

DJ Khaled f/ Young Jeezy, Juelz Santana, Lil Wayne, Fat Joe, Rick Ross & Dre

" Brown Paper Bag"

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[Intro]

DJ Khaled! We the best!
Nigga, we the best, man!
Listen!

[Chorus - Young Jeezy] (Dre)

Just got a hundred of that brown paper bag money
You niggas really wanna talk money?
Shit real, that's all I can tell 'em
Just wrap 'em up good so the dogs can't smell 'em
(Brown Paper Bag) They call for that
(Brown Paper Bag)

[Verse 1 - Young Jeezy]

Thank God for those days, thank God for those nights
Though it might seem wrong, thank God for that white
They used to call me the Pyrex kid
A.K.A. Young Arm & Hammer
In the kitchen with the pots, yeah I work the glass
Hard on 'em, pimp, yeah I work 'em tass
And when they came in, we unpacked 'em all
Broke 'em all down and unwrapped 'em all
Just two words nigga, duffle bag
Just know it so well, can't help but brag
Gold mouth for 10, mail man got 3
It's just yo' luck the rap game got me, hold up

[Verse 2 - Juelz Santana]

Here we go again
Just spent a hundred of that brown paper bag money,
all on timbs
And the bad bitches all on him
Cause the cars that he drive are all foreign
The game is mine, I'm so far in
I'm speaking with an accent who just caught twin
Can't even relax in my room
That brown paper bag money push my mattress through
the roof
This for my niggas getting brown paper bag money

This for my strippers getting black plastic bag money
We talkin' 'bout that bad money
That IRS, K Tax money, ya dig me?

[Chorus - Rick Ross] (Dre)

Just made a hundred of that brown paper bag money
I thank God for the mill he prepared for me
Take care my fam and my little dog, money
Thank god for that brown paper bag, that
(Brown Paper Bag) Thank God for that
(Brown Paper Bag, Brown Paper Bag)
Thank God for that (Brown Paper Bag)

[Verse 3 - Rick Ross]

Just pulled over in my CM 5
Big bottle on the dash, hope he let me slide
Got 20 in the trunk, you can bet me five
20 minutes and they dump, I'ma let these fly
We the best! Look at what we drive
Got pic-nic tables on my lap, gettin' high
In the back of the Maybach, and it cost five
Hundred thou on a nigga, spent that with a smile
Stack if I'ma (?)
White house, still move brick of law in a day
I'm that Bin Laden boy, I'll bomb ya state
I ain't come to stay, I got a postbar and a date
Two leaving in a bag, ain't one to brag
You don't know the feelin' when the villain peelin' in a
Jag
Just starin' at the ceilin', ten woman at your pad
I was at the center, now I see villain just in fact, I'm a
Boss

[Chorus - Lil Wayne] (Dre)

Just spent a hundred of that brown paper bag money
It feels good to be Young Money, Cash Money
Rehab, I'm addicted to fast money
I got stacks of rubber bands up in that
(Brown Paper Bag) Ya dig?
(Brown Paper Bag, Brown Paper Bag)
(Brown Paper Bag)

[Verse 4 - Lil Wayne]

Practice makes perfect, I'm relaxing at rehearsal
I'm a mothafuckin professional, like Hershel
Walker, the talk of the game, is I
But I wonder will they still be talkin' after I die
But that's not important, money's more important
Understand I been in that water like I was snorklin'
Understand I been in that water like I'm a dolphin
Miami, Khaled took me in like an orphan

Why did they start him, now they can't park him
I go into the booth and just change like Clark Kent
Lamborghini dark tint, philly bustin Carson
I'm by myself to niggas running mouths like auctions
T Streets my brotha, V V's my brotha
And we stay on point like a fuckin box cutter
Ya heard what I say, muhfucka did I studder
With my brown paper bag here to represent the hustle,
I'm out

[Chorus - Fat Joe] (Dre)

Coka baby, man you know I already had money
Definition of that brown paper bag money
Try front and I'll zip you in a bag, money
For tha cash, I'll blast anybody, that
(Brown Paper Bag) That, That, That, That
(Brown Paper Bag) Thank God for that
(Brown Paper Bag, Brown Paper Bag)

[Verse 5 - Fat Joe] (Dre)

Ya'll niggas want coka music
Lacostra Nostra flow, show ya how to do this
Pin it so easy, a cavenigga do it
Nigga, we simply the best, don't confuse it
I confuse it, critics be hatin'
Best album yet, don't give me the same ratin'
I'm waitin top of rap rushmore
Edge of stone, right beside (?)
Unsure, anythings possible
4 mill spent, bought out the art (?)
I'm Picasso, in a Versace suit
Don't worry my nigga, Khaled I got you
Not just cause I want to, cause I got to
Put the squad on your back, the impossible
It's only logical to spit it from the heart
Brown Paper bag, who else but Joey got that
(Brown Paper Bag, Brown paper Bag)

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