

Brown Paper Bag

Birdman & Lil Wayne

All brown paper bag (Uh-Oh)
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All brown all brown - Fi-Fi-Fill (Haha) it up wit' more
All brown paper bag -Fill it up wit' ones
(Like Father, Like Son biatch!)
All brown paper bag - Fill it up wit' ones (Angel on the beat)
Fill it - Fill it up wit' ones (I tell 'em I tell 'em)
I got that paper bag full of paper
Bag full of kush
Big choppa I can hit you from a hundred foots
Wha's happenin' Wardy?
How you on it buddy?
Dem b*****s checkin' for me
Tell 'em I'm wit' Swizz Swizzy
They call me Wizzy Fizzy
Holla back right now I'm busy
I am the president
You jus' play your position
And I hope that door don't hit ya
Get up outta my office crawfish
Don't let them sharkys get ya
This beat's a car collision
Check out my car collection
Yea look at my rims hoe
Mercades wit' them kidneys
Naw that's a Benzo
I don't pop them pills no
But I pop them rubber bands
Man I can get like fifty thousand in that brown bag
Yea, n***a
Cook a whole, make it out a whole and a half b***h!
Yea, Birdman in a Benz wit' the duffel stuffed
Gotta chopper wit' a drum and one iced up
Them people hot around my way but we don't give a f**k
We on the grind for the shine tryna come up
A black mack, black six, and a black Hummer
Them thirteen hundreds fourteen hundreds
We be gettin' money
Drop it off, get to work n***a keep it runnin'
Garbage bag full of cash n***a keep it comin'
In my hood Red Phantom n***a we be stuntin'
Got the block blocked off n***a we be hustlin'
Brown duffel bag filled up wit' cash
Sixteen years old wit' a brand new Jag b***h!

Get it up
In the air
Get it up
In the air

N-N-N-Now money cars clothes hoes

All a n***a know so

I'm from the ghetto so

Gimmie my pesos

All brown paper bag

I could fill it up wit' ones

N***a fill it up wit' ones

Hey fill it up wit' ones????? Dancer Dancer Dancer

Hey hey stuff it in the thang dog

Damn right I be poppin' my collar

In a all black Impala

Makin' fiends wanna holla

Got the suade on my headrest

Gold on my damn bracelet

Hey triple gold n***a

Sucka I ain't ridin' thin

You want me come and get me

I'm in 360 (Ferrari man)

Ca\$h Money's wit' me! Like father, like son (repeat to fade)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>