

# Brown Paper Bag

DJ Khaled

All brown paper bag (Uh-oh)  
All brown paper bag (Uh-oh)  
All brown all brown  
Fi-fi-fill (Ha ha) it up wit' moreAll brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones (Like father, like son bitch!)  
All brown paper bag (what they gon' do)  
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  
What's happenin' wodie?  
How you want it buddy?  
Dem bitches 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  
Mercedes 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 bagAll brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' ones  
All brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' ones  
All brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' onesYea, nigga  
Cook a whole, make it out a whole and a half bitch!  
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 fuck  
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 nigga keep it runnin'  
Garbage bag full of cash nigga keep it comin'  
In my hood Red Phantom nigga we be stuntin'  
Got the block blocked off nigga we be hustlin'  
Brown duffel bag filled up wit' cash  
Sixteen years old wit' a brand new Jag bitch! All brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' ones  
All brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' ones  
All brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' ones  
All brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' ones  
N, n, n, now money cars clothes hoes  
All a nigga know so  
I'm from the ghetto so  
Gimmie my pesos  
All brown paper bag  
Sucka' fill it up wit' ones  
Nigga fill it up wit' ones  
Hey fill it up wit' ones  
I think that she's a strip  
Dancer 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 suede on my headrest  
Gold on my damn rims  
Hey triple gold paint  
Sucka I ain't ridin' thin  
You want me come and get me  
I'm in three sixty (Ferrari man)  
Cash Money's wit' me! All brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' ones

All brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' ones  
All brown paper bag  
Fill it up wit' ones  
Fill it, fill it up wit' ones(Like father, like son)

Songwriters

ROBERTS, WILLIAM / JENKINS, JAY / GIBB, BARRY / GIBB, ROBIN / GIBB, MAURICE /  
CARTAGENA, JOSEPH / LYON, ANDRE / VALENZANO, MARCELLO / JAMES, LARON / KHALED,  
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