

Get Your Paper Up (Featuring Yung Redd)

Paul Wall, Paul Wall feat. Yung Redd & Yung Redd

[Chorus-Yung Redd]
Ay gon' salute me
I don't flip, neva that
But I know how to get it, I know where the money at
Them haters talkin' down, see him comin' up
I get money, stay true, get your paper up
Hey see me, hold it down
Ridin' fresh with the paint, doors open
Them haters talkin' down, see him comin' up
I get money, stay true, get your paper up
It's Paul Wall baby, Swishahouse Spokesman
I'm crushing all competition like a coke can
I'm with that Damon Jones Mix-O and Black Lac
In that Lac with the trunk cracked, I'm swingin'
Until the swingers collapse, I'm back, I'm stuntin'
Comin' down on gold tires, I'm on the block, holdin' it down
Like some? I keep the swingers pokin' I got the
Windows open, white cup with somethin' potent, woodwheel
Still what I'm chokin', I'm on that Antwaan with Lou, Hawk, and
Freddie Thug, this small of? is makin' their heads bop, that's
My job, my mind's on stackin' on what, these boys out here chasin'
Broads, look close it's no mirage, I got somethin' ballin' dawg[Chorus]
I'm on the block holdin' posts like Jermaine O' Neal
No ice grill, just cold steel, that's a gangsta grill
I'm down for that drama so I'm known to pack a cannon
A sharp seein' hittin' targets like Peyton Manning
And you can catch me in the hood like a liquor store
Roll those dice, let's get that dough, I'm 6-8, I'm 10-4
I got that Tish from black, that tip got my back
I put them elbows under the Lac, and know they plottin' ta jack
Boppers don't know how to act, I'm leanin' back and countin' stacks
Postin' up on big wheels, still sippin'? don't get distressed
I'm out here chasin' banks, breakin' bread and sippin' drank, accumulating
My Benz taste, my mind straight, and my paper chase[Chorus]My vision's nocturnal so I'm
grindin' all night
I gotta cup that's rather purple, so it's oil and it's Spirte
I got some partnas in the cage, I be shootin' them kites, them other
Guys is all hype, tell them suckas take a hike baby, you see them
?, you see them hundred spokes, I'm holdin' spokes just wood
Deep, ya get it, coast to coast, I'm slabbin' candy drops, punchin' clocks
And slammin' broads, I got money like Reggie Bush, my billboard got a lotta
Yards, I'm with that Poppa Joe, I got dro on da low, I keep tha lean for a month

Or so, but I'm back on it, I can't let go, I'm down with T.Farris and G.Dat, we
Switchin' glass, some of these boys ain't lastin' we still right here countin' cash[Chorus]

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