

Buddha Monk f/ Grime

"Paper Chase"

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[Intro: Grime] Uh.. yeah.. Wuuuuu.. g-yea Bedstuy,
Brooknam, baby That's all on our city (Brooknam! Get
ya money) [Grime] It's like hood life, paper chase,
everybody want chips Get big, hustle game, money,
get rich All in all, players ball, ya slip, take a fall If
niggaz wanna work with them all then hit them off Now
you gone one but shorty said that he thinks he's gonna
need a gun Cuz the men's on the strip be tryin to box
him in And we ain't havin that, so ya take this shit and
ya take six clips And you air em all out if them niggaz
wan' flip I got 7-6ths, that's two tray-8s and duck, come
and get me The fo' fifth is live, that makes 805 for a
nigga ass Test the beast and Macs'll smash And when I
walk the streets I keep one in the stash And it's firmly
tucked in the Lex in the Nash I'm the best in the game,
first draft pick Yay stretch it come back like elastic I try
my best not to go left and stay right on Stop at the best
of spots and get my bite on Cop at expensive shops to
get the ice on Props, top of the line to get the high on
I'ma get the Stuy on, third in line But I ain't mad at Jigga
and BIG, now get the Grime on I got more money in the
Banks than Tyra And don't beg for none, g-yea, I'm not
the government No hand outs, I'm not Joey D. Fonda
[Outro: Grime] Yeah.. pimp.. Grime.. brotha is And
that's it.. straight fire fo' yo' ass Be easy for me..

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