

Run Dem (feat. Baby Cham)

Foxy Brown

Whoa, a what de blood claat 'em fool 'em Who the fuck told bitches they could do what I do?
All of a sudden all y'all bitches got accents too?
Bad gyal, bitches can't do the shit that I do
Sometime a gal figure it cool I tell a motherfucker this
Some niggaz nowadays move worse than a bitch
And as for this chick, me love bum flick on bad man dick so
Got the pussy, I got the live fo' I'm a grown ass bitch with my own ass shit
Now hear dis and I wan' chat me a go bustin' a secret
Y'all big botty man, ya have look man bottom
Pussy watchman, you a trace gyal patton Fuck who, niggaz wish they could fuck me
Like they never seen a hot gyal act like we
Big bumba claat star, push hot car
Big hood, and love back way all day The way my man fuck, can't even stand up
And when he gets stiff it cum like ten dicks
Take it through my hole right through my appendix
I got a message, why don't ch'all motherfuckers sit on this? From a puss hole, dis man we shot down
If a fass hole fi dead man we back down
If a gun shot fi bust man we clap down
An if a riddim fi ride man we rock down From a puss hole, dis man we shot down
If a fass hole fi dead man we back down
If a gun shot fi bust man we clap down
An if a riddim fi ride man we rock down Out of all the broads in the game, Fox is the baddest
Picture me fuckin' with a nigga half my status
Bad gal bust big gun and no wan' see me back it
Move ya bumba hole, bwoy gwon mind ya jacket How dare y'all motherfuckers even spit my name
Cool na man, 'fore I have you X'd out the game
And tell dem all you young pussy like sugar cane
And buck yat take beer owed by queer, oh dem where dat? Bet you wish you lucked up, and got a quick nut
Wouldn't fuck you if I was horny, or pissy ass drunk
Lucky I don't fuck around and get you stuck up
Waitin' outside your studio, collect your dub bucks Bitch, fuck around and get that nigga gun buck
Outsider fully loaded with the gun stashed up
In front of Cactus, chrome fo' fifth
And a bag of full clip for niggaz with loose lip From a puss hole, dis man we shot down
If a fass hole fi dead man we back down
If a gun shot fi bust man we clap down
An if a riddim fi ride man we rock down From a puss hole, dis man we shot down
If a fass hole fi dead man we back down
If a gun shot fi bust man we clap down

An if a riddim fi ride man we rock downHow many times I got to let y'all bitches know I'm
One of a kind, can't fuck with mines?
See when Fox in the place, pure hotness a gwan
When I bust wine we na watch ya face, gwanYa too fraud, sound ridiculous
I'm the only trini bitch that can kick yard shit
What you know about skin out and bruck out
Like a bad gyal bunny hot style, pop pure styleLook at this wannabes comin' around me
Sick of thes fake G's tryin' to clown me
Why these niggaz be tryin' to drown me?
I'm tellin' you fools no one can bound meLook at this wannabe's comin' around me
Sick of thes fake G's tryin' to clown me
Why you niggaz be tryin' to drown me?
I'm tellin' you fools no one can bound meFrom a puss hole, dis man we shot down
If a fass hole fi dead man we back down
If a gun shot fi bust man we clap down
An if a riddim fi ride man we rock downFrom a puss hole, dis man we shot down
If a fass hole fi dead man we back down
If a gun shot fi bust man we clap down
An if a riddim fi ride man we rock downFrom a puss hole, dis man we shot down
If a fass hole fi dead man we back down
If a gun shot fi bust man we clap down
An if a riddim fi ride man we rock downI I Inga I I Inga, Fox Brown, Baby Cham
Look at this, on the beast
Loo-loo-look at this, on the beast
Come in the brown, ro-round me
Ro-round me, fake niggas, fake niggas

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>