

## Dom Pachino

### "Paper"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Yeah... where my muthafucking pad at? Here it go, flatten these fucking dudes Yeah, yo Paper, paper, paper, paper, yeah Paper, paper, paper, paper, what Paper, paper, paper, paper, yeah Paper, paper, yo [Chorus 2X: Dom Pachino] Paper, paper, paper, paper, read about it I tell niggas stop being pussy, and be a G about it [Dom Pachino] I finesse this flow, don't test this blow I'm professional, leave you vegetable Like to talk alot of shit, look at testicle Have 'em wet like a messy hoe, that I fucked out in Mexico Don't make me say it again, you are not my friend If we can't break bread and them ends don't meet I will scrape your face on a concrete street We don't hardly speak, you look strong, but you oddly weak Doorag and fitted, but you hardly street Should of woke ya ass up, but you had to sleep So a nigga just had to creep, little weasel You ain't cock diesel, I cock and squeeze through Your drop and bleed through, your hoes are see through My flow's unbelievable just ask the people Who's raps are lethal, who's tracks'll eat you P, it been 11 years and they still can't see you But of course they hear you, and of course they feel you Cuz you a real dude You got the skills to pay bills and you eat some real food They waiting to eat, man They food is mildew, sergeant should of drilled you Don't hate on real dudes, cuz, they will kill you [Chorus 4X] [Dom Pachino] Yo, I weight a buck fifty something, and represent A tough city that ain't fronting, nigga, stop talkin' bout it & make something Out of a great nothing pretty, this as gritty as it get Bags under my eyes cuz my city never slept Yeah, just about as shitty as it get Make the best out of nothing is the prettiest success Never had much, but I had my respect Wasn't dealt every card, but I had a deck I can change the current state of hip hop, if I had a sec If it wasn't all about a check, but it is, so I gotta put the Chkk-chkk, hammer to your neck Just to get some mere play, who dare say, it ain't real You ain't boppin', this ain't something you can feel Maybe more so if I greased you with a mil', but I'd rather grease you with a kill For, not keeping it real, you fucking faggots [Chorus 4X] [Outro: Dom Pachino]

Yeah, yeah, everybody out for that paper, man I'm out  
for that paper, man, I'm not gon' lie Knowhatimsaying, I  
write my thoughts down on the paper To make paper,  
everything have to do with the paper I sign contracts, I  
sign the paper, knowhatimsaying I go to the bank,  
deposit some money, I sign the paper I sign them  
muthafuckin check, I sign the paper It seem like, man,  
the corporate world is all about the paper You wanna  
survive, muthafucking United States Pretty much  
anywhere the world, man, you gotta play wit the paper  
Paper, paper, the paper, paper, paper, paper, paper,  
paper, paper, paper

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