

# Paper, Rock, Scissors

Starlito

Aye Craig I ain't going first next time  
Paper, Rock, Scissors  
Step Brothers

Last time I checked, I deposited it  
And the teller tell you that it's obvious, that I'm getting lots of it  
I'm bossed up, I swear it cost so much  
That's why it cost to even talk to us (yea)  
Make sure you get your offer up  
Anything I do, I do it all for of us  
Got a family that's depending on me  
I'm gambling or I'm spending some of it  
All my niggas stay into something  
Got a short fuse that extended on me

Still sleeping on us, you're in a coma  
Don't believe me, just wait a moment  
My brain cells got paper on them  
This 40 Glock got a laser on it  
Gun you down, spray you up  
Balling out, not laying up  
Thumbing through it, no paper cuts  
If your money talk, it ain't saying much  
My momma thinks that I'm a lost cause  
Fully automatic, fuck a guard dog  
I rock G-Shock, no Audemar but I'm still flashy as a cop car  
In that grass like a lawn dart  
Star, I got ya back like a lumbar

Okay, pour a deuce, pop one bar  
I'm gone but I ain't going far  
My driver need to be designated  
She give me brain, that's free education  
They pass me bills with no legislation  
Going back to Cali, my weed medicated  
They keep asking me like everyday  
Wassup with that Step Brothers  
They either respect it or love it  
Now we do it for the check of it  
Woke up and said fuck it  
Bout to open up my next budget

Now watch as our checks double  
A nigga got drive like a Lex bubble  
Fuck you, pay up no discussion  
Ride through the city with a toaster oven  
Rob the game like it owe me something  
Bruh, I'm going in keep the motor running  
My bitch blowing like Etta James  
In my truck I got Mary Jane  
Feeling lucky no horseshoe  
But I run this shit like Edgerrin James  
Neva changed, go figure  
My brother faded like old pictures  
We are not the same see the big difference is  
You're softer than a roll of tissue  
I know these rappers so frightened

Cause we handle bars like bicycle  
I had to bring them so nice with it  
My ink pen drip ice sickles

As soon as I finish rolling up this blunt, I'll get right with you  
So accurate with that heat, I feel like Mike Miller  
The FN my lil light pistol shoot chopper bullets look like missiles  
That's more money, more white bitches that follow order I'm high Hitler  
Eastside Guerrilla I throw it up like a coin flipper  
My money tall but I'm a short nigga  
Got so much game I need a sports ticker  
Of course nigga we killing this shit  
Call the mortician we still in this bitch  
As real as it gets I been dealing with splits no divorce nigga  
Grind Hard no choice nigga  
I'm a underdog no forfeiting  
Just me her and no inhibition  
She catch more kids than an orphanage (ugh!)

Live everyday like it's 420  
I'm disoriented like the orientals  
Had the cookies in the plastic no fortune in it  
(Hold up, you recording nigga?)  
No chorus but it's going on like 4 minutes  
Fuck it, Trip go and end it  
Bout my commas like a run on sentence  
I know I'm a trip no pun intended  
Life's a bitch, you keep playing with it  
Until me and death come pay a visit  
And my bullets are like jury duty  
In other words anyone can get it  
I slap your bitch with my magic stick  
Then treat that bitch like a sack of shit  
Dry your eyes, It's a crying shame  
But I ball harder than catchers mitten  
I'm sitting fat your majesty  
I'm getting blowed like allergies  
I grind hard no acid grease  
I'm flipping pounds like balance beams  
Notch!