

Foxy Brown, Burning Down The House

[andre rison]

Hey rison, runnin' with fox
You shoulda seen they faces
Straight packin' the kc from green bay
Back to j' with the mami from bk
Hot tubs and yacht clubs is how we play
Even on the field it's allowed to fear
Just call me mike tys' 'cause I got your ear
I'm hot, the shit, so it's real, feel the fire
So yo, show me the money, type gerry mcguire
Me and mrs. brown the way it has to be
Is there heaven for a balla'? ask master p
It's a season for changes, reason for dangers
Nintendo 64's and four point six ranges
Triple beams away I cripple teams for pay
Me say it's for the sign on the cartier
It's matching cars and super bowl rings
'cause real playa's do real things

[foxy]

Real nigga's do real things
Nana got her eyes on you
See that's how I plays
Kinda feeling baby boy since his green bay days
Huh? believe that, ain't no deceiving that
Definitely tryin' to see that
Can you put it down right? lemme wide-receive that
Uh-huh? lemme flash that mac, it's phat
In fact, we can make it happen with my double platinum
Stay stashin' in the twin five matchin'
Please, stay they yappin'
See me rock to nothin' but the platinum rings, stylin' things
Get up in your stacks and take a little (*edited*)
Good taste (*edited*) make you shake
They see me knock your skirts in, I'm 'bout it
See them flames all around my name?
Ill nana? definitely do her thing, feel the fire
Keep me flyer than the average with no marriage
Lay my thing down and control y'all little (*edited*)
Stack it up, hear you having chicks tattered up playin'
Switched on a (*edited*) from the falcons to the chiefs
No way (*edited*) I holds it (*edited*)
Old soul, no effect, break me off, snatch yo man
Dead go plans, make ya (*edited*) feel (*edited*)
Rich stay flooded? na, you the illest

1 -[both]

Is you wit it wit it?

Yeah, I'm wit it wit it
But should I hit it hit it?
Nah, can not get it get it

Is you wit it wit it?
Yeah, I'm wit it wit it
But can I hit it hit it?
Nah, can not get it get it

Yo, is you wit it wit it?
Yeah, I'm wit it wit it
Then let me hit it hit it?
Nah, can not get it get it

Is you wit it wit it?
Yeah, I'm wit it wit it
So let me hit it hit it?
Only if I get it get it

[andre]

Dream team '99, the receiver
Who'd a thought we'd make it hot like a fever
All my dogs and cats the guard mine
And I touch (*edited*) on the fifty yard line
Balla's recognize y'all know that dre flow
Be like bill clinton with the presidential role
You won't catch me without a dime
And so whatchu want, cristal, dom p, or mo'
You call the play, we could do it on the creep
Don't let me find out that your girl's a freak
She can come see me if the dough is right
And front the eighty inch on a monday night
In the back of the benz, six coupe, drop top
All up in her (*edited*) 'cause the chiefs don't stop
Y'all cats ain't know it's all 'bout the game
Burn the house down 'cause the mic's in flames

Burn it down
Make it hot
Burn it down
Make it hot
Burn it down
Make it hot
Burn it down
Make it hot

Repeat 1 until fade