

Paper Route

"Put I On"

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*shit man. I don't know what the fuck we just listen to,
but that was some bullshit. Luckily I got the new
Paperboys tape.

You know what this is?

I don't even know what it's called, but man, it's funky
fresh in the flesh.

Live and effect on your radio, this is Jimmy Jupiter,
check out Paperboys!*

[Vinni]

I hit the docks and I'm sure

Senses locked with all ma stocks on the floor

I'm on the benches

What I'm watching is pure

"Still the tension"

I've got lots in me to cure

Though these toxins got me boxing with doors

On top of chords I drop it for you and yours

"And tell'em"

I cant stop

I'm too bored

I wanna swap the shoe-store for something better

Stressing to get ma act together

But I know that ma cap fits

Ain't changing ma tactics

I'm gaining so that's it

Blessing rapshit

With masterminded I adapt quick

Immaculate theories

Another track to put me back in the series

Keep it cracking bout to happen

Ya hear me?

Fuckers acting like I'm barely rapping

Knowing it's so fat that it's scary

You see it clearly?

It's sincerely yours Vincent Vagabond

Feel the calm before the storm

Mr. Prince of Babylon

Batter stepping on

Addict

Magistrate is getting warm

I let'em have a savage with his weapon drawn

Refreng:

So come on we put it on y'all
Were gon ball so holla when vagabond calls
Ya know
We get involved
Were grabbing it all
We got it on
Put it on y'all
Eh yo
When vagabond calls holla back
Follow the bottles and solid tracks
Like that

Is just so happens were suckers for lust
Rapping like it's nothing to us
And Steady puffing ain't gon fucking adjust
We've had enough of trust
Building muscle like some hustlers
Enterprise
Energize
Want ma sentiments?
Just let antennas rise
Send'em high
Look up in the sky
I know the world is crooked
Full of documented lies but I've been advised
And then besides
We ain't old yet
I want a Rolex
I wanna roll for the gold we gotta go get
And though it's slow
Yo that's so sweat coz I can grow checks
I've got effects fully digital but low tech
See we're originals, yet hoes slept
But now they're on a campaign
And I don't wanna listen
That's a damn shame
Coz we're advanced in this mans game
It's good to be free
Ain't that something
Shit it's good to be me
I hit the trees thinking could it be
Tryin to move some footage for fees
And steady scheming till were put at ease

Ref:

I like a ceiling with fans
It's evident I'm not a militant man

Benevolence inside a diligent plan
Gaining kilograms
And though I'm spilling
I feel the will at hand
Hey man I'm chilling
I build a tan on beaches that are filled with fam
And ma grill in tha sand
A Miller-can
Still i think for minute
Still with the symptoms of a infinite cynic
Another drink and I'm finished I let it all go
I'm thinkin that the problems can't be solved
So I hustle for a Volvo
But is only me? or are we all slow
You don't need your morse-code
To see the flaws in their courseload
Supports law
Kids grow with a brain
But they never use'em
Guess we gotta train'em for revolution
Imposing change like it's heavens blueprint
Another rebel movement
Proving none of ma fellas is stupid
Coz all it is is fucking music
So get it right
I like the credit but were headed for a better life

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