

Tim James

"Extra, Extra!!"

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(*DJ Premier cuts up "Paula's Jam"*)
(Paula Perry)
(Paula Perry here I come)
(You wanna battle)
(Paula Perry here I come again settin trends)
(Paula Perry)
(The Queen of Fort Greene)
(Paula Perry here I come)

[VERSE 1: Paula Perry]

Ah yeah, it's Paula P and Premier
We risin out the cuts, what? Jealous eyes wanna stare
Who cares, I double-dare
Fulton [Name], pay a fare when you're comin through
Everyday I get saluted by gods on the boulevard
In my mind I know it's hard
So I'm tryin to build somethin up
Throw the dice, raise the dank up
I take a bitch back in the days when we had cars we
used to crank up
Smack em up, smell the coffee
Get up off me, chick, I'm on top of this, please
Assessing needs on bonds at Mickey D's
(?) like nines, scarred as knees
More than a woman like the Bee Gees
But I still squeeze these
Hollow heads for hard heads, I shock a
Bitch and have her wig lookin like Chaka
Khan, word is bond, napalm bombs
We drop up in your lawn

[CHORUS]

Extra, extra, read the headlines
We plantin landmines, we get up in that ass anytime
You better ask somebody, young Gottis
Fast hotties, what what, we in your lobby
Extra, extra, read the headlines
We plantin landmines, we get up in that ass anytime
You better ask somebody, young Gottis
Fast hotties, wanted posters in the lobby

[VERSE 2: Paula Perry [

Yeah, check the inside edition, Premier
Strap em to the chair
We gon'make em listen, I hold your ears
Hostage, let's get it on
Top story shit, Fox Five (?)
I can see it now, you're home alone
Check it, I'm on your fire escape
Lookin at you - check, I got the ductape - check
I got the apple bout to grab you up from the back of
your (?)
I thrive for that surprised look knowin you're shook
Touch tone sudden off the hook
Brooknam, ghetto design, close the book
We hit the cement in Lugz, niggas that wear Boss
Claimin to be thugs and chicks that's gossippin too
much
I hold a grudge, what?
Tug of war, prepare for the mug, what
P Perry, Sister Sledge gettin down and dirty over your
head
Ain't nothin y'all can do, I'm here, I swear
Everytime you hear somethin I drop make sure your
hear it clear

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Paula Perry]

It's my prerogative like Bobby Brown
You get down, I get around like Pac
Y'all sit around and watch
I blow the spot, any spot
The Tunnel, S.O.'s, Vertigo's
Showin love to my Latinos
'98 settin em straight (?)
Familiar face in any place we lace
For y'all gamblers y'all thrown a ace
Elaborate my (?)
I'm tryin to escalate to the rooftop
I used to sell blue tops
Got credit from the weed spot
From Trini with the dreadlocks
When I'm broke I still smoke a lot
Choke a lot, cool cops gave a bitch props
Only faggots bust shots
While kids be playin hop scotch
In broad day, Fort Knox
Everyday around the way it stay hot
FG too hot for TV
Cats rep for GP
Signed and sealed, done deal

What's real is real
Uh

[CHORUS]

(Paula Perry)
(Paula Perry here I come)

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