

Birdman & Lil' Wayne "Brown Paper Bag"

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(feat. Swizz Beatz)

All brown paper bag (Uh-Oh)
All brown paper bag (Uh-Oh)
All brown all brown - Fi-Fi-Fill (Haha) it up wit' more

[Hook: Lil Wayne]

All brown paper bag -Fill it up wit' ones (Like Father,
Like Son biatch!)
All brown paper bag - Fill it up wit' ones (Angel on the
beat)
Fill it - Fill it up wit' ones (I tell 'em I tell 'em)

[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]

I got that paper bag full of paper
Bag full of kush
Big choppa I can hit you from a hundred foots
Wha's happenin' Wardy?
How you on it buddy?
Dem bitches checkin' for me
Tell 'em I'm wit' Swizz Swizzy
They call me Wizzy Fizzy
Holla back right now I'm busy
I am the president
You jus' play your position
And I hope that door don't hit ya
Get up outta my office crawfish
Don't let them sharkys get ya
This beat's a car collision
Check out my car collection
Yea look at my rims hoe
Mercades wit' them kidneys
Naw that's a Benzo
I don't pop them pills no
But I pop them rubber bands
Man I can get like fifty thousand in that brown bag

[Hook x3]

[Verse 2: Birdman]

Yea, nigga
Cook a whole, make it out a whole and a half bitch!

Yea, Birdman in a Benz wit' the duffel stuffed
Gotta chopper wit' a drum and one iced up
Them people hot around my way but we don't give a
fuck

We on the grind for the shine tryna come up
A black mack, black six, and a black Hummer
Them thirteen hundreds fourteen hundreds
We be gettin' money
Drop it off, get to work nigga keep it runnin'
Garbage bag full of cash nigga keep it comin'
In my hood Red Phantom nigga we be stuntin'
Got the block blocked off nigga we be hustlin'
Brown duffel bag filled up wit' cash
Sixteen years old wit' a brand new Jag bitch!

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Swizz Beats]

Get it up
In the air
Get it up
In the air
N-N-N-Now money cars clothes hoes
All a nigga know so
I'm from the ghetto so
Gimmie my pesos
All brown paper bag
I could fill it up wit' ones
Nigga fill it up wit' ones
Hey fill it up wit' ones
?????? Dancer Dancer Dancer
Hey hey stuff it in the thang dog
Damn right I be poppin' my collar
In a all black Impala
Makin' fiends wanna holla
Got the suade on my headrest
Gold on my damn bracelet
Hey triple gold nigga
Sucka I ain't ridin' thin
You want me come and get me
I'm in 360 (Ferrari man)
Ca\$h Money's wit' me!

[Hook: x3]

Like father, like son (repeat to fade)

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