

# 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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