Yeah (Clockin' paper) You know what I'm talkin' 'bout (Clockin' paper) From Cali to New York City (Clockin' paper) Yeah, fuck you talk if you ain't talkin' paper We be breakin' down the work on my mama table All day, high, drunk and clockin' paper Fuck you talkin' 'bout nigga if you ain't talkin' paper All day, ridin' clean, smokin' purple All day, play with me and they gon' hurt you All day, there's nothin' but paper on my mind All day, shawty do it for the Vine Ridin' clean, smokin' purple Play with me and they gon' hurt you Ain't no squares in my circle Missin' Stripper bitches burnin' out bank accounts Yeah, we rappin' raw cut with wet paper towels That's grown talk, I buy a whole block And I ain't talkin' 'bout blah, I got grown spots I pull 23 mil out my old spot I came a long way from the stove top I still get busy, count money 'til I'm dizzy Load a full truck up, it's a quick 650 Bullet-proof truck in a S5-50 Got lemonade pounds out in New York City I'm a flex with the pack, I get 5 grams for 'em Right across the street when I land in the mornin' Coke boy seats, not a damn stain on 'em Throwin' bitches in the crib, pour champagne on 'em Yeah, fuck you talk if you ain't talkin' paper We be breakin' down the work on my mama table All day, high, drunk and clockin' paper Fuck you talkin' 'bout nigga if you ain't talkin' paper All day, ridin' clean, smokin' purple All day, play with me and they gon' hurt you All day, there's nothin' but paper on my mind All day, shawty do it for the Vine Ridin' clean, smokin' purple Play with me and they gon' hurt you Ain't no squares in my circle Ground bag money, stuff it in the wall Dirty money, I'm a LAX tryna duck the dog I'm still dirty, fuck a rap check I was first class chillin' when the pack left I need a fresh pair of gloves and a address I got 6 cellphones, hope the pack flex I still get money, bitch, you're weed man love me Yeah, I keep the big bills, re-cop with the 20s I'm a real street cat, in the drop with the bunny Xanax bars and the cup's all muddy

I hit the A-Town, we got rich in Atlanta

I'm in the H-Town with French Montana Cook smoke in the air with the coke boys Young motherfucker, yeah, I'm a dope boy

Yeah, fuck you talk if you ain't talkin' paper
We be breakin' down the work on my mama table
All day, high, drunk and clockin' paper
Fuck you talkin' 'bout nigga if you ain't talkin' paper
All day, ridin' clean, smokin' purple
All day, play with me and they gon' hurt you
All day, there's nothin' but paper on my mind
All day, shawty do it for the Vine

You already know what I'm talkin' 'bout, man
Brown bag money, pickin' up 200, 3, 4, 500 thousand at one time
Ridin' round, cop keep behind me, I ain't even trippin' though
If he put his lights on, I'm dippin' yo
It's Big in it
You know I went from coke money to hoe money
Grown money to show money
To havin' too much money
Yeah