

Gatekeeper

"Paul And Paz"

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[Intro: Charlie Manson]

I run the underworld, guy. I decide who does what and where they do it at. Why am I gonna run around and act like I'm some teeny-bopper somewhere for somebody else's money? I make the money, man. I roll the nickels. The game's mine. I'm the king!

[Chorus: Block McCloud]

Gotta get fetti, gotta get that dough
Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know
We get fetti man, we get that flow
They hate us because we love paper chasing

Gotta get feddy, gotta get that dough
Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know
We get feddy man, we get that flow
They hate us because we love paper chasing

[Verse 1: Paul Wall]

I'm the man with the plan and them rocks in my hand
In the Cadillac sitting on the fours
[?] so heavy but the haters mad at me
When I come around the corner so slow
I'm the shit where I'm from in the land of Screw
A go-getter chasing after bankrolls
If you're hating don't try it cause I'm waiting so quiet
A player stay up on his toes
I got my mind on paper, not concerned with them haters
Them boys is talking down call me catch up later
See I pull up in that black on black like Darth Vader
Handing bars out the window, serving boys like a waiter
My mind on dollar signs so partner I'm a grind
Gotta punch that clock and paper-chase overtime
That paper is a fool if you put in work
I'm a hustle till I'm under the dirt, I gotta get it baby

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm nice with the ox, you get cut like the raw white
Or hit you with a fucking silver bullet like Coors Light

I could tell a snitch if he don't walk through the door
right
I could tell a snitch if he don't handle the four right
The fifth levitate your body to God's height
Flatline, long dark tunnel and saw light
I'm a ride dirty so motherfucker forget the law
Chicken wing, shrimp, fried rice, and the liquor store
It don't take a lot for me to have the pistol drawn
Get popped in front of me, I don't even assist the boy
Y'all are fronting, I don't know what the resistance for
Y'all are nothing, that's why that you keep you distance
for
Anybody fuck with Vinnie getting laid to waste
I'm a have your white tee looking like it's tomato paste
You a joker motherfucker Vinnie play the ace
Paul take the thirty-eight snub and rearrange his face

[Chorus]

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