

Cham) by Foxy Brown

"Run Dem"

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Whoa

A wha de blood claat dem fool dem

Who the fuck told bitches they could do what I do
And all of a sudden all y'all bitches got accents too
Bad gyal, bitches can't do the shit that I do
Sometime a gal figure it cool - hoo hoo hoo hoo; whoa
I tell a motherfucker this
Some niggaz nowadays move worse than a bitch
Ans as for this chick, me love bum flick on bad man
dick so
Got the pussy; I got the live fo'
I'm a grown ass bitch with my own ass shit
Now heat dis and I wan' chat me a go BUSTIN a secret
Y'all big bot-ty man, ya have look man bottom
Pussy watchman, you a trace gyal patton
Fuck who, niggaz wish they could fuck me
Like they never seen a hot gal act like we
Big bumba claat star, push hot car
Big hood, and love back way all day
And the way my man fuck, can't even stand up
And when he gets stiff it cum like ten dicks
Take it through my hole right through my appendix
I got a message; whydontch'all motherfuckers sit on
this?

From a puss hole, dis man we shot down
If a fass hole fi dead man we back down
If a gun shot fi bust man we clap down
An if a riddim fi ride man we rock down

Out of all the broads in the game, Fox is the baddest
Picture me fuckin with a nigga half my status
Bad gal bust big gun and no wan' see me back it
Move ya bumba hole, bwoy gwon mind ya jacket
How dare y'all motherfuckers even spit my name
Cool na man, 'fore I have you X'd out the game
And tell dem all you young pussy like sugar cane
And buck yat take beer owed by queer, oh dem where
dat?
Bet you wish you lucked up, and got a quick nut

Wouldn't fuck you if I was horny, or pissy-ass drunk
Lucky I don't fuck around and get you stuck up
Waitin outside your studio, collect your dub bucks
Bitch - fuck around and get that nigga gun buck
Outsider fully loaded with the gun stashed up
In front of cactus, chrome fo'-fifth
And a bag of full clip for niggaz with loose lip - FIYAH

How many times I got to let y'all bitches know I'm
one of a kind, can't fuck with mines
See when Fox in the place, pure hotness a gwan
when I bust wine we na watch ya face, gwan
Ya too fraud, sound ridiculous
I'm the only Trini bitch that can kick yard shit, FIYAH
that can kick yard shit FIRE
What you know about skin out and bruck out
Like a bad gyal bunny hot style, pop pure style

Look at this wannabe's comin around me
Sick of thes fake G's tryin to clown me
Why these/you niggaz be tryin to drown me
I'm tellin you fools no one can bound me

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