

## Mack 10

### "You Ain' Seen Nothin' Yet"

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(feat. Foxy Brown, Jermaine Dupri)

[JD talking (Foxy Brown)]

(Uh.) Did y'all expect us?

(No no.) Bitches, can y'all get naked?

(That's right!)

[JD]

Uh, y'all know me, and the dough I see

Fa so la ti, it's chi chi

Ladies wanna hold me, get to know me

Talks to each it, wanna sleep with it

Simplisticness keeps me hot, while y'all stress

Tryin to see the top stop, everything drop so

Everything drop platinum or gold and the whole world  
know

I'm that playboy J, doin it my way like Usher

And I don't feel bad when I crush ya

Like blush ya, style big ball, I'ma hit y'all

With shit that's gon make niggas forget y'all

You feel me dog? I'm a C-H-I, multi

And I live and die for the whole pie

You can call it what you want, I'm a motherfuckin vet

[Hook:] [Mack 10] (JD) {Foxy Brown} X 2

(And ain't none a y'all seen nothin yet!)

It's that platinum shit, that's all we get

So let it be known that it's all for real

{And all we about is them dollar dollar bills!}

[Foxy Brown]

You know that Na Na got the heater shit

That uh, everybody wanna eat her shit

Niggas talkin about they six wanna see this shit

Knowin half a y'all broads wanna be this bitch

>From NY to the west side, motherfuckers keep me in  
the best ride

38 chest size, ain't fuckin less I come off

With like 30 G's easy once the nigga dead off

Shit, never trust shit, I gives a fuck

I'm a ring finger rock chick, straight lock bitch

And everything I rocks with  
Either pops shit or fuck a nigga topless, y'all hoes finky  
Got to bank this to even see me half naked  
Like the black Susan Lucci, stiletto pumps, Gucci  
Ridiculous ice, tag me, million dollar price  
Stay frontin, y'all cats ain't seen nothin

[Hook x2]

[Mack 10 (Foxy Brown)]

I push a six feet drop, red and pallamino  
And keep the semi glock, where ever me go  
I stay ruger ready, or either Smith & Wesson  
And burn hearts, like they indigested it if I'm tested  
So where you wanna meet at playa, over here?  
I'll be the one with all the ice on in the surplus gear  
Plus I'll tell you what's real, so uh, baby listen  
Put your shades on when you peep the Lex cuz the  
baugettes glisten  
(I want the whole three dozen  
And with that drama, biz)  
Well it all depends on how ill your na na is  
Can you go O-T with a few and a gun?  
But can you cook it with the whoop and make two outta  
one?  
Now you can be up in the west and do it my way  
Or hit the homie JD in Atlanta, GA  
Wanna ball well let's bounce, get the heat and the scale  
Now Mack and Fox Boogie got dope to sell

[Hook x2]

[Mack 10: talking]

The Hoo Banger, Mack 10.  
The Ill Na Na, Foxy Brown.  
And the homie JD, the don chi chi.  
We got the Recipe, break it down.

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