

4-5-6

Foxy Brown

Uh yeah this is Beanie Seigel
That philly cat playin' wit that silly rap
Put your weight up, not your hate up, niggas
You know how you play, quiet towns and tie 'em down
Haters wonderin' how I got my position with rock
'Cuz I listen to the lox and I to watch
While you still sittin' in spot, ditchin' the cops
I'm in the Porsche box with fox, listen and watch
War still gray, Lexus GS4
Doesn't even meddle when the dog pedal to the floor
I'm routin' down south, for my aim it to score
Eight cylinder, screamin' "Fuck the law"
Got a tank full of gas, trunk full of cash
Hammies in the stash, scandels in the dash
Radar detectors, troopers can't find us
We bubbled down ATL and hit the 'linas
Then get clubbed with some dirty south thugs
Ball out thugs, go in your house thugs
Talk shit, put blood in your mouth thugs
36 south thugs, stay on route thugs
You know how Mac play, quiet town, tie it down
I supply it now, by the pound
Might front you with a cube if you buy a pound
If you didn't try it then, why would you try it now?
Then 'cuz Mac rap, wouldn't fire a round
Til you frown, I lay you down and retire you clown
And I clap niggas, Mac niggas kiss the dirt
Pat-pat with the deuce deuce, it'll work
Bitch ass niggas wearin' thongs and skirts
Catch 'em early in the mornin'
While they goin' to work
You pretty motherfuckers stay stuck in the mirror
And you weak ass niggas only buss out the fair
I know y'all softer than them feathers
That get stuffed in the rear
I pack Berettas, never bust in their ear
Twist your shit back, spit 'til my gat sit back
Pack four pieces like a Kit Kat, get that?
Cock Cris bottle like a six-pack, Range roll dot six that

Benz Coupe, drop six that
Buggy eye seven come out shit, took the six pack
Switch the double R, the double Rs are, gotta get that
You see how we play, pop Cris on the E way
Soakin' the sea, gettin' drunk with glee
Only the sharp bar, grill Simon, pop Don P
While you chickin' when you chasin' your how with hot tea
Niggas flashin' that money like it's they money
Slack 500 on back of a tree twenty
I'm bringin' it to any nigga tryin' to servine
With them bullshit buggy I kiss 'em CDs
Well, I'm a lil' nigga don't speak
I tote heat, here to shut down your whole operation on the street
Bleek, you know niggas just had to recrute this
My flow drew out like a old nigga toothless
Who wanna believe they pump bleek with 'renaline?
Too hyped up but weed calm my adrenaline
Roll day on the strip, S.K in the crib
Honey crack valve playin' the binge
Nickel nine gleam, like this armor rolled up
My squad be armed up, gotcha niggas' arms up
Who the fuck want what? Me and Bean's trumped up
Witcha town underseige, Dillenger in your sleave
My gun jammed, you niggas squeeze on me
You niggas them cats thata call these on me
I'm on on my off game, leave the stadium for in stores
Floss chains and I pimp whores, they smoked out
Shirt be poked out, when the slums know eight
Six to jump out, you eat what you spit
Motherfucker die clean before you actin' tought cat
But in your heart you scream
I read your body languo you want balance and a water mangle
You want a challange get a broad to every angle
This shit is slowed down, I bet that
Ya upfront dough, in your six bet that, motherfucker
Sassy fox some brick money, caught me a drop
You know how I run it, 600, glassy top
Rock them light gray wrist shit, flash the rocks
The red, the yellow, the green, 'causin' traffic stops
Bitch, please, never freeze, gonna blast the glock
Then I show all them to plead and breeze past the cops
You talk slick, suck dick for money in y'all hand
I'm like 'bitch, I got more money than your man
While you get your knees scraped up, come all over your glands
Shit, I'm in the B Twinz ballin' them tramps

Y'all hoes greasy, so I keep bitch easy
Rookie, what the fuck you know about glocks and a pop book?
You know na na rock that shit, perrot that shit
And scotch that shit, don't see about that shit
Hollow points, top that shit, fuck tryin' to aim
Pop that shit, yeah, nigga, fox got that shit
You see the ice wrist shit, can you cop that shit
Chanel, Crocodile, ostrich shit, whoa
You know my style, I be spinnin' they calves
And I'll show that little dick, some celebrity ass
Get 'em a brick, I know what style to get them niggas ship brick
Well, fuck, I let 'em live and lick the tip of my shit
To remind 'em with some rose petals, candles, and shit
Bust some hydro like the nigga grew up playin' my shit
So that's what it is, why them hoes mad at my shit
See me wildin' in the four-six, stylin' on them bum ass
Goddess in the sea, y'all bitches is littles foxes
See my girls' friends, tossin' they little watches
Cris? I pops it fuckin' a nigga topless
Cats? I fouls on hoes? I styles on, nigga
Why y'all laughin'? Ay y'all laugh
Over here? Hustle from where, clear all out
Shit, greyhound bitch, stay down bitch
And I know jigga see me here to lay down shit
I will spray y'all niggas, waste y'all niggas
'Cuz I fucked the nigga and pay y'all niggas
Yeah, what the fuck

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>