

## **Foxy Brown**

### **"Run Dem"**

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Whoa, a what de blood claat 'em fool 'em

Who the fuck told bitches they could do what I do?  
All of a sudden all y'all bitches got accents too?  
Bad gyal, bitches can't do the shit that I do  
Sometime a gal figure it cool

I tell a motherfucker this  
Some niggaz nowadays move worse than a bitch  
And as for this chick, me love bum flick on bad man  
dick so  
Got the pussy, I got the live fo'

I'm a grown ass bitch with my own ass shit  
Now hear dis and I wan' chat me a go bustin' a secret  
Y'all big botty man, ya have look man bottom  
Pussy watchman, you a trace gyal patton

Fuck who, niggaz wish they could fuck me  
Like they never seen a hot gyal act like we  
Big bumba claat star, push hot car  
Big hood, and love back way all day

The way my man fuck, can't even stand up  
And when he gets stiff it cum like ten dicks  
Take it through my hole right through my appendix  
I got a message, why don't ch'all motherfuckers sit on  
this?

From a puss hole, dis man we shot down  
If a fass hole fi dead man we back down  
If a gun shot fi bust man we clap down  
An if a riddim fi ride man we rock down

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Out of all the broads in the game, Fox is the baddest  
Picture me fuckin' with a nigga half my status  
Bad gal bust big gun and no wan' see me back it

Move ya bumba hole, bwoy gwon mind ya jacket

How dare y'all motherfuckers even spit my name  
Cool na man, 'fore I have you X'd out the game  
And tell dem all you young pussy like sugar cane  
And buck yat take beer owed by queer, oh dem where dat?

Bet you wish you lucked up, and got a quick nut  
Wouldn't fuck you if I was horny, or pissy ass drunk  
Lucky I don't fuck around and get you stuck up  
Waitin' outside your studio, collect your dub bucks

Bitch, fuck around and get that nigga gun buck  
Outsider fully loaded with the gun stashed up  
In front of Cactus, chrome fo' fifth  
And a bag of full clip for niggaz with loose lip

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How many times I got to let y'all bitches know I'm  
One of a kind, can't fuck with mines?  
See when Fox in the place, pure hotness a gwan  
When I bust wine we na watch ya face, gwan

Ya too fraud, sound ridiculous  
I'm the only trini bitch that can kick yard shit  
What you know about skin out and bruck out  
Like a bad gyal bunny hot style, pop pure style

Look at this wannabes comin' around me  
Sick of the fake G's tryin' to clown me  
Why these niggaz be tryin' to drown me?  
I'm tellin' you fools no one can bound me

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I I Inga I I Inga, Fox Brown, Baby Cham  
Look at this, on the beast  
Loo-loo-look at this, on the beast  
Come in the brown, ro-round me  
Ro-round me, fake niggas, fake niggas

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