

Funkmaster Flex

"Freestyle - Foxy Brown & Pretty Boy"

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Intro: Pretty Boy (Foxy Brown)

Yo (uh huh)
Don Pooh (yeah) '97 (uhh)
Hah (Firm) Pretty Boy '97 (new shit)
Fox Boogie '97 (Fox)
Yeah (uh yeah) Funkmaster Flex (yeah)
Yeah Brook-lyn yo

Verse One: Pretty Boy

20 foot ceilings with that rough leather sofa
Gucci loafers, spendin' weeks at the Stofa
Motels makin' slow Moe's turnin' L's
With Towana, fuckin' in the sauna
Pretty Boy steady blowin' backs out
And if your man front, gotta pull the gat out
Now he laid out, cause I sprayed out
Pussy Clyde on the played out
Over some ass, you DOA'd out
Ya'll can play in the low Inkeim houses
While I got the crib and the Benz one thousand

Verse Two: Foxy Brown

Tight like Dee Dee, offi-cal
Demi Sec plays, I lays and shakes the ass all day
Lay low, in the cream cheese Bently
And shake those, artifi-cal
I'm Dom P, she was Fay yo
Five carats to lay low, E-D
Type speedy, you see me, I'm straight 3-D
You PD, and why, you straight semi
I'm semie, on the Medi, CK-1 and fakes none, da da
Yo Flex, word on the street is uh, you set that mix tape
shit straight
Let me bless that, priMadonna of rap
Black and Philipine, well up to Brooklyn
And my muthafuckin' Firm team
What up baby boys, it's love
Keep it cocked, Firm chill, your rap princess got it
locked

And uh, see the, rap star, mama seita
My 9 maticle greater, lit it up like cheeber
It's our world, what you think
To make it real simple, we do what ya'll can't, point
blank, uhh

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