

# Brown Paper Bag

## Migos

[Intro: Offset]

Zaytoven

Hah (know whKt I mean), pussy

Fuck all these niggas man

Yeah, we havin' this shit too, nigga

Yeah, young nigga havin' this money and shit

You know what I'm talkin' 'bout? Yeah, yeah for real

[Chorus: Offset]

Brown (Brown), paper (Paper), bags (Bags, cash)

Smashing your hoe on the low and she callin' me dad (Smash, dad, smash)

Cuffing that bitch, when she fucking, you going out sad (Sad, huh, sad)

I had a dream in the pool I was swimming through cash

That's your main bitch? I was fucking her first (Smash)

Go grab the Margielas, right there with the fur (Hey)

Flexing on purpose, flexing on purpose (Flex)

These bitches went missing when I was just hurtin' (These bitches went missing, where, where?)

I put your bitch on the Xan then put her on Perkys (Xanny xanny, perky perky)

That was a part of the plan, get millions is workin'

[Verse 1: Offset]

Offset!

I'm 'bout to sign your bitch (Sign her)

Let me remind ya bitch (Remind ya)

I am a walkin' lick (Lick)

But I am with the shits (I'm with it)

Click, click, click, click, shoot and I sprung my wrist (Blah)

Money is over a bitch (Money)

Go to the mall in a Bentley (Wrrr)

Money is bigger than Winfrey's

Sippin' codeine out a Simply's

I do not fuck with the enemy (No!)

30,000 to the dentist

Drums, thirty extensions (30)

We pull up where we got no (Bidness)

We fuckin' these stars for fitness

Bankrolls are large, you feel me? (Large)

I'ma go get me a bag (Bag)

They gon' be bitter and mad (Mad)

They already know it's a fact (They know)

Go to the show with a gat

[Chorus: Offset]

Brown (Brown), paper (Paper), bags (Bags, cash)  
Smashing your hoe on the low and she callin' me dad (Smash, dad, smash)  
Cuffing that bitch, when she fucking, you going out sad (Sad, huh, sad)  
I had a dream in the pool I was swimming through cash  
That's your main bitch? I was fucking her first (Smash)  
Go grab the Margielas, right there with the fur (Hey)  
Flexing on purpose, flexing on purpose (Flex)  
These bitches went missing when I was just hurtin' (These bitches went missing, where, where?)  
I put your bitch on the Xan then put her on Perkys (Xanny xanny, perky perky)  
That was a part of the plan, get millions is workin'

[Verse 2: Quavo]

Quavo

I put your bitch on Henny, on Henny and Coca (Coca)  
You saying your wrist is rocky, well I got some boulders (Rocky Balboa)  
Ice on my neck, cold shoulder (Ice)  
You talkin' 'bout modern day rap, but don't know the CULTURE  
50 bands in the motor (Bands)  
12 can't pull me over (Skrr)  
Snowball, think it's polar  
Hotline, Motorola (Brrrt)  
Fancy bitches, go get the bag, the baddest bitches (Bad)  
Age of 23, I was in the magazine, the Forbes edition (Forbes)  
Brown paper bag (Oh)  
When you get it make sure you count your racks (Racks, racks, woo)

[Chorus: Offset]

Brown (Brown), paper (Paper), bags (Bags, cash)  
Smashing your hoe on the low and she callin' me dad (Smash, dad, smash)  
Cuffing that bitch, when she fucking, you going out sad (Sad, huh, sad)  
I had a dream in the pool I was swimming through cash  
That's your main bitch? I was fucking her first (Smash)  
Go grab the Margielas, right there with the fur (Hey)  
Flexing on purpose, flexing on purpose (Flex)  
These bitches went missing when I was just hurtin' (These bitches went missing, where, where?)  
I put your bitch on the Xan then put her on Perkys (Xanny xanny, perky perky)  
That was a part of the plan, get millions is workin'

[Verse 3: Takeoff]

Brown paper bag (Bag)  
Wad full of cash (Cash)  
Paparazzi flash  
Jeweler gave me glass (Splash)  
Never look back at my past  
Sip slow and live fast (Actavis)  
I ended up in first place but I swore a nigga started last (I swear)

I was born empty-handed but a nigga knew I had to get a bag (Knew it)  
I was raised by my mama, so a nigga never really had a dad (Never)  
Remember that lick we had hit? (Yup)  
Broke in and we found the stash (Okay)  
20K right by the stand (20k)  
Wrapped up in a brown paper bag (Ah man)  
That wasn't part of the plan (Had to)  
Take out the tape from the cam (Here)  
No evidence on who I am (Nah)  
'Cause I can't afford to get jammed (Uh-uh)  
Cuffin' bitches, I don't stand 'em (Nobody)  
All my bitches, yeah, I share 'em (Bitch)  
Fuck 'em, but you gotta pay 'em (Pay up)  
Break the bread up with the fam

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>