

Paper Cuts

Casey Veggies

Fingers hurting now from countin all this paper up
All this money when I count it I get paper cuts
Gotta get back to the bag I can't lay with ya
Plus you only hit my phone when it's late
But I'm like Wait wait wait wait hold up wait a minute
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Hold up yea
Fly like I got a new stylist
Grew up around money and violence
Niggas be runnin they mouth
When they see me in person they silent
She told me she want me to save her
And I told her baby you wylin
She told me she can keep a secret
And she ain't gonna say nothin about it
I wanna hop in the coupe
The one that only fit two
Lil baby it's just me and you
Them hoes just somethin to do
Yea girl I been gettin to that bag tryna get my paper up
She like boy you only hit me when it's late but I'm like
Hold up wait a minute
Y'all thought I was finished
All my shit authentic
Like Caine and O Dog I'm a menace
Baby told me she in love
But I don't really think she meant it
Baby wanna fuck with the plug
Wanna fuck with a boss young nigga that spend it
Aww man

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Hold up wait a minute
In the game ain't no scrimmage
Young boss nigga went major but I can do this shit independent
Baby girl said I'm her favorite and she hit my line like lets get it
How you claim you doing it big but you ain't making no difference
Brand new car can't get it
Came a long way from that Civic
Young nigga came from the bottom
Now we goin back to back in them Benzes
When me and Wiz walk in the party man them hoes gonna go in a frenzy
I like my little baby naughty but I told her don't be too friendly
You got the money ain't even have to work
Got the hoe ain't even have to search
She hopped in I ain't even have to flirt

She knew my name before I even said a word
I'm goin crazy I'm goin absurd
Gettin checks like the first and the third
Countin up got my fingers hurtin
In the trap a nigga don't get nervous

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