

# Paper Chaser

## Playaz Circle

[Chorus: Phonte]

I got money, lots of jewels and fancy cars  
(They say I'm wrong) But, baby don't blame me  
I'm just a paper chaser  
Paid my dues and now I cruise with movie stars  
(They say I'm wrong) But, baby don't blame me  
I'm just a paper chaser

[Tity Boi:]

They wanna know where my name from, where I came from  
Where I Florian Champagne dunn  
Arm & Hammer grammar, campaign on it  
Propane slang, put the flame on it  
I was so hungry, I could eat a house  
Then shit it out, til I figured out a different route  
I'm tryna get clout, cash and a Black card.  
So now even my pool got a backyard  
Now it's time to fast-forward, speed up the process  
I'm so fresh, I could fuck her off my outfit  
Ridin in the cockpit, ridin with the top back  
Ridin on some butt-nicks, ridin they say, "What's that? "

... A fancy car

Or a big tit, I hang with the stars.

[overlapping first line of chorus] I got money.

[Chorus]

[Dolla Boy:]

Life as a trap star, switched to a rap star

Livin on the fast lane, like I'm in a NASCAR

Switched up the game on 'em, keep it in the carry-on

Out of state travelin, traffickin

Travelin to Golden Isle, fuckin with the Africans

Two G's less what averagin, averagin

Don't blame me baby, I'm just my daddy's son

Know when he shot off, didn't think that I'll be shot out

Or show-off who show out and showboat when hoes out

Who know bout them knowbouts, once in ain't no outs

My buddy had the block lockdown, it was his

Now he in the cellblock lock doin ten

It's bad for the biz, but still we gotta get cheese

Butchu don't care about that, you just care about me

You don't wanna hold dough, you just wanna hold me

But shawty when you hold me, you hold me for me

It cain't be cause...

[Chorus]

[Dolla Boy:]

It's all about the riches, nuttin else

You want it, go get it, strive for the best

I drink from the top shelf, flights in the first class

Hunnid on the freeway, hope a nigga don't craaaash.

Cause if I might, I'm gon miss my play comin thew' tonight

Twenty-fo' for them hoes, fangs hope they bite

But, in spite, we love life

[Tity Boi:]

Started from the bottom on the way to the top

From ashy, to classy, to flashy

Money is my motivation that moves ME

I feel GOOD, I'm just tryna do me!

And if thangs right tonight, I might do three

Cause last night, I did two, who?

Sanaa Lathan, Gabrielle Union

I'm just foolin; I paid my dues and I live like the movies

[Chorus]

[computer woman voice:]

"Niggers act, like they cain't see what another nigga been through

And don't give 'em no credit for surviving his battles

But I say, 'Fuck 'em – look at me now bitches! '"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>