

## **Freddie Foxxx "Rough Enough"**

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Yo  
Y'all  
Y'all!  
Drop that, man

Yeah  
On a gangsta tip  
Freddie Foxxx in the house  
You know what I'm sayin?  
Rollin with the Flava  
We gon' set it off like this  
Check it out

On the one...

Let me hear you say  
Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go  
(Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go)  
Yo, let me hear you say  
Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go, come on  
(Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go)

(Get on the mic and get rough)--> KRS-One

[ VERSE 1 ]

I'm back again to wreck mics and threat the mic-holder  
I'm still hardcore gettin mines, like I told ya  
I still keep a gun on my waistline, clip in a fat rhyme  
Shoot you in the chest with the tec, in the head with the  
nine  
You rappers can't swing the Freddie Foxxx style  
Man, I make the softest nigga think he's buckwild  
I never won a Grammy, never made a hit  
But everytime a rapper get on stage with Freddie  
Foxxx, he get his ass whipped  
I break em down daily  
My voice so ill, I make Barry White sound like Philip  
Bailey  
You rappers don't faze me with the rough talk  
Boy, you better back up and pack up  
Before I load the mack up  
I swing with the mic, and zhigge-zhigge-zhig it right

And beat you rappers down that just can't speak it right  
I been a ruffneck since I was a baby, ask my mama  
When I got out, it was just for bringin niggas drama  
So set up the beef, I bust it down  
And guarantee the opposition never see the 2nd round  
And by the end of the song, you're in a trap  
Screamin in the crowd, "Freddie Foxxx, bust a rap!"

(Rough)

(Get on the mic and get rough)

[ VERSE 2 ]

A lotta rappers try to front like they're rougher than  
they really are  
But you're just a booty-ass nigga with a nice car  
I bet the girls just like you cause they seen you on the  
video  
You wanna meet a real live nigga, here we go, hoe  
First I teach you not to talk back, teach you to be loyal  
Show her that my gangsta style's above royal  
Teach her bout the murder game, so she'll never hate  
it  
Then hit her with a .380 snub-nose nickel plated  
See, ladies know the only thing that I like is my gun and  
my mic  
A piece of ass, and a good fight  
I'm still knockin niggas out, ain't nothin changed, gee  
My bodyguards hold me back when there's beef  
So understand the Militant Mack will never switch up  
A lotta y'all talk behind my back, but in my face y'all  
bitch up  
Yo baby boy, hold me down  
While I go inside a sucker nigga's house and bust a  
couple of rounds  
It's like the nigga in white that'll blast you in daylight  
And stand there till the cops come and fight  
And even if they lock me in jail, I be aight  
I do a lotta push-up's, and kill a lotta mice in the night  
But once they let me go  
You suckers better know  
I hit my stash  
Then I'm comin for that ass

Yeah

Flippin it on the one  
For the Flavor  
We gon' set it off hardcore like this  
Let me hear you say  
Rip it Fox-o, rip it Fox-o rip it  
(Rip it Fox-o, rip Fox-o rip it)

Yo, let me hear you say  
Rip it Fox-o, rip it Fox-o rip it, come on  
(Rip it Fox-o, rip Fox-o rip it)  
Let me hear you say  
Break, Fox-o, break Fox-o break  
(Break Fox-o, break Fox-o break)

(Get on the mic and get rough)

[ VERSE 3 ]

I like to cruise through Brooklyn in my old Buick Regal  
And right on my left my .45 Desert Eagle  
Say what's up to my boys still rappin on the corner  
They want me to hang, but I'm solo, I don't wanna  
Check it, I knock boots like a superstar  
Girls know who they are  
My name ain't Bobby Brown  
Girl, I'm humpin around  
So you see Freddie Foxxx, girl, you wanna get laid  
My name ain't Aaron Hall, girl, you better be afraid  
I jump inside your ass like I was Johnny Meat  
And do the Sweet-Dick-Willie to a fat beat  
I hump you gangster style, and turn you out  
Went through all the positions that the girls love to talk  
about  
I have you strung out, hopin that we blow up  
Waitin for me all day, but I never show up  
Because the mic is my first love, it'd never leave  
I stick a mic in a rapper's ass and make him bleed  
I'm Mr. Nice Lyrical Style, Freddie Foxxx, did it  
Stamina Daddy, freak the funk, girl, don't forget it  
So next time you see me killin on the ave., baby  
With a hoodie and a .45 mag, baby  
Don't play me close, cause it's beef and I'm on a  
mission  
I'm huntin down the fox, so baby listen

Yeah, you know the flavor, baby  
And before we slide  
We gon' do it on the ill, knowmsayin?  
One for the road, and we gon' set it off like this  
On the one  
Check this out

Let me hear you say  
Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go  
(Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go)  
Yo, let me hear you say  
Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go, come on  
(Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go)  
Yo, let me hear you say

Rip it Fox-o, rip it Fox-o rip it, come on  
(Rip it Fox-o, rip Fox-o rip it)  
Let me hear you say  
Break, Fox-o, break Fox-o break  
(Break Fox-o, break Fox-o break)  
(Get on the mic and get rough)

You know the Flava, you soft-ass nigga  
Whenever you see me, back the fuck up  
Or might catch one in the forehead  
Punk  
Peace

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