

Kidz in the Hall f/ Phonte

"Paper Trail"

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[Chorus] [Nawlage] Paper trail stay fallin' from the sky
Get away in that cherry bubble I Pop the cork, say just
raise your glass high Spark the doobie, we about to get
high Money on my mind, about to get rich We young
tycoons on a platinum trip From Parii to uh, Tokyo to uh
New York to uh, Chicago and uh Miami to the D town
Cause everywhere we go you know we puttin' it down
[Verse One] [Nawlage] It's like Easy does it This here
be a doosie My verbal treat a Double O snare like a
floosy Slide inside, then on to the next one Spit that
futuristic shit, George Jetson Ultimate Fighter, ultimate
writer Stadium flow is made for cigarette lighters
Behind mics my live punch light I'm Kimbo Slice Invoke
nice Second to none Bump gums like the set of Nick
Teen Nick Green with a sweeter sixteen and Little
Aaron Reed on MTV Caviar in the form of an MP3 Made
in conjunction with the real Hand delivered down from
Heaven underneath Mr. Jabari Evans and [Chorus]
Paper trail stay fallin' from the sky (pick it up) Get away
in that cherry bubble I Pop the cork, say just raise your
glass high Spark the doobie, we about to get high
Money on my mind, about to get rich We young tycoons
on a platinum trip From ATL to uh, VA and uh Berlin to
uh, Dub A and uh Seattle to the H town Cause
everywhere we go you know we puttin' it down [Verse
Two] [Phonte] It's Phon Tiggalo the show stopper You
and your crew look so opera I'm in Osaka Lettin' The
beats bang till I'm hard of hearing Make the ear
ring/earring just like some door knockers I Always got
to do my job and stay on top of my It wasn't written little
nigga, it was prophesied In '03 I dropped The Listening
and It took me from Paris to New York to Michigan and
Niggas thought that we would get dropped But I just
made a pit stop Retire/re-tire like the Michelin Man Now
I'm back on the track like Ricky Bobby and I Piss
excellence, to step to this you outta your mind Me and
Nawlage the team It's a movement but nah We need
class participation Raise your hands to the sky Let's go
[Chorus] Paper trail stay fallin' from the sky (pick it up)
Get away in that cherry bubble I Pop the cork, say just
raise your glass high Spark the doobie, we about to get

high Money on my mind, about to get rich We young
tycoons on a platinum trip From Parii to uh, Tokyo to uh
New York to uh, Chicago and uh Miami to the D town
Cause everywhere we go you know we puttin' it down
[Verse Three] [Nawlage] A shot of brilliance Chased
with some excellence Heavy on je ne sais quoi
Translation I'm somethin' like a star When it comes to
the verbal spar Ride tracks sorta like a Nascar Limited
time only ? Take a rain check on the lame trip Catch me
on the ? sippin' Cabernet Eatin' Salmon fillet with peach
jelly glaze Strictly on some player shit I'm not
pardoning this But I got no synonyms just to say the
shit I'm on my P's & Q's Cross T's, dot I's See the
hunger runnin' south side in my brown eyes Not sayin'
that I was poor But I was sayin' I could always use more
[Chorus] Paper trail stay fallin' from the sky (pick it up)
Get away in that cherry bubble I Pop the cork, say just
raise your glass high Spark the doobie, we about to get
high Money on my mind, about to get rich We young
tycoons on a platinum trip From Parii to uh, Tokyo to uh
New York to uh, Chicago and uh Miami to the D town
Cause everywhere we go you know we puttin' it down
All over the world

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