

# Wiz Khalifa and Currensy, Benz Boys (feat. Ty Dolla Sign)

Stay papered up, woah  
Stay papered up, on gang (Oh)  
Stay papered up, woah  
Stay papered up, on gang (Oh)

Heavy ass Mercedes Benz on top rims  
Big chain, pink diamonds, candy ring  
Couple million dollars off my own strain  
Your life like a video game, Gran Turismo  
I'm in that GT-R 'cause I parked the six four  
I had the match for the cash  
Underground garage where I stash  
These niggas still in competition  
When I pass, move  
2009 on time whenever we come through  
Avoidin' the traps, these cappin' ass bitches livin' life behind Snapchat filters  
Fuck them, this is us  
Still G'd up and way more papered up

Stay papered up, woah  
Stay papered up, on gang (Oh)

Okay, I only care 'bout the money  
Can't no one take it from me  
And I'm smilin' all the time, but nigga, ain't shit funny  
Leavin' out the Gucci store, nigga, ain't shit bummy  
On the paper chase on your ring, they shit runnin'  
Took four years off and the checks kept comin'  
All the girls wanna treat me like I'm special or somethin'  
We at number one, mean we standin' next to nothin'  
And the shit you rock is fake, but that's another discussion  
I see a lotta dudes hate and the shit is disgusting  
And I travel all the time, always gettin' through customs  
And my livin' room new, everything in there custom  
And the gang with me, everything I got is because 'em  
Fools need better luck, they be wishin' it was them  
Go on tour when I want, 50k for the clubin'  
We a bunch of rich niggas and our kids'll be cousins  
And don't gotta open doors, we just pushin' the button  
That's on gang, life (Motherfucker)

Stay papered up, woah  
Stay papered up, on gang (Oh)  
Stay papered up, woah  
Stay papered up, on gang (Oh)

Three hundred thousand on your block, stars in the hardtop  
Come through it don't stop, unless it's bitches out  
Money is all I'm 'bout, don't know how much I got  
'Cause it's never enough, fill another safe up  
They only play tough, they really cream puff  
I roll another one, forever highed up

Uh, Off-White kicks

Tryna find a billion dollars 'fore I find the right bitch  
Side kick, roll the weed up  
Catch a vibe with a real nigga that'll check his bags private  
Come learn how I live, me and Spitta 'bout to buy the island

Stay papered up, woah  
Stay papered up, on gang (Oh)  
Stay papered up, woah  
Stay papered up, on gang (Oh)

