Foxy Brown "Oh Yeah"

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(feat. Spagga Benz)

I'm the most critically acclaimed, rap bitch in the game Coast to coast, stash the gat in holster girl Dark skinned, Christian Dior poster girl Mo' rockin Timbs bitch and the Gucci loafers girl Niggaz say I'm too pretty to spit rhymes this gritty Fuck y'all thought? Be dancin around in suits like I'm {Diddy}

Pretty, show niggaz how we run this city Respect my name, Boogie nigga, stay in ya lane Like The Hurricane, rains on bitches like Sugar Shane And dare one of y'all rappin chicks to mention Fox name

"What's Beef?" Beef is when bitches think it's sweet See y'all frontin in the streets and let my gat meet ya

Oh yea, We coming for you Oh yea, We coming for you

Check, uhh

It's like I'm in my own fuckin world, I speak how I feel
Sometimes I feel like I'm just too fuckin real
I love to stack riches, no disrespect y'all
I respect the rap game, but I don't fuck with rap bitches
I'm speakin from my heart
It's not that I'm too good, I'm just hood
Been like this from the fuckin start
Since I bust my gun in ninety-six
Y'all never see me flick up with them fake-ass chicks
Bitches smile up in your face, turn around and pop shit

You a industry bitch, I'm a in the streets bitch I might breeze through Prada, Chloe or Tiffs But, other than that it's just me and my six

Oh yea, We coming for you Oh yea, We coming for you

Oh yea, We coming for you Oh yea, We coming for you Oh yea, We coming for you Oh yea, We coming for you

I dream filthy My moms and pops mixed it with the Trini' rum and whiskey Uhh, proper set off Six sped off, gats let off, I speak calm Gangsta, and pours off like Screechie Don, bwoy Who y'all know rock Prada like Fox Pop bottles in the back of the cellar with Donatella Cartier wrist wear, Pasha Kay face Got niggaz stand in line just to get a sneak taste Act like y'all don't know I keeps gat beneath waist And like a hundred thou' each crib in each safe When Fox come through she have a gun in the place I'm like Marion Jones, what, who the FLUCK wan' race? Listen, never trippin, never catch Brown slippin Fuck, y'all only nice around mics like Pippen Shit, to all my thugs that's Blood'n or Crip'n I'm still shittin, still lowridin and switch-hittin nigga

Oh yea, We coming for you Oh yea, We coming for you

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