

## Dj Khaled "Brown Paper Bag"

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DJ Khaled, we the best  
\*\*\*, we the best, man, listen

Just got a hundred of that brown paper bag money  
You \*\*\* really wanna talk money?  
\*\*\* real, that's all I can tell 'em  
Just wrap 'em up good so the dogs can't smell 'em,  
come on

Brown paper bag  
(Thank God for that)  
Brown paper bag

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 aka Young Arm &  
Hammer

In the kitchen with the pots, yeah, I work the glass  
Hard on 'em, pimp, yeah, I work 'em task  
And when they came in, we unpacked 'em all  
Broke 'em all down and unwrapped 'em all

Just two words \*\*\*, duffle bag  
I just know it so well, can't help but brag  
Gold mouth got 10, mail man got 3  
It's just yo' luck the rap game got me, hold up

Here we go again  
Just spent a hundred of that brown paper bag money,  
all on timbs  
And the bad \*\*\* all on him  
'Cause the cars that he drives 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 \*\*\* getting brown paper bag money  
This for my trippers getting black plastic bag money

We talkin' 'bout that bad money  
That IRS, K Tax money, ya dig me?

Just made a hundred of that brown paper bag money  
I thank God for the meal you prepared for me  
Take care my fam' and my little dog, money  
Thank God for that brown paper bag, that

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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 picnic tables on my lap, gettin' high  
In the back of the Maybach and it cost five  
Hundred thou' on a \*\*\*, spent that with a smile

Stackin' numbers that alarm and race  
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 post bar and a date

Two million in the 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

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  
Brown paper bag  
(Thank God for that)  
Brown paper bag  
Brown paper bag

Practice makes perfect, I'm relaxing at rehearsal  
I'm a motha\*\*\* 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  
And 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 \*\*\* running mouths like auctionists

T Streets my brotha, V V's my brotha  
And we stay on point like a \*\*\* box cutter  
Ya heard what I say, \*\*\*? Did I stutter?  
With my brown paper bag here to represent the hustle,  
I'm out

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 the cash, I'll blast anybody that

Brown paper bag  
Brown paper bag  
(Thank God for that)  
Brown paper bag  
Brown paper bag

Y'all \*\*\* want coka music  
La Costra Nostra flow, show ya how to do this  
Pin it so easy, cave \*\*\* doin'  
\*\*\*, 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 puns war

Unsure, anything's possible  
4 mill spent, bought out the art classu  
I'm Picasso in a Versace suit  
Don't worry, my \*\*\*, 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 bags

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