

Fes Taylor f/ Inspectah Deck, T-Bird

"Show Something"

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[Fes Taylor] I'm paper chasing, I see the vapors in they faces King of Hearts playing with aces You a Joker, Looking like a smoker Saying you a hustler, Looking like a customer Don't discuss with us, Conversation on the phone Slow grind, Kind of patient on our own Nobody tell if my shit aint known So I doubt they ever catch me with the work and the chrome Try schooling little homie, Don't put dirt in your home Before you have them alphabet boys searching your home Graduation from the game, Lacerations on my brain I can't explain, Think we're going insane You want change you need a couple dollars So I think change add up to a couple dollars So I hustle harder, I but the revolver Plus I leave your face like a broken carver or punches from Tara [Chorus: Fes Taylor, (T-Bird)] If it aint about paper then it aint about nothing Niggas say they getting bread, Show something, Show something If it aint about paper then it aint about nothing Niggas say they getting bread, Show something, Show something (When you see me on the ave. I can see you riding bad I'm doing good they doing bad, Cause they aint getting no bread) [T-Bird] Since time is money my money is time But some niggas aint built for the grind Everything the glitters aint gold But you know you can't tell a nigga nothing So I guess he gotta learn on his own I'm all about getting paper but I watch them haters If you aint part of my team then you gets no favor And beggars can't be choosers and winners cannot be losers And hating niggas'll try to do ya so I shoot with the shooters Get em, Get em, We hot, Taylor ran up in the spot I got his back with a glock, Yall aint really wanna pop This year's a new year, My niggas getting money even on leap year I'm telling yall niggas yall can't eat here [Chorus] [Inspectah Deck] I say money, Cash, Cream, Dinero Get it how you get it my figures are six zeros Strip to strip, I get my work in, Brick for brick Big timing nigga stick your trick Sick fruity colored kicks, Movie star chicks Clique like a dominatrix with chains and whips Yeah-Yeah, If it's money I'm there And I aint worried about a thing I'm like, Let me find something to wear I aint needy but I'm

greedy, I was told to take it This the real me, You don't
fake it til you make it I a hands on nigga, Let me touch
something Steady hood hustling with the semi tucked
stunting Cash rules everything, Don't stop get it get it
Long as you know the repercussions come with it I'm in
it to the limit, Staking for them later days Living like
Usain Bolt on a paper chase [Chorus]

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