

Dj Clue

"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, Aiiyyo, 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 ill fly jersey exposed
neck rolls fuck your set flash let those stare the
Lex nose watching vet po posing wit the most fly
lifest 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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