

Ditty (feat. Zapp) [Terry Troutman]

Paperboy

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 (yak)
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
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' 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 with 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 pitty
Just bob your head
for Paperboy and the ditty
Yeah(Chorus)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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