

Foxy Brown "Big Bad Mama"

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Featuring Dru Hill]

[Foxy] Ahh Trackmasters

My boo

[Dru] Dru Hill Foxy

[Foxy] Right

[Dru] Ill na na na Na Na

[Foxy] Na Na uhh that's the shit

Verse One: Foxy Brown

Playa haters ery minute wanna stop my dough (uh huh)

And every other minute wanna rock my flow (you know)

And every third minute y'all wanna swerve in it

Come quick like a virgin in it... aowwww!

So far came through this year with no bra

Sheer shirt, shakin my Na Na, this head hurt

Got em strung, let em know I'm like a Icee

for the best effect you got to use your tongue

Find my G-Spot get me hot I'm ill

Foxy, chocolate baby, Got Milk?

Shake that ass like you just don't care

Cause y'all just rookies to begin, what?

Work niggaz, like you one of the live niggaz

Fly niggaz, known to handle a pie nigga

Chick in a off whit pearl six

on the cellular, gettin them open like Girl 6

It's on

Chorus: Dru Hill (with variations)

She's a bad mamma jamma

Just as Foxy as can be (as Foxy as can be)

Heyyy, she's a bad mamma jamma

Just as Foxy as can be (as Foxy as she can be)

Verse Two: Foxy Brown

Player haters ery minute wanna see your clothes (uh-huh)

Then every other minute wanna know what you drove (uhhh)

Then every third minute, wanna know if the fur's rented

That's why I got no time for hoes

It's the Brown Fox, surround blocks, sound nice

See me dressed, D-B-S, Brown rocks

See me just, play the low pro

Got these rap chicks in a chokehold, biotch!

Basically, you're wastin your time hatin me

I'm like one point five, got to make it three
My name will forever ring
Got em screamin "Damn Fox!" on erything, hell yeah
for the paper rip a hot draft
Only for the right dough shorty got that? Still in here
I'll be down when you're goin broke, Ill Na Na
Master Tracks like Tone and Poke, and it's on
Chorus
Verse Three: Foxy Brown
Playa haters ery minute wanna shit on wax (uh-huh)
Then every other minute talk behind your back (uh-huh)
Then every third minute wanna rock you Venice and
Bourbon
Nah I ain't got time for dat... that's why
I fakes no jacks, I got chips to gain
I'm like Bo Jack baby, I'm hip to the game
I know it well, rock Perotta over Chanel
A H-Class hoe with the H. Findel
Rhyme deep in footwear, via Spiga
Like Aaliyah, One in a Million
There's MC's in this rap shit comin in illin
like I did, laid the groundwork for five hits
Member when I told y'all first week out
Shipped a half a mil, niggaz freaked out
Love yourself, put no one above thee
Cause ain't nobody gon' fuck me like me, it's on
Chorus 2X
[Dru Hill sings a bunch of na na na's and YAHOO!'s

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