

Brown Paper Bag

DJ Khaled

DJ Khaled, we the best
Nigga, we the best, man, listen

Just got a hundred of that brown paper bag money
You niggas really wanna talk money?
Shit real, that's all I can tell 'em
Just wrap 'em up good so the dogs can't smell 'em, come on

Brown paper bag
(Thank God for that)
Brown paper bag

Thank God for those days, thank God for those nights
Though it might seem wrong, thank God for that white
They used to call me the Pyrex kid aka Young Arm & Hammer

In the kitchen with the pots, yeah, I work the glass
Hard on 'em, pimp, yeah, I work 'em task
And when they came in, we unpacked 'em all
Broke 'em all down and unwrapped 'em all

Just two words nigga, duffle bag
I just know it so well, can't help but brag
Gold mouth got 10, mail man got 3
It's just yo' luck the rap game got me, hold up

Here we go again
Just spent a hundred of that brown paper bag money, all on timbs
And the bad bitches all on him
'Cause the cars that he drives are all foreign

The game is mine, I'm so far in
I'm speaking with an accent who just caught twin
Can't even relax in my room
That brown paper bag money push my mattress through the roof

This for my niggas getting brown paper bag money
This for my trippers getting black plastic bag money
We talkin' 'bout that bad money
That IRS, K Tax money, ya dig me?

Just made a hundred of that brown paper bag money
I thank God for the mill he prepared for me
Take care my fam and my little dog, money
Thank God for that brown paper bag, that

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Just pulled over in my CM 5
Big bottle on the dash, hope he let me slide
Got 20 in the trunk, you can bet me five

20 minutes and they dump, I'ma let these fly

We the best, look at what we drive
Got picnic tables on my lap, gettin' high
In the back of the Maybach and it cost five
Hundred thou on a nigga, spent that with a smile

Stackin' numbers that alarm and race
White house, still move brick of law in a day
I'm that Bin Laden, boy, I'll bomb ya state
I ain't come to stay, I got a post bar and a date

Two million in the bag, ain't one to brag
You don't know the feelin' when the villain peelin' in a Jag
Just starin' at the ceilin', ten woman at your pad
I was at the center, now I see villain just in fact, I'm a boss

Just spent a hundred of that brown paper bag money
It feels good to be Young Money, Cash Money
Rehab, I'm addicted to fast money
I got stacks of rubber bands up in that

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Practice makes perfect, I'm relaxing at rehearsal
I'm a mothafuckin' professional, like Hershel
Walker, the talk of the game is I
But I wonder will they still be talkin' after I die

But that's not important, money's more important
And understand I been in that water like I was snorklin'
Understand I been in that water like I'm a dolphin
Miami, Khaled took me in like an orphan

Why did they start him? Now they can't park him
I go into the booth and just change like Clark Kent
Lamborghini dark tint, Philly bustin' Carson
I'm by myself to niggas running mouths like auctions

T Streets my brotha, V V's my brotha
And we stay on point like a fuckin' box cutter
Ya heard what I say, muhfucka? Sid I stutter?
With my brown paper bag here to represent the hustle, I'm out

Coka baby, man, you know I already had money
Definition of that brown paper bag money
Try front and I'll zip you in a bag, money
For tha cash, I'll blast anybody that

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Y'all niggas want coka music
La Costra Nostra flow, show ya how to do this
Pin it so easy, cave nigga doin'
Nigga, we simply the best, don't confuse it

I confuse it, critics be hatin'

Best album yet, don't give me the same ratin'
I'm waitin' top of rap Rushmore
Edge of stone, right beside puns war

Unsure, anything's possible
4 mill spent, bought out the art class u
I'm Picasso in a Versace suit
Don't worry, my nigga, Khaled, I got you

Not just 'cause I want to 'cause I got to
Put the squad on your back, the impossible
It's only logical to spit it from the heart
Brown paper bag, who else but Joey got that

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