

# Z-RO, Get Yo Paper

[Z-Ro]

You got to get your paper in this game  
If you a hustler (if you a hustler)  
Niggas be playing with this thang, but you all about your change  
They can't touch us (they can't touch us)  
24/7 all day, and in business  
But on the low, 5-0 ain't gon witness it  
I'm in the alley with them quarters and halves up in my hand  
Thinking of a master plan, I can  
Hustle all night, to the early morn', I can  
Flip and serving rappers, serve his dome  
And if a nigga plotting on me, I disturb his home  
And then straight up fore' they even, as I swerve his dome

[Chorus]

Get your paper hustling up in these city streets  
Don't forget to spending 10 thousand dollas on c.d.s  
And if you rapping ain't no handouts in this industry  
Whatever you can take your time  
Get your paper hustling up in these city streets  
Don't forget to spending 10 thousand dollas on c.d.s  
And if you rapping ain't no handouts in this industry  
Don't let it take over your mind

[Z-Ro]

I use to set up shop bout six o'clock  
In the morning on my grind  
Powder packs and crack and nerve sacks  
Out of the ghetto was on my mind  
Needed to relocate with the thought of location, keeping it on the low  
Cause when niggas beep you all the time  
It seems they act friends, just to get your dough  
But it ain't no raw to me  
I ride with the armory, the AR 1-5  
Collecting my digits and spinning my tires  
No time for conversation, I gotta ride  
Back to my safe place, stash spot for the waste plate  
Cause I'm a go getter, if the game escapes  
Balling was the picture, cause there was no hitter  
Niggas is sinning major  
Nothing but home runs when I swing my bat  
But some of these niggas be playing crooked  
So I can't forget to bring my gat  
And when it's all said and done  
I'ma redo my walls with platinum placks  
At the Source Awards, with a granddaddy  
Couple of drinks, straight like that

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

I'ma get my paper, hustling up in this rap game  
I'm moving my units, I'm moving my heart it's all for stacks man  
And once I get it, it ain't gon be no turning back  
Fuck the boomerang affect, making motherfuckers hate me  
From a distance, hopping fences in an instant  
Trying to get away from the long arm of the law  
Jepordize my benjamins, I will be forced to put some harm on your jaw  
My attitude be raising it's amazing, I'm not locked for man slaughter  
Because I love my plastic princess, and I can't keep my hands off her  
She be right next to my nuts, everytime I deal with hoes and crews  
Send my bitch to fucking suck it bitch, before I know they move  
Is that gangster enough for you baby, Ro gotta get his dough bro  
Bending corners, in a tinted out four do' Volvo, blowing dro hoe

[Chorus - 2x]