

Paper Route

"Hey Man"

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Man i spark and let my sentiments drop
And though i know it's not a lot
At least I am what these other gentlemen are not hot
And with plenty of remy shots
I can see plenty plots and they're coming out of this
pen that I got
With new members and stocks from the hills to the end
of the docks
You see we build from the stems on your block
We shop for pots of gold, rock'n roll
Keep it proper ain't stopping for no obstacles
You can watch us go we act obnoxious ,our pockets
grow
We got a spoot turning tropical
And I'd be lying if I said that it's not for dough
But when I knock, hear the sockets blow
You see it's not so, that I do not flow
I just got more drugs than docs in hospitals
And oh, I forgot to let you know
This vet's set so
Just let go and stretch your toes
Hey man, paperboys hitting like cocaine
Its no thing, the doubleA spitting they can't hang
And it's strange, Is it the fame or is it the same?
I wonder if he is or he isn't, please explain
We ain't changed, famous gang but still we roll
We're nice with that language thing ,you better know
We done could've banged your dame, but let her go
Oh no no no no
Eh yo you know im fresh in the flesh, I put another
session to rest
Life is just a lot of lessons I guess
Never the less, my man critical said it best
Being underrated is the key to success
So I express myself myself in rhythms and rolls
And I done seen a lot of women getting rid of their
clothes
It looks like i'm doing fine with the little I know
And I don't need lines my video rolls
I'm that msongo grabbing his pombo's
They're like is he for real? kweli? akyamongo

This took practice, I don't give a fuck if you rap
backwards
The fact is, I know what i'm hearing
That's wack shit
Pissing me off like taxes, face it i'm the allie you're the
axis
The sun versus matches
Another album and that's it i'm done
Now maybe even y'all can get some(Fagget)
Hey man, paperboys hitting like cocaine
Its no thing, the doubleA spitting they can't hang
And it's strange, Is it the fame or is it the same?
I wonder if he is or he isn't, please explain
We ain't changed, famous gang but still we roll
We're nice with that language thing ,you better know
We done could've banged your dame, but let her go
Oh no no no no
There's a slight chance that you are tough enough, just
might be
Or maybe you're just fucking up, just like me
I see, all we want is just to feel erie
And since I ain't trying to hurt no feelings, I agree
But that's not why my label hired me, they did it
because i'm too good
So if you don't feel it, you should
But you would if you could, so if you don't you won't
But me and you can still sit back and smoke a joint
I get straight to the point, I chase paper and coins
While other people think it's safer going straight for the
groin
But they're toys
And now them cats are annoyed
While me i'm cute, shit I should've have been a
backstreet-boy
Fu*k deg a'!
Hey man, paperboys hitting like cocaine
Its no thing, the doubleA spitting they can't hang
And it's strange, was it the fame or is it the same?
I wonder if he is or he isn't, please explain
We ain't changed, famous gang but still we roll
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We done could've banged your dame, but let her go
Oh no no no no

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