

Freddie Gibbs

"Paper"

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With a mic, bitch, and I'm ice, bitch
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that mic shit
But I hit her two weeks ago
Sit and drink it, the reefer smoke
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On a mic, bitch and I'm ice, bitch
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that mic shit
Straight thug, nigga, most of my life's spent
Was on that black top, working that white bitch, yeah
It was just fine and a little bit of zippy
Got a plug and my home boy chipped in
I was gonna set the team when I bagged her
High rich, working motherfucker rich team
Turned up to be turned down
It's what kush it's for, we got burned down
I got a muddy cup and that Texan dope
That good smoke from that Oaktown Beach
100 pounds from the hood where they caught me
Hit 'em with a ski mask, nigga lost me
I don't trigger these hoes but I will pay your broke bitch
to bag her for me

Drop and draws off I call that talking
House on my nick, I call that balling
True shit it ain't shit like a new bitch
My old hoes, I don't call them off
Drop and draws off I call that talking
House on my nick, I call that balling

True shit it ain't shit like a new bitch
Old hoes, I don't call them off

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I hit her two weeks ago, got hit in the G before
Straight bought with this sloppy top, man
This bitch was a freaky hoe
Sit and drink it, the reefer smoke
Hurry up, man, we beat it, though
When she ask me to eat it
I told her take it and leave it, hoe
'Cause this paper shit in my bones
Million cash on my mind, bitch
Snowflakes when it's cold, gold fees on my grind, bitch
Straight hand to hand, East side, on my land I'm the
man
Learn how to shuffle up them cookies
Got to let a man drive by the fair
We keep that chopped up in plastic
Gotta find a new place to stash it
Once I ran through my pack, hit the club, balled up like
a draft
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