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Foxy Brown "Yeah"

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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 Oh yea, we coming for you

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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

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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 Oh yea, we coming for you

Oh yea, we coming for you Oh yea, we coming for you Oh yea, we coming for you

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