

# Paperboy, Ditty

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 'gnac  
Because it's like that  
I'm cautious of ho's,  
so Paperboy wears prophylactic  
I wear a jimmy for the skins  
Cuz it's a long trip  
Front row seats,  
aiyo I know she's on the nine inch  
Just to get a peice of the green  
But she's an undertaker  
Now know why the Paper  
is an around the world heart-breaker  
Me be singin' first,  
but yo, had to have a breakdown  
Playin' you fools, so now you know  
why my belly's round  
Takin' the rap back up  
and scoopin' up crowds  
just like a steel shovel  
Not from the ghetto,  
but yo, takin' me 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 me  
It make a man say "damn";  
I'm finally taxin'  
more than your homey Sam  
But let me speak for the weak,  
I mean the rookies  
My time is held up,  
extremely for cookies  
Just let me clock  
this groove in ninety two  
Hey, you don't bother me  
and I sure 'nuff won't bother you  
And 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 broke the veto 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  
Uh

Chorus:

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 from the top  
Second verse of the same song  
With the conclusion,  
all should be happy for the ding-dong  
It's just a mad park a grip, G  
It's like, every brother that i  
see be like, "Do you remember me?"  
A hustler, and it's on  
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 and  
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 Bahama hoes so miss me  
with the chick from Soul Train  
And I'm a break my note,  
just to show up token  
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

(Chorus)

Now here we go  
Uh, let's take a trip to another land  
Park a grip, come back  
and watch the hoes tan  
Jump in the lex-o,  
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 I'm like a so but yo,  
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 jack, that's a pity  
Just bob your head  
for Paperboy and the ditty  
Yeah

(Chorus)