

# Foxy Brown, We Makin' It

Intro:

Yo, turn me up

Verse 1 [Foxy]:

What ya'll know bout bangin' out?

Till there's nothin' left stash box mag 4s all up in the dashboards

Look, ya'll think we get this cash for?

We gon' front till we die

Throw that money in the sky homie

I rock them Louis' ya'll know already

But it's necessary I style in Burberry

Young Fox I run hip-hop

Niggas know them hits won't stop bet them clips will pop

Bet I be in that big body Rover

Frontin' hard in the squad L-V on them loafers

I'm an ill bitch I styles like I'm supposed to

Niggas in the pen gettin' right off my posters

In the pearl white hatch back got my swagger back and I don't know how to act nigga

My groove is on my team is strong

Hey yo Gav please bring them motherf\*\*kin' horns in

Chorus [Young Gavin]:

This is what we came to do

Gettin' money playboy we ain't playin' wit' you

Who the one that got the streets on lock

Somebody better call the cops

What we doin' huh?

[Sung] We makin' it

Fever hit

Ya'll know it's Fox

She keeps it hot

Verse 2 [Foxy]:

And I bring it to bitches for real

Special delivery

Five years strong and they still tryin' to get rid of me

But I'm still here niggas

I do this for Gav to keep them young boys runnin' through the ave

Have the team lookin' good I be's in the hood

Dubs on the wheels and Bs on the hood

Pop 50 bottles

halo to Hollywood

I'm so gutter Acki sweat suit with the hood

Might flip it on these bitches and throw on the Plein Sud

Wit a real good shoot lookin' real f\*\*kin' good

Start our her label, she'll never be able

Now I styles on niggas and I turn the tables

Now meetings with Kev and Lyor at the round table

In a three-quarter butter brown Sable

Ya'll niggas hustlin' deals and I'm still on the grind

Tryin' to appeal still beatin' Russell for mils

(Chorus [Young Gavin])

Verse 3 [Foxy]:

Irate the weak movin' a brick in half a week

And it's hard to eat in these Brooklyn streets

The truth is you bitches only live in a booth

I move big sixty deuce that's Prada goose nigga

Throw our money out our prowler roof I'm about to tightin' the noose they talkin' loose

Man, me and Gav in them Lacs, Tyson's bout to get them belts back

Brooklyn's back nigga