

## Brooke Valentine

# "Irlfight - Remix F/da Brat,miss B,& Remy"

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Its about to be a... girlfight  
REMIX  
Hey, sendin this out to all the girl  
That got beef with another bitch  
Just walk up to that bitch and tell her  
Whatcha tell her??

I don't fight..  
I don't argue..  
I just hit that chick with a bottle

I don't fight..  
I don't argue..  
I just hit that chick with a bottle

[Chorus]  
It's a bout to be a what??... GIRLFIGHT  
We bout to throw them bows  
We bout to swing them thangs  
We bout to throw them bows  
We bout to swing them thangs  
It's about to be a what??... GIRLFIGHT

[Verse 1 : Miss B]  
I hit that chick wit a bottle  
I hit her full throttle  
Didn't think I could do it  
Cause I look like a model  
I'm so impossible  
Originated for girlfights  
The first to leave a heffa in the hospitol  
That's me, YUP! Ms B  
Ms. bottle action  
I swear you heffas can't see me  
Ya'll can't never take me and insinuate me  
Turn around and bite me, and try to demonstrate me  
Huh?  
How bout I slap ya, and hit ya with one of these  
Punch ya homie in the mouth with a handful of rings  
Don't need no help, I can do it myself  
Had a clique full of girls, now you all by yourself  
YEAAAAHH....

You all alone, you ain't said one word  
Think security gonna stop it? I'll just flip them a bird  
What? You gotta beef baby, I tell ya, we can cook it  
Put ya dukes up bitch, you wanna fight we can do it

[Chorus]

We bout to throw them bows  
We bout to swing them thangs  
We bout to throw them bows  
We bout to swing them thangs  
It's about to be a what??... GIRLFIGHT

[Verse 2 : Da Brat]

Slit ya throat to the meat, bitch if you got beef  
And that's food for thought, so my pits can eat  
If I gotta fight the girl  
Im snatchin out her curls  
Ima catch that hoe around the corner  
Beat her tushy earl  
And let her world cave in, like her face  
No body know I done it, cause I left no trace  
Im a bad motha fucka, chi-town my home base  
Brooke diggin in yo ass, Happy Valentines Day  
Do what I say, lay lay lay, my knuckles on ya jaw  
You won't never get a witness sayin what they saw  
I ain't tryin to be no victim, you wanna cross that line  
I leave a bitch leakin blood, like it's period time  
Got that old skool in me like tampax  
You can't leave home without my CD like air-max  
I throw them bows left to right  
I'm So So Def-a-like legendary like Like Mike Biiiottch!

[Chorus]

We bout to throw them bows  
We bout to swing them thangs  
We bout to throw them bows  
We bout to swing them thangs  
It's about to be a what??... GIRLFIGHT

1, 2 meet me outside

[Verse 3: Remy Martin]

Look, if you really wanna get it poppin  
I can act like I ain't got a album droppin  
But, you the type to talk shit  
Get ya ass whipped  
And then go call the cops  
Whose accuse in the process of gettin it started  
Filin all types of reports sayin you got robbed  
Now that ain't gangsta  
And you ain't gangsta

Matter fact, your whole motha fuckin crew is wankstas  
Im tellin you, you don't really want it with me  
I don't know how to act, Remy'll OD  
I be camped out, waitin at ya J-O-B  
Wit my hair in 2 braids  
Face, vaseline  
And my squad know the plan before we start thumpin  
Even if I'm winnin, we call gon jump in  
Talkin wreckless  
No hired protection  
And we still walkin round them metal detectors

[Chorus]

We bout to throw them bows  
We bout to swing them thangs  
We bout to throw them bows  
We bout to swing them thangs  
It's about to be a what??... GIRLFIGHT

I'm poppin 1 heffa, 2 heffas, 3 heffas, 4

If that chick with her, watch her watch her hit the flo

I don't fight  
I don't argue

I just hit that chick with a bottle

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