

# Foxy Brown, Ride (Down South)

(feat. MJG, Eightball, Juvenile)

[Intro]

Let's get it hype, nigga  
Let's get it crump  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Eightball]

Pass me them Swisher Sweets, let's get it crump  
If a nigga disrespect me I'mma prove my shit and dump  
Blast rhymes like I pump, turn your belly to jelly  
Veteran MC, I don't think you rookies is ready  
Three hundred and fifty pounds of pressure to deal wit  
I run with Suave, always packin' something to kill with  
Feel this bitch, when I get rich I'mma still hustle  
Go down in history, paper taller than Bill Russel  
Kilo flows, I got 'em hid in the basement  
Choppin boys up, on some puttin' it in they face shit  
Eight Ball, F-a-t M-a-c-k, known for layin' it down  
And doin' shit the playa way  
Callabo's of the dough ain't no secret  
Space-age pimpin' means I don't do free shit  
Time waits for no one, it ain't gon' wait for me  
Yours truly, signed Eightball and MJG

[MJG]

[1] - All my hard core niggas, what you want to do?  
My real thug-ass niggas, what you want to do?  
All my money making bitches if you ride with me  
I'mma pimp 'till I die and I'mma ride for free

Now where them real bitches at  
Where them real bitches at  
Where they at, where they at, where they at, huh?

And where my buck niggas at  
Where my buck niggas at  
Where they at, where they at, where they at, come on

[Foxy Brown]

I ain't new to this  
Damn nice bitch that's true to this  
Money ain't never been a thing to me  
Always stack my dough, holla back (uh)  
Ass fat, thighs thick, titties perfect  
Inhale the cheese from here to Tel Aviv  
Y'all know it, shit I don't bluff  
And no dough? I dont fuck 'em  
Fuck I'mma fake for?  
Make mine's, I'mma take yours  
Cuz I'm no nigga like love b'fore  
Make bitch scream like, gimme some more  
If a nigga broke, what'd you fuck him for?  
Waste of time  
It's like we playette minds  
Dont stop, get it get it  
Bitches, take it from a real motherfuckin' pro  
Y'all get that dough, we don't trust these niggas  
They gon' pimp if you let them  
From NY to the dirty south  
And them bitches' dime tight  
I got my mind right  
And my ice got the shine right  
And if it don't blind bitches

When them lights hit the wrist?  
You won't be sticking shit  
You be lickin' this

[Repeat 1]

[MJG]  
I'm the pimp motherfucker, baby  
Ice cold, stories so high  
I pimp the whole village twice  
So tight fold crease right on the president's nose  
Pimp clothes, drinkin straight Henney'and Buckstrum  
Touch toed, hoes take a centerfold pose  
Break a treat, make 'em pay to enter those  
Pros, slam those  
Game tied tight like bows, we never close  
Three-sixty-five, twenty-four  
Hand chose bithces a la mode, gettin' sold  
Plus a load of killer, as Chronic gettin' blowed  
Keep it froze, tucked up in a Tupperware bowl  
Stick of gold, somethin' from the school of the old  
Forever flows, I take it down as deep as it can go  
Burn rolls, braids tight, blazed afros  
We're pushin' hoes  
Dicks get erect like poles, pay the toll  
MJG is in control

[Repeat 1]

[Juvenile]  
Peep dis', you and them boys need to slow down  
Up in the morning in the court, it's 'bout to go down  
There's no remorse now, better expose rounds  
Them jackets be on the lose until the dope is found  
Juvenile's my name, bitch  
I represent it to the end, the same shit  
Niggers don't be wearin suits on theses blocks  
All you see is your boys and reeboks  
A thin hat to the back with a strap too  
Willin' to bust a nigga ass if he had to  
If you feel the same my nigger, you's a hot boy  
Blocka, blocka, blocka  
Better get up off the block, boy  
Call for the cops, boy your mommy or pops, boy  
Cash wasn't a million, never hit the spot boy  
You want props ha, you sold to the cops ha  
You in a cell block ha, cuz you too hot ha

[Repeat 1]

[MJG]  
Where the real ones at? Be-atch...  
Oh, you know how we feel  
About all you 'wanna be' ass ghetto super stars  
Wanna be like 'me ass' niggas  
Tryin' to be like Foxy Brown bitches  
I give a fuck about your intermureal status, motha fucka  
You ain't nobody  
We been doing this, been doin' this shit  
We go way back with this baby  
Talkin' about this real shit on the mutha fuckin' microphone  
Pimps and hoes and gettin' money  
Tricks and hoes and fuckin'  
Mutha fuckin' clothes and shit ridin' vogues and shit  
Nigga riding on 20's and shit

Nigga what chu got?  
Brand new-assed nigga  
You don't know nothin' about this game  
Come on

[Repeat 1 until fade]