

Vixen

"Who You Wit"

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Uh-huh, yeah hah
Never sprung huh?
Jigga, Roc-a-Fella y'all
Never sprung huh?
Yeah, peep the repertoire
Peoples, feel me on this one
Peoples, feel this
Never sprung huh? Know my style

I love bitches, thug bitches, shy bitches
Rough bitches, don't matter you my bitches
Gold diggers witcha eyes on my riches
Can't Knock your Hustle for real, exotic bitches
I'm game tight, see it all through the platinum french
braids with the french name in the same night
Pull you and your tight friend
lift your little dress like light wind, hah, then I slide right
in
You know the whole repertoire, U.S. to the U-S-S-R
Sexier than a Lexus car
Match wits with the best of y'all the rest of y'all
is like veg-etables in my presence, check it
Reminescin to nuttin you ever heard, Iceberg
Slim baby ride rims through the suburbs
Funds come in lump sums never ends deferred
Get money like I'm down South Wednesday the 3rd, it's
on

chorus

Dough to get, more shows to rip
I suggest you all roll with the click, who you wit
Frozen wrists and it's flows that's sick
More O's than you know exist, bitch who you wit

Can't scheme on em, Roc-a-Fella got a team on em
Chicks dream on him trick cream on him
Lose it when dudes think it's just music
Lean on em flash green on em and diamond rings on
em
Sex around the way girls down to meet eyes

I'm somethin every girl gotta have like Levi's
Ya quita, me got more, see I ball
You can love me or hate me, either or
I'ma stay widdit, rock the custom drop Bentleys
Never eat at Denny's and party like Lil Penny
can he live? Trick or main chick but if she leave
just as quick, indian give, ha-hah
Now what I look like? Givin a chick half my trap
like she wrote half my raps, yeah, I'm havin that
you be the same chick when you leave me
the bankbook and the credit cards and take everything
you came wit

chorus

You know the move's major, never minor
cause when you a true player, they never find ya
We takin trips abroad with chicks from afar
Down in the grill in the Villa gettin hilla
Never know em at the resort, readin to ride with us all
Checkin out this new wine, inhalin the cork
Million miles from the puddles the rainy days the
tussles
Reign in ways to hustle, so we won't get caught
Had beef of all sort but I turned it around
Chose my steps more wisely, I'm learnin the ground
I was so gung-ho when I earned my first pound
Now it's million dollar deals, straight turnin em down
Roc-a-Fella make or break me, til death do us
Won't be in your right mind, you ever step to us
Been there, when I was in my tenth year, went there
Then I realized that it didn't make sense there
Backtrack, show me where the cash at, and plus
frivilous beef, please, we lookin past that
Y'all can gossip while we learnin the world
Drop the hot shit never returnin your girl, it's on

chorus (repeat 4X)

Beyatch!
Jigga, nine-seven shit, next millenia
Recognize, realize, it's on
Roc the block, ahh
Laughin, it's on

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