

Paper Touchin'

Red Café

Paper touchin! I don't know if your money right but a nigga like me got Paper

I don't know if your money right but a nigga like me got paper (HUH!)
I don't know what your money like but a nigga like me 'bout paper (Red Café!)
I'm 'bout paper, I'm 'bout paper (That's all!)
All my niggas gettin paper
We got paper, we got paper (You know I'm cooler than the other side of The pillow)
All my hustlers got paper

Listen up hustlers, I treat them bricks
Like the Wheel Of Fortune spin it, that's why I'm rich (DAMN!)
Sick, I should have been in Saw IV
But I'm numero uno trick draw four
HEY! I wave at the haters
They know it's me I be wearin all the lasers
Shakedown, we paper touch
Ever since I came home and escaped the cuffs
Café, servin the East to the West! (WHAT ELSE!)
I got 'em on E like Ryan Seacrest (WHAT ELSE!)
The Wire said keep the devil in the hole (THAT'S ALL!)
But I'm the chef my kettle is never cold
It's whatever for the dough, whatever on the 'flo
Like I'm from 'Frisco just tell me when to go
(WALLA!) Memorial Day in M-I-A!
I made it Hurricane Chris, Ay Bay Bay

Coca baby, you know the streets we run this
You niggas wanna talk crazy, till they catch at least a hundred,
OWWWWWWWWWW!
The internet say the beef gone digital
Nah I'm in The Bronx like in the block with the criminals
Gat on the side but the Mac make him miserable
You niggas piss sittin down like my sister do
A Bronx legend like Boy George and Chicken Boo
Them Damou's keep hollerin out that SOO WOO!
Haters, leave 'em front of the bodega
My nigga Arnold Schwarzenegger couldn't take us
I'm ready for war I'm callin 'em out
Where you at? Pulp Fiction red ball in his mouth
I'm too real, Joe to I'll
We run this shit wonder how Pun feel

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I don't know what your money like but a nigga like me 'bout paper
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We got paper, we got paper (THAT'S ALL!) All my hustlers got paper

HA-HAH! Yeah...
Yo, if it look like a good write-off, I'm chargin it (uh-huh)
The Gucci napsack got a couple large in it (yep)
The CD player got El Debarge in it (hah)
Laid back, while your girl's massagin it (woo!)
I keep my loot saved, sell mad crack

Other than that, stay in the crib and watch bootlegs (yep)
Polo robe on, Louis Vuitton cleathers
Thick R&B chick, gettin my Hov on (OH!)
Soon as we unwrap 'em, cuttin the stove on
Cook 'em, cut 'em, and bag 'em then I'm gettin my O's on
I don't pay attention to internet bloggers (nah)
I really get it in, with the murderers and robbers (yea)
This is what a goon'll do
Treat your gravesite like a urinal then YouTube your funeral (hahaha)
It's just Jada (yea), and I might see you in hell
Much later, but right now I'm a touch paper

Baby, I touch paper, so much paper
We can split it down the middle like Dutch paper
And fo' real, I don't even call it paper
I got money out the ass, so it's toilet paper
Shorty good money in the back area (Woo!)
Curve on her hip make me wanna Blackberry her
And everybody talkin duffle bag shit
Only paper in is prol'ly what they stuff the bag with (fo' real)
My swag fit like it's tailor-made yo
New York love me, I got a tailor-made flow
Oh naw, I ain't who to go hard with
My young boy'll do the job like the Omar hit, sheeiiiiiiittttttttt!

I don't know if your money right but a nigga like me got paper
I don't know what your money like but a nigga like me 'bout paper
I'm 'bout paper, I'm 'bout paper (WHAT ELSE!) All my niggas gettin
Paper
{Yeah! Yeah! } We got paper, we got paper (THAT'S ALL!) All my
Hustlers got paper
{We touchin paper over here}

I'm paper touchin, hustlin, servin ev'ryday
You could even flip birds or flip burgers ev'ryday
You could work at Micky D's if you ain't workin with the keys
I'm a person that'll squeeze if I ain't workin with the cheese
I air niggas out but when you tear niggas out of the frame
They say your name and start workin with the D's
Now certain niggas wreckless
But the same dude that try murk you for your necklace be workin with
Detectives
They rats but they know that snitches get ditches
That's why you see vest's on certain niggas chest's
(UH HUH!) I guess if you from Kiladelphia Pistolvania
You gotta be a pistol banger
I'm the boss type off white crystal slanger
Keep a full clip and one in the pistol chamber
So if you cross the hustler or my man Red Cafe!
You probably 'gon be dead that day!

Konvict!