

## Vinnie Paz

### "Paul And Paz"

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[Intro: Charlie Manson]

I run the underworld, guy. I decide who does what and where they do it at. Why am I gonna run around and act like I'm some teeny-bopper somewhere for somebody else's money? I make the money, man. I roll the nickels. The game's mine. I'm the king!

[Chorus: Block McCloud]

Gotta get fetti, gotta get that dough  
Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know  
We get fetti man, we get that flow  
They hate us because we love paper chasing

Gotta get feddy, gotta get that dough  
Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know  
We get feddy man, we get that flow  
They hate us because we love paper chasing

[Verse 1: Paul Wall]

I'm the man with the plan and them rocks in my hand  
In the Cadillac sitting on the fours  
[? ] so heavy but the haters mad at me  
When I come around the corner so slow  
I'm the shit where I'm from in the land of Screw  
A go-getter chasing after bankrolls  
If you're hating don't try it cause I'm waiting so quiet  
A player stay up on his toes  
I got my mind on paper, not concerned with them haters  
Them boys is talking down call me catch up later  
See I pull up in that black on black like Darth Vader  
Handing bars out the window, serving boys like a waiter  
My mind on dollar signs so partner I'm a grind  
Gotta punch that clock and paper-chase overtime  
That paper is a fool if you put in work  
I'm a hustle till I'm under the dirt, I gotta get it baby

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm nice with the ox, you get cut like the raw white  
Or hit you with a fucking silver bullet like Coors Light

I could tell a snitch if he don't walk through the door  
right  
I could tell a snitch if he don't handle the four right  
The fifth levitate your body to God's height  
Flatline, long dark tunnel and saw light  
I'm a ride dirty so motherfucker forget the law  
Chicken wing, shrimp, fried rice, and the liquor store  
It don't take a lot for me to have the pistol drawn  
Get popped in front of me, I don't even assist the boy  
Y'all are fronting, I don't know what the resistance for  
Y'all are nothing, that's why that you keep you distance  
for  
Anybody fuck with Vinnie getting laid to waste  
I'm a have your white tee looking like it's tomato paste  
You a joker motherfucker Vinnie play the ace  
Paul take the thirty-eight snub and rearrange his face

[Chorus]

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