

Foxy Brown F/ Havoc

"Where Da Paper At"

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[King T]

Now to make it interestin it's me, King Trife
Big Ballin' Nigga for bout half of my life
Whether on my knees prayin, blowin on the dice
Bet King T'll throw it to you precise
I need +CASH+, gotta live it like it's no limit
Like it's in season, no scrimmage
Flossin twenty inches, on concrete and won't leak
See me on the street I won't speak
Cause I'm all that - and what crews despise
to the 600 backboard on 2-K-5
+CASH+, honey like, "Whoo, they live!"
Should I, peep or slide Boo you better decide
I heard tonight's open bar, I'll be passin you by
with a platinum Presidential light splash in your eye
All these haters mad doggin, you know they won't last
cause fuckin with these Westside thugs..
.. you gotta have a lot of +CASH+

Chorus: 1 + 2 {B.I.G. sample}

1 - repeat all 2X

{Where da paper at?} I got to get it
{Where da paper at?} You know I need it
{Where da paper at?} I got to have it

2 - start with +CASH+

{Where da paper at?} I got to get it
{Where da paper at?} You know I need it
{Where da paper at?} I got to have it
{Where da paper at?} I got to get it
{Where da paper at?} You know I need it
{Where da paper at?} ..

[Xzibit]

Yo it's the Clash of the Phillie Titans
The shit I'm writin be excitin
and start niggaz to drinkin and fightin
You niggaz be bitin, Xzibit steady lighten it up

I suggest you show some progress and tighten it up
You see how many niggaz be rollin like the end of the planet
is gonna happen tomorrow, never beg steal or borrow
Just deliver the powers(?), steady knockin off bitches
blunts and Hennessey bottles - straight ahead, full throttle
Never follow nobody cause I'm a leader myself
Never workin for no cracker like a Keebler Elf
I did it for delf, niggaz wanna look for the best
Pull out your U.S. map and look to the West
I pull up ?? your forty-five bodyguards
won't stop us from seein your black ass and makin it ours
Tinted our cars, platinum bars, weed delivery run
I roll big chronic with chunks of hash to puff with my
+CASH+

Chorus 1 + 2

[J-Ro]
King T, X to the Z, and J-Bizzy
Well known for takin girls home and gettin busy
Known for the flow when downsizin a four-oh
and hittin SUV's hooked up, by 3-1-0
And I can't stands no man
smack dab in the middle of me and my plan?
I blast with either hand
Why don't you try Cortizone ten I heard it helps
when your neck wrist and ankles, is covered with wealth
But I couldn't tell you how to treat that hole in your chest
Shoulda wore a vest, now you just a motherfuckin mess
I used to have a .22, my khaki's I was saggin em
Now I'm sportin Polo, and a .44 Mag-a-num
Shameless plug - Likwit Crew, DJ Pooh
Make you booboo in your Fubu, runnin right through you
Staple Center niggaz, box seats, beers and cheers
while you watchin in black and white
with foil on the rabbit ears

Chorus 1 + 2

[Tash]
So if you owe CaTash some dough, you best go rob a Denny's
I don't care where it's from, I'll count ten G's in pennies
Cause I'm shifty when it comes to puttin food on my plate

Rap it ain't my only lick, but I push it like weight
+CASH+, multi-mill', fuck chasin a deal
I'm by the freeay with a sign that say "Will kill for scrill"
Dollar bills is who I chase in this rap race of drama
If she owe CaTash some dough, I might kidnap yo'
momma
+CASH+, peep how far I came along
I charge twelve G's a verse, so that's 36 a song
Niggaz got it all wrong, y'all got this ballin distorted
If you gotta ask the price that means you couldn't
afford it
+CASH+, fuck the acre, we want the paper
Tash just bought a skyscraper in Jamaica
Fuck y'all little fakers tryin to ball with Big Tash
We put the mask down, this West coast don't fuck with
our +CASH+

Yeah man I seen you on TV, I love your records man
You're just all over the place
Why don't you let a brother hold somethin real quick?

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