

# Jay-Z

## "Paper Chase - Foxy Brown"

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Uhh, uhh, uh huh  
Uhh, paper chase  
Bonnie n Clyde  
Y'all motherfuckers know how it's goin' down  
Gotta get that paper y'all  
That's right, uhh  
Uh huh uh, yeah, Roc-a-Fella, yeah  
Paper chase y'all, paper chase what? Uh

Greyhound bitch, stay down bitch  
'Bout to set up shop with Jay, round this bitch  
Half a brick of yeah 'bout to lay down this bitch  
'Til November? Nah, I'm here to like, slay down this  
bitch  
What you think? I don't wanna have to spray down this  
bitch  
Call my whole team from around the way down this  
bitch  
I'm tryin' to stay down this bitch, play down this bitch  
Had a sound, so my nigga Jay drown the six

Roll the windows down and, weight round this bitch  
But there's a couple things 'fore it's O.K. round this  
bitch  
I gotta talk to the natives, let 'em know I'm here  
For all to get the pay days, first I line up all the haters  
I got jobs for ya, drop stars for ya  
More arms than Green Bay's Brett Favre for ya  
Money providentials hope that's not a problem for ya  
If so, jigga be here, day after tomorrow for ya, that's  
right!

Gotta get that paper dog  
Gotta touch that, love that, paper dog  
Gotta get that paper dog  
Gotta have that, grab that paper dog  
Gotta get that paper dog  
Gotta spend that, bend that, split that, get that  
Gotta get that paper dog  
And I needs that, G stack, tell me where the weed's at?

I got my two guns, I came to scoop ones

A down ass bitch and she down to click  
Got a nice little hooptie that I get around with  
And my plan is not to leave this town 'til I'm rich  
Gotta find a nigga sellin' all them ounces and shit  
Tell them get down with the click or get found in a ditch  
See I drop down and strip, I turn around and spit  
Not to hit 'em just to let em know the sound of shit

Return later that evening in the club with Fox  
And I got the snub nose for those that love to box  
I'm in search of them young niggaz that hug the block  
All day, 'til it's like gray outside  
Shoot dice talkin' shit all day outside  
And even when it's hot, they outside  
Let 'em know, how it's gon' go, Bonnie n Clyde  
And ayyo, you will want me on your side

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And I needs that, G stack, tell me where the weed's at?

Yo, yeah, I got that stress and I got it the best  
I ain't got it to give, but I got it to test  
And if you wanna get down, oh you gotta invest  
Is your time, I gotta move this in a, week or less  
For the next couple of days I brought her all I possess  
The Rolex, necklaces with the V V S  
Twin to drive in the passenger with a T.V. rest  
For my top draft picks I cop the new G S

Now all the little soldiers wanna roll with my team  
'Cause I ain't sold em a dream, I just showed 'em the cream  
Picked em up in the afternoons and told em some things  
You know the regular shit you do when you moldin'  
them teens  
Yo, never lay your head where you holdin' them things  
Your family to your business, nothing goes in between  
Never feared no man, put four in his Beem  
Drop your gun then, blow the scene, ya heard me?

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