

## Judy Torres

### "Foxy's Bells"

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Fox Boogie Brown is bad as hell  
Battle anybody I don't care if you tell  
I excel, they all fell  
Suited in Chanel, Fox Brown will rock the bells

C'mon, uhh, rock bells, ill  
The Firm, c'mon, ride along baby  
Whattup Da Da, yo!

Me and my Firm benos, rhyme to the death  
The mahogany Mami, and shine like Pledge  
Wouldn't suggest you try me, verses like Guillani  
What? I hurt it on purpose like Bonnie  
From the bottom to the T-O, P we flow  
C.O.D., Cash On Delivery  
Foxy ery-body watch me now  
Got these rap cats mad can't stop me now  
See the slanted eyes rise when I knock thee down  
I got one question for y'all, haha, Papi how?  
We don't playa hate we regulate in this camp  
Y'all do whatcha can, we do what y'all can't  
Amazing like Luther once the beat's looped up  
Rock the bi-dells and tore your whole group up  
It's Ill like Na Na when it feel like drama  
boy, me and the click roll tight like ganja  
See me Primadonna, breakin the nails  
Here come the game of game, to get the cake and we  
bail  
Know you tryin to get the picture but the frame is frail  
We gettin richer, you wish you ran game this well  
Rock the bells, uhh

Some players like it, and some of them don't  
Cause I make a lot of cash and they girlfriends won't  
Fox brawl swing in Hell gonna rock the bells  
All you other MC's can't do this well, rock the bells  
Rock the bells, uhh

From the, true borough, the B-K too thorough  
Down in D.C., Touch Me Tease Me baby  
C'mon, you know the tracks I get dumb on

Can't front on me, playa haters the Sun on  
I regulate, Dan-non, down to Ra-mon  
I swung on hits y'all couldn't get run on  
Brown baby uhh, I been chromed out  
This ain't nuttin new parked Benz on out  
And I flows like, CK One  
Somethin in they hoes like, she fakes none, aight  
I'm the quintessential, mistress of the instrumental  
Y'all could Wait to Exhale, I'ma vent a little  
Set It Off like Jada, robbin the bank  
I got this money thing covered, from the dollar to the  
franc  
The pounds to the pence, it's like hustlin backwards  
Nuttin y'all said made a ounce of sense  
My moves be calculated, documented  
No matter what you sell, I got you in a minute  
Take a lot at your charts, watch me climb  
Turn it upside down, six digits to nine  
Inside out got reversable rhymes  
We could go pop widdit or run the block widdit  
Never before done til The Firm did it  
If it ain't for the paper then nah we not with it  
Got to stay driven so we can stay drivin  
Boom to my whole crew, gotta pull a diamond  
See me lookin hot in the crop Tercel  
Gettin richer, you wish you ran game this well  
Rock the bells  
Uhh, is it raw  
Uhh, uh-huh, to the core, uhh  
I'ma give it to ya raw, give your more, uhh  
Uh-huh, like that, yeah, c'mon, rock the bells  
Rock the bells  
Rock the bells  
Rock the bells

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