

## **Rich Boy "Let's Get This Paper"**

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R.I.P., Pooh Bear that my dead homie  
Fuck that other shit, hey, let's get this bread, homie  
Remember when they could catch a charge down in  
Atlanta  
They underestimate me 'cause I'm comin' from  
Alabama

Martin Lee, innocent, he ain't even have a chance  
They beat him in that boot camp 'til he died in that  
ambulance  
That boy was only fifteen years old, fuck what they say  
he did  
So tell me how I'm 'posed to feel when police killin'  
kids?

And then we can't get a job, ridin' we get them pounds  
If it ain't that coke then we get that 'dro and break it  
down  
See that ice, the dope man paradise  
Boy, better think twice that dope have you doin' life

They tore down the projects, so where we gon' move  
next?  
They takin' them food stamps, they stop government  
checks  
Hey, money, my motivator, my mouth, my money  
maker  
No, I don't see them haters, so let's go get this paper

Yeah when you look at us, just think about it  
We don't own nothin, if we get money, we got a lil' few  
dollars  
But our whole family tore up, nigga, you gettin' the  
money  
For the people in ya family that ain't got nothin'  
When it's all said and done, what do you own?

You don't own nothin', you don't own you  
The nigga playin' basketball, he don't own that jersey  
He can't even be in a commercial with his name on the  
back  
So when it's really all said and done

What did you do this for? What difference did you make?

You see how the world changin', yeah, they look so dumb, ain't it?  
Wish they just kill 'em all, so now the Middle East, they bangin'  
Preachers in that pulpit, say they teach that bullshit  
So how we know it's bullshit? Same niggas I went to school with

Grabbin' on yo' nuts and disrespectin' get you merked  
Well, them young niggas got pistol grips  
They been about they killin' shit  
But they all some hypocrites, haters, they won't let me be  
When I come up to them gates, I hope you say you heard of me

Now Kendrick Curtis gone, them angels took him home  
They gave my brother ten years, the system did him wrong  
Now we're convicted felons because they caught us sellin'  
And nine times out of ten yo' friend the one who tellin'

I wanna go to Heaven, up to that Promised Land  
I need another chance, I wanna meet that Man  
Money, my motivator, my mouth, my money maker  
No, I don't see you haters, so let's go get this paper

Yeah, surprise, niggas, hey, we behind that, nigga  
Everybody tell me to get money  
Y'all niggas ain't gettin' no motherfuckin' money, nigga  
I got millions, nigga and I'm still broke, nigga  
'Cause that ain't no motherfuckin' money, shit

Y'all playin' right into these motherfuckers' hands  
Risk ya life everyday for some bullshit, huh, nigga?  
What yo' bank account say nigga? Oh, that's all?

They shippin' boys off, they fightin' in Iraq  
This soldiers in that war that ain't never gon' make it back  
Nigga, this the battlefield, fake niggas scream, "Keep it real"  
Yeah, yeah, rob, steal, anything to pay them bills

Hey nigga, time's harder, hey so we grind harder  
We takin' chances with that cocaine comin' 'cross that border

Tryin' to make it up out this ghetto life, ain't gotta be  
this way  
Them pigs, they came and kicked my mama do' in  
yesterday

I prayed a thousand nights, I did a hundred crimes  
And now I'm beggin', Lord that you don't let me die this  
time  
Money, my motivator, my mouth, my money maker  
No, I don't see them haters, so let's go get this paper

Our Father who art in Heaven  
Please Lord, forgive me for that crack sellin'  
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done  
These niggas dumb

Yeah, nigga, they gave my brother ten years, nigga  
What the fuck you 'posed to do with that, nigga?  
They gave my uncle twenty years, nigga  
Matter of fact, they gave my cousin life, nigga

I can tell ya how I feel, nigga  
To be on that motherfuckin' stand, nigga  
Lookin' the motherfuckin' judge in they face, nigga  
And he gon' tell you some stupid shit like life, nigga

They sendin' y'all niggas on vacation  
Nigga 'cross the nation, nigga  
Y'all niggas caught up in the motherfuckin' hype, nigga  
Sellin' that white, nigga

I've been there, done that, nigga  
Nigga, I'm from Mobile  
Nigga, they call that bitch [Incomprehensible], nigga  
You bring yo' black ass down, nigga  
You ain't gon' make it, nigga

You guaranteed to go to motherfuckin' prison  
Bein' black where I'm from, nigga  
I come from the motherfuckin' impossible, nigga

Now y'all niggas gotta deal with me, nigga  
I'm here, Zone 4, new motherfuckin' money, nigga  
D Boy Squad, Rich Boy, Polow Da Don, yeah

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