

'Bout My Paper (feat. Mystikal)

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 Y, 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 about our doe, 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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Put your hands up, let's get this motherfucker started
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 B's on them
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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Put your hands up, let's get this motherfucker started
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 you 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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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>