

## **Foxy Brown & Dru Hill**

### **"Big Bad Mama"**

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Fox] Ahh, Trackmasters  
My boo  
[Dru] Dru Hill, Foxy  
[Fox] Right  
[Dru] Ill na na na, Na Na  
[Fox] Na Na, uhh, that's the shit

#### Verse One: Foxy Brown

Playa haters ery minute wanna stop my dough (uh-huh)  
And every other minute wanna rock my flow (you know)  
And every third minute, y'all wanna swerve in it  
Come quick like a virgin in it... aowwww!  
So far, came through this year with no bra  
Sheer shirt, shakin my Na Na, this head hurt  
Got em strung, let em know I'm like a Icee  
for the best effect you got to use your tongue  
Find my G-Spot get me hot I'm ill  
Foxy, chocolate baby, Got Milk?  
Shake that ass like you just don't care  
Cause y'all just rookies to begin, what?  
Work niggaz, like you one of the live niggaz  
Fly niggaz, known to handle a pie nigga  
Chick in a, off white pearl sticks  
on the cellular, gettin them open like Girl 6  
It's on

#### Chorus: Dru Hill (with variations)

She's a bad mamma jamma  
Just as Foxy as can be (as Foxy as can be)  
Heyyy, she's a bad mamma jamma  
Just as Foxy as can be (as Foxy as she can be)

#### Verse Two: Foxy Brown

Player haters ery minute wanna see your clothes (uh-huh)  
Then every other minute wanna know what you drove (uhhh)  
Then every third minute, wanna know if the fur's rented

That's why I got no time for hoes  
It's the Brown Fox, surround blocks, sound nice  
See me dressed, D-B-S, Brown rocks  
See me just, play the low pro  
Got these rap chicks in a chokehold, biotch!  
Basically, you're wastin your time hatin me  
I'm like one point five, got to make it three  
My name will forever ring  
Got em screamin "Damn Fox!" on erything, hell yeah  
for the paper rip a hot draft  
Only for the right dough shorty got that? Still in here  
I'll be down when you're goin broke, Ill Na Na  
Master Tracks like Tone and Poke, and it's on

Chorus

Verse Three: Foxy Brown

Playa haters ery minute wanna shit on wax (uh-huh)  
Then every other minute talk behind your back (uh-huh)  
Then every third minute wanna rock you Venice and  
Bourbon  
Nah I ain't got time for dat... that's why  
I fakes no jacks, I got chips to gain  
I'm like Bo Jack baby, I'm hip to the game  
I know it well, rock Perotta over Chanel  
A H-Class hoe with the H. Findel  
Rhyme deep in footwear, via Spiga  
Like Aaliyah, One in a Million  
There's MC's in this rap shit comin in illin  
like I did, laid the groundwork for five hits  
Member when I told y'all first week out  
Shipped a half a mil, niggaz freaked out  
Love yourself, put no one above thee  
Cause ain't nobody gon' fuck me like me, it's on

Chorus 2X

Dru Hill sings a bunch of na na na's and YAHOO!'s

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