

## **Remy Ma**

### **"Bonnie & Clyde"**

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(feat. Remy Martin)

[Remy Martin:]

Here It Comes Yeah (That Bitch)

Here It Comes Yeah

Here It Comes Yeah (Rem)

Here It Comes Yeah (That Nigga)

Here It Comes Yeah (Pap)

Here It Comes Yeah (Okay)

Here It Comes Yeah (You Asked For It)

[Verse 1: Remy Martin]

See I Be On Some Other Shit

Like Fuck Your Dead Mother Shit

Disrespect Ya Whole Character

Call You By Ur Government

I Don't Know What These Bitches Think You Ugly And Ya

Pussy Stink

Ya Whole Flow Is Borrowed

Stole Everything But The Kitchen Sink

See You Just Mad Bitch

And You Suck Mad Dick

My Shit Is Fire I Does My Own Adlibs

Spit No Practice

I Spits Backwards Backwards Spits

I Practice No one Adlibs

See Niggas Should Call You Frying Pan

Your Face Is Like A Frying Pan

And Niggas Throw There Meat In You and

You Burn Em Like A Frien Pan

I Ain't Lying Man

See yall Don't Really Want It

I Got These Bitches Scared To Death

They Know The Album Coming.

Yup See Slay?

This Is Why I Told You

I Can Not Do Mixedtapes

I Just Be Talkin Fuckin Reckless

Its Crazy

[Verse 2: Remy Martin]

And I Ain't Gotta Force It  
My Shit Come Natural  
You Don't Want Me On Every Mix-tape  
As If I Was Papoose  
Exposing All Your Skeletons  
Straight Getting At you  
Telling Everybody I'm a Fuck You Up  
When I Catch You  
Know What I'm Talking Bout  
I'm What A Thug About  
I only make new friends so the squad can slut em out  
Buy Brand New Whips And Gut Em Out  
Then Come Back With Some Different Shit  
Looking Like Xzibit Just Pimp My Shit  
I'm That Bitch And Ain't No Chick Seeing Me  
Yall Bitches Need To Step Ya Rap Game Up  
Immediately

I'm Talking Like Fuckin Last Year Like Last Decade  
(Hahahahaha)

Yeah Graduated From Mixedtapes Now (Papoose)  
Somethin Bout Remy Nigga (Remy Martin)  
Got The Mixedtape Award And All That, Yo (Papoose)  
Album Commin (Remy Martin)  
Check Me Out (Papoose)

[Verse 3: Papoose]

I Aint Recanize Remy When I Seen Her In The Night Club  
We Got The Indusrty Addicted We Like Drugs  
I Done Pop Chris Stall Dawn Pareone  
Not A Drunk Alazate The Dawns Very Calm  
The Wild Out The Drunk Henny Rum  
Thats Why I Say  
East Coast Pop A Bottle Wit Chall  
Alotta Chicks Be Burnin Like Drinkin Some Vodka  
Tried To Tell Me She A Virgin Like Penacolada  
Casket Creamed It Up Beam Away Shawn Dawnin  
But None Of Dat Could Fuck With A Bottle Of Remmy  
Martin  
Now I Done Smoke Purple Haze  
Smoke Chocolats I Smoke Hydro  
All Types Of Lalala Smoke Straights All Blazed Up  
Puff Passed Do But None Of Dat Can Fuck With  
A Pound Of Papoose  
Niggas Wanna Clap Me Up Leave Me Holy  
I Marajauana In The Flesh  
Alotta Niggas Wanna Smoke Me  
I Done Move Good Dope  
Move Straight Coke

Shit So Pure Look Like It Came Off The Boat  
I Done Move Hard Crack Its Alotta Dj's  
But None Of Yall Could Fuck With A Kilo Of Kslay  
My Work Would Drop Bomb He Rap From The Cops  
He Drop My Whole Bomb Talkin Everysingle Rock  
I Told Him No Everything Bout It  
Cause My Single Was Hot  
Flex Droppin More Bombs Then The Worker On The  
Block  
Rapologie Surprime Folosophies The Thing  
You Could Call Me Mr.Not So Remeadream  
Remy Look Good In Person  
Just Like She Do In The Magazines  
So Ima Stay Close To Ms. Martin Like Dr. King  
Never Used To Like Drop Tops  
But He Think Flossin  
So Im Bout To Have More Dropps Then Weak Fossets  
He Dont Wanna Lean Back  
Slay Hand Me The Tourists  
Hit Him In The Back Of His Head  
And Make Him Lean Forward  
[Echo:] Papoose Papoose Papoose Papoose

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