

# **Ditty**

## **Svelt**

Yo, this is how I'm comin' for the nine deuce  
Another fat, fat track  
So Rhythm D, pour the orange juice  
And let's relax while sippin' on yak  
Because it's like that  
I'm conscious of hoes, so Paperboy wears prophylactic  
I wear a jimmy for the skins 'cuz it's a long trim  
Front row seats, aiyo, I know she's on the nine inchJust to get a piece of the green but she's an undertaker  
Now you know the Paper is an around the world heart-breaker  
Me sink? I float from dough, but yo, had to have a breakdown  
Paid in full, so now you know why my belly's round  
Pickin' the rap back up and scoopin' up crowds  
Just like a steel shovel  
Not from the ghetto, but yo, takin' it to another level  
Let the beat ride, but hold on to your women, G  
'Cuz now that I'm rich so many women wanna do meIt make a man say, "Damn"  
I'm finally taxin' more, play than homey Sam  
But let me speak to the weak, I mean the rookies  
My time is help up, extremely for cookies  
Just let me clock this groove in ninety two  
Hey, you don't bother me and I sure never won't bother youAnd ah, you just watch a brother flowin' like Niagra  
Think before you step, because these niggas just might stag ya  
Although I'm labeled with the black fade  
It's gold D's on my four and gold lex 'cuz I got it made  
I brought the beat on once again because I had to  
And just like Jody Watley, baby girl, I can have you  
Just let me work this track, and yo, any way is OK  
Your place or mine, all night until the next day  
UnhDo the ditty if you want to  
Because then I can see if I want you  
Just do the ditty, ditty if you want to  
Because then I can see if I want youNow here we go from the top  
Second verse of the same song  
With the conclusion, all should be happy with ding-dong  
It's since a man clock a grip,, G  
It's like every nickel and dime nigga be like  
"See, don't you remember me?"  
A hustler, and his snow with more hoes to lego  
Keep 'em chunky like Prego, so they can play with my eggo

I have a tendency to flow, start off with my own groove  
Pick up the mic and all of a sudden I see high movin'  
    Guess it's like magic, and Paperboy is the magician  
    If I was a vacuum I'd be suckin' up competition  
    Let it ride again, and yo, believe I got my own thing  
Straight behind my hoes so miss me with the chick from Soul Train  
    And I'm a break my note, just to show up tokin'  
    Tote on his ass when I scoop him 'cuz we bud smokin'  
    A black man tryin' to make it and that ain't no fair  
But just like BeBe and CeCe, I'll take you there, huh  
    Do the ditty if you want to  
    Because then I can see if I want you  
    Just do the ditty, ditty if you want to  
    Because then I can see if I want you  
    Now here we go  
    Uh, let's take a trip to another land  
    Clock a grip, come back and watch the hoes tan  
    Jump in the lexo, and roll out to my cabin  
Believe me, my brother, more hoes than you can imagine  
    All on the ding-a-ling, just because the gold rings  
But Im like 'whats up witcha?', you ain't heard a damn thing  
    Make sure you got the jim hats, strapped for protection  
Because to me, my life is more than my erection  
    And give me a hand, if you a fan, it ain't over yet  
    'Cuz doin' the ditty with Paperboy makes the ocean sweat  
    Leave you kinda startled like the funk off of fritos  
    Make you man jealous, while hoes cheese like Doritos  
    It ain't my fault, I lay the piper with concern  
And I ain't from Mount Vernon, but a brother's money-earnin'  
    And for those disagree, and then jock, that's a pitty  
    Just bob your head for Paperboy and the ditty  
    Yeah  
    Do the ditty if you want to  
    Because then I can see if I want you  
    Just do the ditty, ditty if you want to  
    Because then I can see if I want you

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>