

# Foxy Brown

## "4-5-6"

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**(feat. Memphis Bleek, Beanie Sigel)**

*[Beanie Sigel]*

Ughh, ughh, yeah

This is Beanie Sigel

That Philly cat who ain't with that silly rap

Put your weight up, not your hate up, niggas

Y'all know how I play quiet towns and tie 'em down

Haters wonderin' how I got a position with Roc

Cuz I listen to The LOX and I listen then watch

While you still sittin' in spots, ditchin' the cops

I'm in the Porsche Box with Fox, glistenin' watch

War steel gray, Lexus, GS-4

Desert Eagle metal in the door, pedal to the floor

I'm routin' down South, for my aim is to score

Eight cylinder, screamin' 'Fuck the law!'

Got a tank full of gas, trunk full of cash

Hammers in the stash, scanners in the dash

Radar detectors, troopers can't find us

We bubble down ATL and hit the 'Lin

Then get clubbed with some Dirty South thugs

Go all out thugs, go in your house thugs

Talk shit, put blood in your mouth thugs

36 South stuck, stay on route thugs

You know how Mac play, quiet town, tie it down

I supply it now, by the pound

Might front you a Q if you buy a pound

If you didn't try it then, why would you try it now?

Think cause Mac rap, I wouldn't fire a round into your crown

I lay you down and retire you clown

And I clap niggas, nap niggas in 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

See you pretty motherfuckers stay stuck in the mirror

And you weak ass niggas only bust out of fear

I know y'all softer than them feathers that they stuff in a bear

I pack two baretas, never bust in the air

Twist your shit back, spit til my gat sits back  
Pack four pieces like a Kit Kat. Heh, get that?  
Cop Cris' by the six-pack, Range Rov?' Dot six that  
Benz Coupe, drop six that  
Buggy eye seven come out? Shit, took the six back  
Switch the Double R, the Double R's are, gotta get that  
You see how we play, pop Cris' on the E-Way  
Soakin' the seat, gettin' drunk with Bleek  
Or the Shark Bar, grilled salmon, poppin' Dom P  
While you chicken when you chasin' your high with hot  
tea  
Niggas flashin' back money like it's they money  
Slap 500 on back of a three-twenty  
I'm bringin' it to any nigga tryin' to shoot games (yeah)  
With them bullshit buggy-eyed kits and CDs

*[Memphis Bleek]*

Check it out, yo, yo  
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 recruit this  
My flow drool out like a old nigga toothless  
Who would believe they pump Bleek with Ritalin  
Too hyped up, but weed calm my adrenaline  
Roll day on the strip, SK in the crib

Hundred crack viles, playin' the Benj'  
Nickel nine gleam, like it's Armor All'd up  
My squad be armed up, gotcha niggas' arms up  
Who the fuck want what? Me and Bean's trumped up  
Witcha town under siege, Dillinger in the sleeve  
If my gun jam, you niggas'll squeeze on me  
You niggas them cats, that'll call D's on me  
I'm on on my off game, need a stadium for in stores  
Floss chains and I pimp whores, stay smoked out  
Shirt be poked out with the snub-nosed eight  
Six to jump out, you eat what you spit  
Motherfucker die clean  
For you actin' tough cats, but in your heart you serene  
I read your body languo  
You off balance and don't wanna mangle  
You want a challenge, get it brought to from every  
angle  
This shit'll slow 'em down, I bet that  
Your up front dough and your six, bet that  
motherfucker

*[Foxy Brown]*

Sassy Fox some brick money, cop me a drop  
You know how I run it, 600, glassy top  
Rock the light gray wrist shit, flash them rocks

The red, the yellow, the green, causin' traffic stops  
Bitch please, never freeze, gonna blast the glock  
Then I show a little cleave' and breeze past the cops  
You talk slick but 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, cum all on your  
glands  
Shit, I'm in the V Twinz ballin' on you tramps  
Y'all hoes greasy, so I keep the bitch easy  
Rookie, fuck you know about glocks and pock' books?  
You know Na Na rock that shit, Pra-da that shit  
Es-ca that shit, Dolce Gabba that shit  
Hollow points, top that shit, fuck you 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 and ostrich shit, whoa!  
You know my style, I be spendin' they cash  
And I'll show their little dick some celebrity ass  
And get 'em a brick, I know what style to get them  
niggas shit real  
Well, fuck, I let 'em live and lick the tip of my shit  
To remind 'em of some rose petals, candles, and shit  
Or some hydro like the nigga grew a plant in my shit  
So that's what it is, that's why them hoes mad at my  
shit  
See my whilin' in the four-six, stylin' on they bum ass  
Goddess MC, y'all bitches is little Foxes  
I see my girls frontin', tossin' they little watches  
Cris? I pops it. Fuckin' a nigga topless  
Cats? I fouls on. Hoes? I styles on, nigga  
Wear y'all out then air y'all out  
Over here? Hustle from where, clear all out  
Shit, greyhound bitch, stay down bitch  
And y'all know Jigga sent me here to lay down shit  
I will spray y'all niggas, will waste y'all niggas  
Cause I fucked the nigga and paid y'all niggas  
Shit, what the fuck

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