

Paper Soldiers

Shy Glizzy

Yeah, mob
GG for life suckers
30 30, 30 30, yeah

Bitches they ain't shit, yeah, bitches on my dick, yeah
Niggas broke as shit, yeah, I can't hit a lick, yeah
Check my criminal history, nigga I ain't never snitched, nope
Ridin' with that stick, yeah, pussy don't get hit, yeah
Look at me I'm rich bitch, you might think I'll make it fire
My niggas really hit shit, nigga GG is the mob
Bitch nigga don't test me, I might throw your ass a lob
You know they call me Jefe, I can give your ass a job
That nigga was my homie then he turned into an opp
We ran into his homies, shot they ass up with the Glocks
Styrofoam on me, bitch you know I'm sippin' wop
That trap phone for the junkies and my homies who got locked
30 30 on me, baby I won't never lie
30, that's my brodie, know he always got my back
Niggas tryna be Glizzy, they ain't even got no straps
In competition with me, you ain't even got them racks

Been swingin' them choppers like a nigga from the 'Nolia
Back when I was young my mama told me I'm a soldier
Get that, get that, get that, get that, get that paper soldier
Told me get that, get that, get that, get that, get that paper soldier
Bitch wanna love me and now that I done got a lil bit older
My niggas that's really with it, you better quit it, I thought I told ya
Better get that, get that, get that, get that, get that paper soldier
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I been chasing money, bitch I got a hundred stacks
Everybody gotta go, I can't get my 30 back
Hundred grams takin' one, watch how quick I bounce back
If you ever cross the mob, ain't no fuckin' coming back
I'm a gangster, I'm a soldier, I got sales on Minnesota
I'm really thugging, I can show you
Fuck feelings, my heart frozen
Every time we go and expose you
Don't act stupid, you know the motive
I just pray and keep it on me
When I pray it's even on me
You know I'm pistol packin', shawty get it clappin' like the 'Nolia
Ain't no lackin', bitch I'm strapped up, every day I'm loaded
He took one of my kind so forever bitch I owe it
The streets or in the jail nigga, I remain a soldier

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Bitch I'm in LA, sippin' Wockhardt with Philly
Smoking big blunts of gelato, boy this high don't go away

Man they took my dog away, yeah they took my heart away
Homicide on my line, I'ma learn the harder way
Bitch I'm sliding every day, this ain't slide, no way
Dropping thirty for 30, got 'bout twenty more to spray
Mama say she stressin' crazy 'bout me, all she do is pray
Ask the lord to forgive me, hope he wash these sins away
'Cause I been swinging that chopper like a nigga from the 'Nolia
I been about that action, I know them niggas done told you
See I ain't here to hold you, this shit really never over
It's Glizzy Gang bitch, we bring it to you like we owe you, pussy

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