

Tim James

"Paula's Jam"

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Yeah
What?
Uh

Uh

(I keep it) (*echo*)
(I keep it) (*echo*)
(I keep it) (*echo*)
(I keep it) (*echo*)
(I keep it real like that) --> Mad Skillz

[CHORUS]

To all you Lo-sportin, herb-puffin niggas pumpin jacks
(I keep it real like that)
To all you chickenhead brothers that's posin and can't
rap
(I keep it real like that)
To all the project heads gettin g's in fat stacks
(I keep it real like that)
Paula Perry represent Brooklyn like that

[VERSE 1: Paula Perry]

I gets harder than a penis strokin, pokin, I got you open
Wet you up like some pussy that's soaken moist
Hear my voice, you got no choice
But to lay low on the cut, nigga what?
Fuck around and get that ass Bucked like Shot
My peeps up top be handlin, got it locked like a key
hole
Herbin niggas like Deebo
Every Friday you'll see it my way
Drivin down the highway in my Land Cruiser
Thumbs down to all you losers
Blinded by my rims as it spins (spins)
Paula Perry here I come again settin trends (trends)
You ain't got no wins (wins)
You could never reach the level
Of this rap rebel
Queen of treble and bass
I bring the shit to yo face

(Nigga)

(I keep it) (*echo*)

(I keep it) (*echo*)

(I keep it real like that) --> Mad Skillz

To all you Lo-sportin, herb-puffin niggas pumpin jacks

(I keep it real like that)

To all the project heads gettin g's in fat stacks

[VERSE 2: Paula Perry]

Pulverizin MC's into smithereens

When you step into the realms of the Queen of Fort
Greene

Bitches be on that nag 'n all

Frontin like they packin ammunition

As soon as it get real they get missiin

My click is thicker than the dick of a stick-figured nigga

Hipper-than-an-opotamus, follow miss

All up and down Myrtle Ave.

See, I got soldiers that'll tear the frame out yo ass

Comin from all directions and sections

Wipin shit out like wet ones

Fulton (?), so all you cornballs get ready

Carvin through crews, just call me Paula Machete

And you Confetti, MC's I'm tossin

Gettin rid of you like an abortion

So take precaution

(Nigga)

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Paula Perry]

All of you egotistical lyrical individuals

That think you're criminal material

You never pulled a heist in your life

You straight sheist in your life

My whole crew is livin trife

Yo style, I wouldn't say it's versatile

Cause you been slippiin somebody else's lyrics all the
while

That's foul, don't got no skills and get you filled

You wanna battle? I'll eat that ass up like a meal

Herb you, I'll subvert you, serve you

My corniest rhymes'll have you cryin

And you'll be nailed like a cuticle

Your rhymes ain't suitable

Enough, or rough enough like a rider

Basically I dream of riches, you dream of bein me

I dream I'm ill, you're never seein me

No doubt, that shit is out, boo

Don't even waste your time, kid
(Don't even waste your time, kid)

[CHORUS]

Yeah
Yeah
Check it out
Uh
Paula Perry's on the rise
Yeah
Masta Ase in your face
INC
Tryina be
Fulton [Name] Click
Ghetto Wise Guys
We on the rise, yeah
Check it out
Uh
Yeah

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