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Jae Millz ''Papa John''

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Featuring Troy Ave

(Hook)

8 slices, hundred 25 a piece Playing with a little dope, I'm about my chicks Source unknown but I got those Hot and ready, shout out to my vados Place your order and it won't be long Out the brick over right into your home It's time to eat, ding dong Powder, I got them packs, Papa John

(Verse)

Millz ain't on his shit? Nah, you got it wrong You can't name a corner I ain't poppin on Double park, make sure my money right then I be gone He's on the phone with a bitch that get that sloppy one Yea her ass mean but her mouth meaner Spanish bitch, I make her pussy sing like Selena My flow hard but I could get it soft Grew up round that Snow White bitch, ain't seen no seven dwarves Fuck my money up and it's vamanos Infrared, that your crew, now you're Domino's Your girl on my dick cuz you a fuckin clown Treat her pussy like my work, get it home and bust it down Down down, Papa John Call me Papa John If he a loyal customer that's extra toppings for him

(Bridge)

But ain't no coming down on my price though Yea we cool and all that but that's my price dog

(Hook)

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(Verse)

I'm a uptown nigga to the death You play the stupid, make em form a line to the left All the fiends know who got that killa nigga We got the hood lookin like thrilla nigga I like my women vintage in muskino Ladylike but still swallow kids like pinot Bitch I'm bout multiplyin paper, kinko Sippin Rose out the bottle, with a straw like I'm Nino Papi call me mi amigo But mami call me papi lindo She understand her role is a deliver missile I cook it then I shoot her off to get it to you Yea in high-school we had it locked down And yet you bug with your homeboy from out of town

(Hook)

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