

# Foxy Brown, Talk To Me

[Pretty Boy]

Yo, tell Foxy to hold all that down  
Aight, hold on

[Foxy]

Uhh, that's cool  
First bitch, what

[Foxy Brown]

There ya'll bitches go, straight yappin' again  
Oh the TV show f\*\*ked up, got you rappin' again  
Ya'll bitches is scared now, got you rhymin' from the heart now  
Been talkin' shit, what the f\*\*k you wanna start now  
Mad cause he Pretty  
Seent ya fruity ass straight starin' at my titties  
Spendin' chips to get me, who me!  
Strickly dickly, f\*\*ks wit' no chicks  
Only the thuggest cats, with the, stiffest dicks  
Picture this, ya'll broke bitches wanna see me diss ya'll  
Just to get ya'll rich, never  
It's simple shit, this little navigator  
Litte high heeled gators, be gettin' you sick  
What the f\*\*k is this  
Ain't ya'll bitches supposed to be CEO's, and actresses, whoa  
See this dough, this bomb ass face in this

Pretty roll in this, heavy dough  
Don't ya'll chicks know, I inherit from the best  
My nigga Jay, so you feelin' the rest  
Bnnie and Clyde, bitch!  
You don't worry bout this, he like this  
The way the shit mines, just look at your wrist  
Why is she even trippin' off this half ass shit  
We rockin' stadiums, splittin' half that shit  
He like, huh, here go the keys, go flash that shit  
Matter fact, take this birck, and go stash that shit  
That's right, I'm bare foot  
On the stage with the look  
Now you clones, dick ridin' my throne  
I'ma let ya'll hoes know, for the first and last time  
I'm on that Brooklyn shit, and I'm takin' what's mine  
Yeah, now you made, ain't no royalties left?  
Hah, I'll show you royalty  
Dead on your royalty, uhh  
I'ma stay talkin' about gettin' proper  
Yeah, bitch, I said it  
I'ma dress dress royal  
Talk to me...