

# Foxy Brown, Oh Yeah

(feat. Spagga Benz)

I'm the most critically acclaimed, rap bitch in the game  
Coast to coast, stash the gat in holster girl  
Dark skinned, Christian Dior poster girl  
Mo' rockin Timbs bitch and the Gucci loafers girl  
Niggaz say I'm too pretty to spit rhymes this gritty  
Fuck y'all thought? Be dancin around in suits like I'm {Diddy}  
Pretty, show niggaz how we run this city  
Respect my name, Boogie nigga, stay in ya lane  
Like The Hurricane, rains on bitches like Sugar Shane  
And dare one of y'all rappin chicks to mention Fox name  
&quot;What's Beef?&quot; Beef is when bitches think it's sweet  
See y'all frontin in the streets and let my gat meet ya

Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you

Check, uhh  
It's like I'm in my own fuckin world, I speak how I feel  
Sometimes I feel like I'm just too fuckin real  
I love to stack riches, no disrespect y'all  
I respect the rap game, but I don't fuck with rap bitches  
I'm speakin from my heart  
It's not that I'm too good, I'm just hood  
Been like this from the fuckin start  
Since I bust my gun in ninety-six  
Y'all never see me flick up with them fake-ass chicks  
Bitches smile up in your face, turn around and pop shit  
You a industry bitch, I'm a in the streets bitch  
I might breeze through Prada, Chloe or Tiffs  
But, other than that it's just me and my six

Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you

I dream filthy  
My moms and pops mixed it with the Trini' rum and whiskey  
Uhh, proper set off  
Six sped off, gats let off, I speak calm  
Gangsta, and pours off like Screechie Don, bwoy  
Who y'all know rock Prada like Fox  
Pop bottles in the back of the cellar with Donatella  
Cartier wrist wear, Pasha Kay face  
Got niggaz stand in line just to get a sneak taste  
Act like y'all don't know I keeps gat beneath waist  
And like a hundred thou' each crib in each safe  
When Fox come through she have a gun in the place  
I'm like Marion Jones, what, who the FLUCK wan' race?  
Listen, never trippin, never catch Brown slippin  
Fuck, y'all only nice around mics like Pippen  
Shit, to all my thugs that's Blood'n or Crip'n  
I'm still shittin, still lowridin and switch-hittin nigga

Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you

Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you  
Oh yea, We coming for you