on me though,  
why me? coz only big dogs can roll.

[kleen cut]

You're like an old can of coke, buzz already dead.  
Kleen Cut, Paperboys, and it's over your head.  
We fuck making noise, live for dough.  
Do a free show? How I gon supply my ho?  
She is high maitainence, I got five fake friends  
talking all nice, but they don't make sense,  
I've never seen your face, but you wanna shake hands  
it's all good, got nothing but love for fans.  
Y'all like beast, use roars and growls, forcing howls.  
Kleen Cut never caused a fowl,  
get strict saying fuck you's with nouns and vowels.  
Never loose, so I don't need towels.  
I don't fold I'm pleased to say,  
get home write rhymes that seems to pay.  
You know the shit's over when you hear that sound.  
\*huh huh\*  
We moving up and you just went down.

Refreng:

[keith cook & Vinni]

we're moving on up, it's our time to shine,  
blasting J's in your face and we pass it round,  
now I know you're hating on me though  
who knew that we was bout the dough for show  
I'm like a wolf among sheep, it's on me I'm hungry  
stepping on hands and toes pardon me baby,  
gotta eat, I feel you hating on me though,  
why me? coz only big dogs can roll.

[kleen cut]

Ey yo, thinking may hurt, don't do to much of it.  
I'm Kleen Cut, that's who you fucking with.  
Crunk it up, Y'all know y'all loving it.  
You know what? What you got, you're struck with it.  
Yeah, you ain't gon change at all,  
while I just got better, new name and all:  
they call me sharpshooter, Kleen-Eastwood, J-letter.  
Nice flow, who the fuck sounds better?

[Vinni]

Shit I'm spelling to cross elements, yelling like lost  
elephants,  
sell'em some force, tell'em of course we floss  
elegance,

meddle with boss-pelicans, secret intelligence  
and I dwell on my tours relevance, creeping through  
settlements,  
and I'm peeping on sleeping residents, wake'em up  
whoever's fronting, tape him shut,  
keep'em jumping, show them how to make a cut.  
These haters are fake as fuck, got no problem burning  
my bridges,  
they better chill before we turn'em religious,  
I ain't earning no digits, ain't a happy man, still I'm  
making it happen  
the capitan, killing tracks in front of clapping fans,  
rappers like a factory brand, we ship'em back to Japan,  
they can't fuck with this immaculate scam!

Refreng:

[keith cook & Vinni]

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unknown: siste verset?

unknown: ja, alle skulle vÃre med pÃ siste verset, ja.

unknown: hmm hmm

unknown: what's enough!

JayJay: Shit man, I don't know what the fuck we just  
listened to,

but that was lot of bullshit, luckily I got the new  
paperboys-tape.

You know what this is? I don't even know what it's  
called,

but man it's funk and fresh to the flesh! Live and direct  
on your

radio, this is Jimmy Jupiter, check out paperboys!

Paperboys!

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