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Acid Bath "Foxxy Brown"

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Ladies and gentlemens.. all the way live.. from the Q Al' Tariq, look, look

I'm round 135th, thirty-three thirty-three Cuz-o crib, where all them greasy dirties be Niggaz, gettin them evil papes and it don't matter whether you brother or sister take you out fo' the batter AIGHT? So check the scene, we in front of the build' Me, Spud and Berg tossin grills hittin Phil's and then out of nowhere, look what I see steppin in our direction Body definitely kept in

the best shape that's possible, and yo it's probable that I could bag her, I'm fiendin to have her I tap her, what's yo' name lovely?

Body's bone-crushin, some Pam Grier shit and right there

she started blushin so you know how I'm thinkin peep the drama

We gon' slide up to my crib and continue like some karma(?)'s

black momma, not no white momma, I got the right momma

Got this sexy brown momma

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

"I want a down hoe, a Foxxy Brown hoe, I want a down hoe.."

"She sho' is BAD!"

"I want a down hoe, a Foxxy Brown hoe, I want a down hoe.."

"She sho' is BAD!"

[Al' Tariq]

Look, I was like the Mack, to her Foxxy Brown Cotton Comes to Harlem gettin this money Uptown "Showtime at the Apollo," games up at the Rutgers All eyes on, we just some fly muh'fuckers Got these suckers live in fear we like three the hard way

Me Fox and cuz-o Spud we just feed the hard way Just creamin all day, plus my clan's all in it

We not just tryin to run it, nigga we tryin to win it And since we killin in it, you know here come the leaches

Lookin fo' they share, blowin shit like some speakers But my boo is my keeper, you know she gon' protect me

Ms. Cleopatra Jones, she never let 'em get me She never let 'em sweat me, keep the joint nearby Cause of my Fox Brown all these niggaz fear I All hail Tariq and the long black missus Breakin niggaz off and just handlin our business Foxxy Brown

[Chorus]

[Al' Tariq]

Now look - here comes the scandal, to crush my empire Make my empire, burn with the fire from the joint cuz-o hits the deck
Now look at that, they just left the fam wet
I get the soldiers, round up the posse
We on some Panther shit, fuck Gucci and Gotti
Fuck a Maseratti, we up in the Land
Now I'm out here at war and Fox is at my right hand
Do some "Black Ceasar" shit throw a nigga in the trunk
with the rats got the bats, in case he alive when we get
back

Now how's that for a twist on the story
Me and this hot thang goin down with the glory
Steady puffin lye gettin "Cooley High" we never die
Blow up the high, niggaz scheme but never try,
"Superfly"
Fo' the nine-ohs and eight-five-ohs
Me and my bitch, now that's just how the shit goes

[Chorus]

Fox Brown

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