

Alice

"Me, Not the Paper"

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("Cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my
dreams
See what I mean black? I gets the paper")

Microphone thugs flip keys and shit
Remember the 80's when niggas was acting crazy?
The mean streets raised me
I used to live dangerously
Admist crack-selling armed dangerous felons
Plus murderers, drug spot burglars
Niggas doing anything to acquire that paper
Live the life of crime but got saved by the rhyme
Peace to all my niggas doing time on top of time
Plus the ones gunned down in their prime
I made it this far because of divine design
Diamond chains the sun still outshines
I get you drunk off my drink like that champagne wine
As long as there's breath left, I father the fatherless
If shit was real Brooklyn would snatch that chain off
your chest
Don't fess, we know why you rock that vest
Hard on records, but really pussy, check it
I do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%

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dreams
See what I mean black? I gets the paper")

It started way before Super Rhymes
Peace to mom dukes for enduring hard times
God bless all the victims of my past life crimes
I do this for the ghetto youth living like Good Times
Flipping rhymes saved me from the obvious traps
In '97 studio hustlers puch crack on wax
And breaking backs, but faking jacks
If it wasn't for contracts, they wouldn't bust caps
So, destroy your people and collect huge stacks
Fat axe, and platinum plaques
Come bring it back, rewind it that old gangster bullshit
Got the youth running around criminal minded
Not a player hater, just don't chase the paper

Got a little deal so some heads caught the vapors
So stupid motherfuckers throw your guns in the air
To all my niggas that ain't make it past their 19th year
I do it for me, and not the paper, stictly 100%, nah
mean?

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Sinister plots, every week who got shot
Spots like the Enterprise kept the neighborhood hot
Niggas bugging out so some receive toe tags
Resting up north with fag or sporting shit bags
When I think back it's so sad
All the niggas that I had, who'd ever figure that it'd get
so bad?
So I retreat with a pen and a pad
Hide your chain when you ride the train
For writing rhymes about automatic weapons
I'd rather steer the youth in the right direction
Drop a bomb, destroy the temple's ?sen section?
Little girls already sexing
Hard rock shorties is flexing
But I stick to my lessons, no stress
Cause if shit was real, Brooklyn would snatch that chain
off your chest
Don't fess, we know why you rock that vest
Hard on records, but really pussy, check it
I do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%, know
what I'm saying?

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dreams
See what I mean black? I gets the paper")

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