

## Foxy Brown "We Makin' It"

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We Makin' It Lyrics

Artist(Band):Foxy Brown Review The Song (0)

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Intro:

Yo, turn me up

Verse 1 [Foxy]:

What ya'll know bout bangin' out?/ Till there's nothin' left stash box mag 4s all up in the dashboards/ Look, ya'll think we get this cash for?/ We gon' front till we die/ Throw that money in the sky homie/ I rock them Louis' ya'll know already/ But it's necessary I style in Burberry/ Young Fox I run hip-hop/ Niggas know them hits won't stop bet them clips will pop/ Bet I be in that big body Rover/ Frontin' hard in the squad L-V on them loafers/ I'm an ill bitch I styles like I'm supposed to/ Niggas in the pen gettin' right off my posters/ In the pearl white hatch back got my swagger back and I don't know how to act nigga/ My groove is on my team is strong/ Hey yo Gav please bring them motherfuckin' horns in

Chorus [Young Gavin]:

This is what we came to do/ Gettin' money playboy we ain't playin' wit' you/ Who the one that got the streets on lock/ Somebody better call the cops/ What we doin' huh?/ [Sung] We makin' it/ Fever hit/ Ya'll know it's Fox/ She keeps it hot

Verse 2 [Foxy]:

And I bring it to bitches for real/ Special delivery/ Five years strong and they still tryin' to get rid of me/ But I'm still here niggas/ I do this for Gav to keep them young boys runnin' through the ave/ Have the team

lookin' good I be's in the hood/ Dubs on the wheels and  
Bs on the hood/ Pop 50 bottles/ halo to Hollywood/ I'm  
so gutter Acki sweat suit with the hood/ Might flip it on  
these bitches and throw on the Plein Sud/ Wit a real  
good shoot lookin' real fuckin' good/ Start our her  
label, she'll never be able/ Now I styles on niggas and I  
turn the tables/ Now meetings with Kev and Lyor at the  
round table/ In a three-quarter butter brown Sable/ Ya'll  
niggas hustlin' deals and I'm still on the grind/ Tryin' to  
appeal still beatin' Russell for mils

(Chorus [Young Gavin])

Verse 3 [Foxy]:

Irate the weak movin' a brick in half a week/ And it's  
hard to eat in these Brooklyn streets/ The truth is you  
bitches only live in a booth/ I move big sixty deuce  
that's Prada goose nigga/ Throw our money out our  
prowler roof I'm about to tightin' the noose they talkin'  
loose/ Man, me and Gav in them Lacs, Tyson's bout to  
get them belts back/ Brooklyn's back nigga

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