

## Dj Cammy

# "Brown Paper Bag Thoughts"

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Yo man what,  
Yo y'all niggas know  
Yo you know all that bullshit man  
Yeah, some niggas don't even  
These niggas man,  
What's the matter wid these niggas man?  
Nah man I'm puttin this shit up  
Fuck dat man  
Ya'll niggas want me to be a crook again  
I know how to do that man don't even play wid  
Me like that, Yo

Verse 1:

We spit rap and fire brown paper bag  
Gat rap go whack and float across the map  
Floss that anything yell endorse that  
Electric company money honey Gin Romie wrap  
'em like a mummy his style bummy  
Puffy Johnson Charles Bronson mix fly  
Deuce flicks new and improved clicks Wu-kit  
Blood on the barrel of a desert out in the desert  
No shade'll live in my square blow the present Clue  
Red meat Shallah want adapt to collect acting like you  
Iller on some serial killer you wack duke shirt off  
React like I'm bagging up stabbing up what collect  
A brick pop shit in the six trunk

Nah nah man, Nah man you wanna have that shit again  
Why you ain't taking this shit to be something that  
It really is man?  
This you life man,  
Shoalin and desert storm  
This mic man he he acting stupid on me man  
What What What

Verse 2:

Yo, Aiyyo, yo  
Moseyin thousand dollar uniform you want  
Celine Dion chickenheads yo straight out of Houston

Big ballers wall to wall brawlers die for us  
Lie for us, snatch white man money cry for us  
Creepin' through the halls on a keyboard  
Friendly blessed dress and all Fendi  
Voice rock don't offend me intimidation make  
Me blow for the station rep for one nation  
Ghetto bust like revelation, analyse  
Losin' two wives livin' two lives  
Crew rise American Cream new guys  
Two hundred pies get rich and plan sweet  
Rappin' like mines you writing like mines they lines  
Grab my dick stay in line we come to whip nines  
Hold lot of carrying time and teaching crackers how  
To shine, oh yeah one thing recognise fucking  
Wit the young keep 'em organised rest in peace  
Donny my soul cries, What

I dunn hold it, hold it, hold it, hold it  
Natural light up, light up, that's my word  
This is this is for Clue right here dunn

Verse 3:

I'm third rail though half seal and I blow  
Robert Deniro dough gundelero let the steel blow  
Here me yo wild Trump style dunns connect  
Three hundred ones while floating like a  
?macual chest blow? most craziest laziest  
All I seeing blazes majorness mechanic wreckor  
On a beige disc payin whether level bank rolls freakin'  
Plain clothes Lex big six arrange those snotty nose  
Pose dark skinned hoes crazy I'll fly jersey exposed  
Neck rolls fuck your set flash let those stare the  
Lex nose watching vet po posing wit the most fly  
Livest gortex made in Mexico, Brancs fifteen five  
Celine Dion ties two thousand nine bubble eye shit

\*talking by Raekwon and DJ Clue\*

Clue Killuminati  
John Gotti story right here fella  
Huh, Yeah, Word up

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