

## 2 Fabiola

### "Hit 'Em Up Style"

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Hehehehehe, brand new riddim!  
Now for dis creation, we need total dedication t'rew-out  
de nation  
Crowd participation (Brooklyn) Trackmasters

[Foxy Brown]  
Chase vampire we say chase vampire  
Chase vampire we say chase vampire  
Who really wan' come test rass' Na Na  
Spend your likkle dough, set your shit on fire

[Verse One: Foxy Brown]  
Ain't hard to tell, Fox never fail  
Remix with the homie from the A-T-L  
Blu Cantrell, dippin' in the blue C-L  
Powder blue, Gucci Tee with the matching nails, IYYE!  
Platinum minks all with the matching sails, IYYE!  
We keep it drastic, shit on all y'all bastards  
My hits is classics, flows phenom'  
Bitches, grab ya tits, niggaz blow that dram', IYYE!  
What a day when the tables will turn, y'all can  
keep ya rings, I got illa bling  
A new drop-topppa, and the yard top shotta  
Playboy, ya don't know, box shotta

[Verse Two: Blu Cantrell]  
I need to be repaid for all the love I gave  
So I'm wiping out the savings, maxing out the Visa  
All because you cheated on me  
Cruising down Rodeo on a shopping spree  
For all your lying and your scheming, 'bout to have you  
screaming  
I'm buying up everything (Oops)

[Chorus: Blu Cantrell]  
There goes the dreams we use to save (Oops)  
There the goes the times we spent away (Oops)  
There's goes the love I had  
but you cheated on me and that's for that's now (Oops)  
There goes the house we made a home (Oops)  
There goes your number leave me alone (Oops)

For all the lies you told, This is what you owe

Hey Ladies, When your man wanna get buckwild  
Just go back and hit 'em up style (Oops)  
Get your hands on the cash and  
Spend it to the last dime for all the hard times (Oh, Oh)  
With the Gucci and Prada (Oh, Oh)  
For the whole enchilada (Oh, Oh)  
If you wanna hit 'em up  
Get the keys to the truck and go smash it up now

[Verse 2: Foxy Brown]

(Oww!)

The way I used to ride that dick proper (Oops)  
Fuck around and have them niggaz pop ya (Oops)  
I been patient, now I'm back with another one  
No press, gangsters don't give statements  
You too blatant, Bentleys and Porsches racin'  
Take Rolies, Cartie's, give em facelifts  
I keep it real basic, nigga face it, shit  
Duke, I made you, why would I play you?

[Verse 3: Blu Cantrell]

Chase vampire, mister chase vampire  
Gettin' all your goods then set 'em on fire  
Cleanin out your closet, and takin the deposit  
I'm takin it to the extreme  
I'm tired of all the games you played  
So I'm gettin' away  
Having a fiesta with Sole and Mia  
Taking a vacation for free (Oops)

[-repeat chorus 2x with adlibs-]

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