

# 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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