

Oh Yeah

Foxy Brown

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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