

# 'Bout My Paper

Foxy Brown

If it ain't about my paper (paper)  
The bitch don't call me  
(Bitch don't call me)  
Cause I'm about my motherfucking business (my business)  
So you can kill that talking (kill that talking)  
If you ain't got no motherfucking confrontation  
Then keep on walking  
(Watch out there now)  
Cause I'm about to show you what you paid for when you came here  
Put your hands up, let's get this motherfucker started

Who could talk about that money better than me?  
Who could stay so hood femininely?  
Who stay on 5th Ave spending them g's?  
Who's just as controversial as Eminem be?  
F-O-X-why, East Coast, West Side  
Who the fuck really want come test I  
Don't start no shit tonight  
You know them gangsta Brooklyn niggas is quick to fight  
But we 'bout our dough - you know how that go  
You know Brown come through with the hot ass flow  
And go straight at them, quickly go platinum  
Still cocky, wrist still rocky  
Real chunky niggas still want me  
Still touring and shopping in every country  
Fox, Pooh and Pretty run this city

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I came here to take my dick out, LOOK OUT  
If you ain't 'bout that sucking, fucking, smoking or drinking  
The hooker GET OUT  
I ain't come here for no foolishness  
I'm cute as Lil Bow Wow but throw bows like Ludacris  
Let me through here, let me bust something  
Let me do this shit  
The original booth, ain't no fucking duplicate  
Passportin' when a pen on the pad  
You gotta fuck me right now bitch, I'm the man  
Dropping 12th Ward be 's on 'em  
Bitch I'm loaded so don't ask me about no motherfucking weed aroma  
Yeah I'm Grammy nominated  
When the 'Lou says James Brown ain't been this animated  
Bitch I thought I TOLD YOU  
I'm the rappin' Ray Lewis, nigga I'll fold you  
That's how these niggas get they shit knocked down  
From fucking with Mystikal and the chick Fox Brown

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Foxy thing, watch yourself  
Show me what you're working with  
Foxy thing  
Without that cash, what the fuck I'm gaining  
Stop your complaining  
When rappers fade, Fox is remaining  
If you shoot just watch where you're aiming  
This is real, it's not entertainment  
The same way I ball I could quickly fall  
But nah, I'm still here, till I retire  
With them chrome things filling my tires  
To my niggas in the slammer, with why'all stiff hammer  
Ain't nothing change, titties still bananas  
Still slim, still the prettiest rap broad  
No bra, nipples still hard  
Yeah La Pearla strings and Belvedere  
How the fuck that little bitch do that there?

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