

# Paper (feat. Y.B.)

Freddie Gibbs

With a mic, bitch, and I'm nice, bitch  
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that Mike shit  
But I hit her two weeks ago  
Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke  
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But I hit her two weeks ago  
Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke  
With a mic, bitch, and I'm nice, bitch  
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that Mike shit  
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But I hit her two weeks ago  
Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke  
On the mic, bitch, and I'm nice, bitch  
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that Mike shit  
Straight thug, nigga, most of my life spent  
Was on that black top working that white, bitch  
Shit, it was just 500 for the zip then  
Got a plug and my homeboy chipped in  
I was gunning, seventeen when I bagged up  
Pyrex, work yo mo'fuckin' wrist in  
Turnt up to be turnt down  
It's what the kush for, let's get burnt down  
I've got a muddy cup of that Texas dope  
And that good smoke from that Oaktown, bitch  
100 pounds of the good, what it cost?  
Hit 'em with the ski mask, they get lost  
I don't trick on these hoes  
But I will pay your broke bitch to back up off me  
Drop them drawers, ho, fuck all that talking  
House on my neck, I call that balling  
True shit, it ain't shit like a new bitch  
My old hoes, I don't call that often  
Drop them drawers, ho, fuck all that talking  
House on my neck, I call that balling  
True shit, it ain't shit like a new bitch  
Old hoes, I don't call that often  
With a mic, bitch, and I'm nice, bitch  
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that Mike shit

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But I hit her two weeks ago  
Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke I hit her two weeks ago, got head in the Jeep before  
Straight bob with this sloppy top, man, this bitch was a freaky ho  
Sip the drink, hit the reefer smoke  
Hurry up, let me beat it, though  
When she ask me to eat it  
I told her, take it or leave it, ho  
Cause this pimping shit in my bones  
Million cash on my mind, bitch  
Snowflakes on that stove, dope fiends on my line, bitch  
Straight hand to hand, east side, on my land I'm the man  
Learned how to chef up them cookies  
Gotta let 'em just dry by the fan  
We keep that chopped up in plastic  
Gotta find a new place to stash it  
Once I ran through my pack  
Hit the club, balled out like a draft pick  
Keep that chopped up in plastic  
Gotta find a new place to stash it  
Once I ran through my pack  
Hit the club, balled out like a draft pick With a mic, bitch, and I'm nice, bitch  
Six rings, yeah, I'm on that Mike shit  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>