

Sadat X

"If (It Ain't About Paper)"

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[Hook x2]

If it ain't about paper, it ain't about me
Put too much work in my hustle to die broke on these
streets

[Verse 1]

I took some money and invested in some hookers
Coca-Cola cooks, dick breakers, purse snatchers
Wallet takers, money makers, high-speed chaser cop
shakers
Anything to stop the chief from tracin' catchin' cases
I'm cop racist, tired of seein' their faces
Been in the back seat too many times with blackened
bracelets
Which I don't give a fuck, y'all wanna see me do bad
Cause I get up, get out, get off my ass, stuff duffle
bags
Sweatin' the doo-rag, yay in the blue bag
Jealousy soon as I get down with more than you had
Take trips with a bitch a stuff a click up of coke
Love y'all but hate cha' city bitches, ya arrogant and
broke
Quick to pick the jack up, call a crack and send me to
Central
Use bitches for sex, money, ID's and rentals
One tried to claim the family jewels
I told the bitch I'm bad news, this cash rules

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2]

I sleep with stars on the low
Cause they my everyday hoes
It's like I'm scared for em'
Fuck around and laugh on em'
But I ain't laugh when we lost all them grams though
Cause they know they try to keep em' low but we
sprang the door
Cell bars can't stop ours
Amateur broads is like movie stars and cinema screen
Ol' shorty right there, I been fuckin' her since she was
seventeen

She a mean twenty-four now
Should I jam the broad raw now
The dick say yes
But the brain say stress
If you put on that dress you make a thousand dollars
easy
Set chu' up with the rich Asians
Wanna flash them big faces
I wanna clean operation
Like ferry ferry freak off
Pay for play, pick the broad you wanna slay
Do it your way, I'm wait in the doorway
Yeah I'm sellin 4-A, doin' it
Don't blow me up, don't ruin it
If it ain't about money dick, the X ain't pursuin' it

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Yo, let me speak some much all
For now, we gon' kill the dumb talk
Hold ya fort cause I ain't done
And the struggle ain't fun
I done sold crack, done that
Sold pack, gotta run
Yet I'm down for the coin, I need stacks bigger than Pun
Ya understand my man, a nigga wanna see his nights
Pop rubber bands if I have to pop rubber man
Cause the chips I got can't take care of my mother and
My immediate fam, so I scheme and scam to get some
fetti in my hand
It done been times when niggas look at Eddie like he
petty
But these niggas ain't my men
Workin' with birds and can't throw the kid no grams
But you wanna borrow toast when you caught in a jam
Niggas'll scam, stay broke, nah I'ma bounce back
Get a couple ounce stacks, take that and bounce that
Now I got niggas givin' me eight off of g-packs
And if it ain't about money, it ain't no need to believe
that

[Hook repeated to fade]

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