

Jay-Z, Paper Chase

[Foxy Brown]

Uhh, uhh, uh-huh

Uhh (paper chase)

Bonnie n Clyde

Y'all motherfuckers know how it's goin down

(gotta get that paper y'all)

That's right, uhh

(Uh-huh uh, yeah, Roc-a-Fella, yeah

Paper chase y'all, paper chase WHAT? Uh)

Greyhound bitch, stay down bitch

Bout to set up shop with Jay, round this bitch

Half a brick of yea, bout to lay down this bitch

(til November?) Nah, I'm here to like slay down this bitch

What you think? I don't wanna have to spray down this bitch

Call my whole team, from around the way down this bitch

I'm tryin to stay down this bitch, play down this bitch

Had a sound, so my nigga Jay drown the six

Roll the windows down and, weight round this bitch

But there's a couple things 'fore it's OK round this bitch

Gotta talk to the natives, let em know I'm here

for all to get the paydays, first I line up all the haters

I got jobs for ya, drop stars for ya

More arms than Green Bay's Brett Favre for ya

Money providentials hope that's not a problem for ya

If so, Jigga be here, day after tomorrow for ya (That's right!)

[Chorus: Foxy, Jay-Z]

[F] Gotta get that paper dog

[F] Gotta touch that, love that, paper dog, uhh!

[J] Gotta get that paper dog

[J] Gotta have that grab that paper dog!

[F] Gotta get that paper dog

[F] Gotta spend that, bend that, split that, get that

[J] Gotta get that paper dog

[J] When I needs that, G stack, tell me where the weed's at?

[Jay-Z]

I got my two guns, I came to scoop ones

A down ass bitch and she down to click

Got a nice little hooptie that I get around with

And my plan is, not to leave this town til I'm rich

Gotta find a nigga sellin all them ounces and shit

Tell them get down with the click or get found in a ditch

See I drop down and strip, I turn around and spit

Not to hit em, just to let em know the sound of shit

Return later that evening in the club with Fox

And I got the snub nosed for those that love to box

I'm in search of them young niggaz that hug the block

all day, til it's like gray outside

Shoot dice talkin shit all day outside

And even when it's hot, they outside

Let em know, how it's gon' go, Bonnie n Clyde

And ayyo, you will want me on your side

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Yo, yeah, I got that stress and I got it the best

I ain't got it to give but I got it to test

And if you wanna get down, all you gotta invest

is your time, I gotta move this in a, week or less

For the next couple of days I brought her all I possess

The Rolex, necklaces with the VVS

Twin to drive in the passenger with a TV rest

For my top draft picks I cop the new GS

Now all the little soldiers wanna roll with my team

Cause I ain't sold em a dream, I just showed em the cream

Picked em up in the afternoons and told em some things

You know the regular shit you do when you moldin them teens
Yo, never lay your head where you holdin them things
From family, to your business, nothing goes in between
Never feared no man, put four in his Beem
Drop your gun then, blow the scene, ya heard me?
[Chorus]