

# Chyna Whyte

## Foxy Brown

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Y'all know me right?  
I'm that same bitch y'all niggas want for half price  
Same bitch y'all niggas was blamin' all y'all problems on  
I'm the reason why half of y'all niggas can't  
Even go in your moms' crib no more  
I'm the type of bitch that leave a nigga nose stiff  
And get his hoes hit, make his toes shift  
'Tl the demands in all, yo can call me have shit  
'Till y'all motherfuckers switch and smoke this shit  
The reason mike fucked around and moped with this bitch  
And his Jones, little son Troy float this shit  
I ain't causin' niggas with nines to tote this shit  
'Cause when you spit  
'Cause niggas came up real short with they shit  
Know one nigga like Novacane, straight to the brain, shoot it up  
Thinkin' both his nose and his toes are the same  
Nigga gimme your nickname, Chyna, last name, White  
Guaranteed to have your ass open first night  
Bad bitch, slanted eyes, powdered with white  
Somethin' special, not too average, baddest little thing in sight  
I knew this dude Ritz that fucked with a bitch  
Get you right, matter of fact, you could get it half price  
Shit, she got a crew that ain't nothin nice, dime shit  
Have ya motherfuckers believin' ya tryin' to find shit  
Matter of fact, Mel, used to fuck a girl, Trish gal  
Unique hit, little E and bomb bags Heroin  
Now they assed out and the hood massed out  
Even Rex and Tim's fucked up with they gats out  
No love{Nana, Nana, I need ten dollars ,Nana  
Baby, I can't give you no more money  
What you mean you can't give me no money?  
Man, boy, where's my TV?  
Nana, I smoked the TV}Uh, no love, change a few thugs, new drugs

Niggas started stashin' things on Mother Gasten  
Hottest shit to hit the streets, divide peeps, divide crew love  
Fuck trees, and that was OZ  
Slow leaks and niggas with false leads and nosebleeds  
Vein popped, pop shells with close sales  
Bitches, they noses frail, got the word that coke sells  
Huh, tip it once you could match a nigga bail  
Huh, flip it twice you officially on, have the richest niggas fucked up  
Kissin' your thong, mystery's on, huh, flip it three times, you straight  
Trip on a lake, Cristal and cheese cake  
Cock sucker, D shake, niggas flake  
Huh, flip it once more you're leary, huh  
Feds on your ass, hit money don't make money  
What happened to get money, the bitches, the cars and brick money?  
The spot on Bay bridge, y'all niggas ain't clamin' shit now huh  
Y'all know me now, fucked up in the game, no love, no love Chyna white  
Chyna white  
Chyna white

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