

# Oh Yeah

## Foxy Brown

Why yo, why yo yo yo  
Why yo, why yagga ya yo  
Why yo, why yo yo yo

Why yo, why yagga ya yo I'm the most critically acclaimed, rap bitch in the game

Coast to coast, stash the get in holster girl

Dark skinned, Christian Dior poster girl

Mo' rockin' Timbs bitch and the Gucci loafer girl

Niggaz say I'm too pretty to spit rhymes this gritty

Fuck y'all thought? Be dancin' around in suits like I'm

Pretty, show niggaz how we run this city

Respect my name, Boogie nigga, stay in you lane Like The Hurricane, rains on bitches like Sugar Shane

And dare one of y'all rappin' bitches to mention Fox name

"What's Beef?", Beef is when bitches think it's sweet

See y'all frontin' in the streets and let my gat meet you Why yo, why yo yo yo

Why yo, why yagga ya yo

Why yo, why yo yo yo

Why yo, why yagga ya yo Check, 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 Why yo, why yo yo yo

Why yo, why yagga ya yo

Why yo, why yo yo yo

Why yo, why yagga ya yo I dream filthy, my moms and pops mixed it

With the Trini' rum and whiskey, 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 fuck 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  
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