

Cartoons

"Hood Scriptures"

Visit "[Hood Scriptures](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Foxy Brown]

HEY, you're 'bout to hear the most incredible shit ever written

Hard spittin', cigar splittin'

PRAY, to your god and to them words in the Biblical scriptures

Critical bitch must, flow to the shit that just fit her

RODE, with the best auto that money can buy me

The best damn mami, Def Jam signed me

HOES, you know they'll never compare to my status

Nothin' matters, I'm the fuckin' baddest see

FAME, is worth it if you got money to match it

I'm hotter than acid and don't even practice

GAME, guess I got it at birth from my momma

Ill Na Na, real drama, see I

BALL, til' I can't or I'm covered by maggots

I straight spaz it and let y'all have it

BLAOW!

[Chorus 2X: Ragheb Alameh] + (translation)

Zahran ana wahdee (My love, I'm so lonely)

leelah warra leelah (Night after night, my hand is on my cheek)

u meen gheyrak ashkeelah? (And who excepting you should I tell you so?)

{Foxy Brown} Hey... I'm speakin to the hood!

[Foxy Brown]

SPLURGE, when I'm gettin' my money it's nothin'

Always bussin', flows is disgustin'

WOAH, I'm constantly multiplying my digits

Fox the richest, please no pictures

ONES, that I be countin' be keepin' me smilin'

We out wildin', shout to the island!

DUN, I keep it gangsta for all of my soldiers

It's so over, keep y'all composure

STYLE, when we want and we love when they hate us

Don't debate us, flow's not contagious

FOUL, we can be if y'all niggas provoke us

Buenos noches, do not approach us

FLOSS, til the law say I can't or I'm finished

Pour the Guinness, I'm a straight menace!
BLAOW!

[Chorus]

[Foxy Brown]

KNOW, what I built I ain't tryin' to mess up
Barbie dressed up, you're just my successor
WHOA, I hear your company's holdin' that budget
I always thug it hood for the public
BENZ, my CREAM material's iller than average
Lots of baggage, shopping savage and my
FANS, say that my album is close to a classic
They don't, gas it, y'all gots to have it
SHOES, got to be Christian or Gucci or Prada
Who could stop her, ain't a bitch, hotter
LOSE, you always will when you go against Foxy
Wrist, rocky, y'all bitches watch me
RISE, til they kill me I'm ballin' and spending
Laws I'm bendin' til my life is endin', now!
BLAOW!

[Chorus]

Visit [Cartoons](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.