

## The Church

### "Paper Chase"

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[Foxy Brown]  
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 yea, 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 OK round this bitch  
Gotta talk to the natives, let em know I'm here  
for all to get the paydays, 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!)

Chorus: Foxy, Jay-Z

[F] Gotta get that paper dog  
[F] Gotta touch that, love that, paper dog, uhh!  
[J] Gotta get that paper dog  
[J] Gotta have that grab that paper dog!  
[F] Gotta get that paper dog  
[F] Gotta spend that, bend that, split that, get that  
[J] Gotta get that paper dog  
[J] When I needs that, G stack, tell me where the

weed's at?

[Jay-Z]

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 nosed 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 aiyyo, you will want me on your side

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

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, all 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 VVS  
Twin to drive in the passenger with a TV rest  
For my top draft picks I cop the new GS  
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  
From 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?

Chorus

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