

Foxy Brown F/ Baby, Loon, Noreaga, Young Gav "Stylin'"

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REEEEMMIXXX!!

[Baby]
Boss, I see you there!
I see you Mike! I see you Roy!
Keep your hands up nigga keep fightin

[Foxy Brown]
Remix

[Verse 1 - Baby]
Mami, boss nigga, boss bitch
Boss whips with boss chips
Drive Escalade on boss blades
Sitten on them twenty-tre's
and thats on some stop and go's
When I pull up the car stop the rims still flow's
Picture me rollin like this
Burberry, Gucci, interior so slick
Me and Foxy with the matchip whips
That Benz, that Bently, Lambourgini luxury shit
I red carpet my bitch
Bought her up to Jacob and laced my bitch
I bought a 99 Hummer
Fuck that I got 99 bundles
Nigga life is a hustle
Fuck that little daddy, life is a struggle!

[Chorus]
[Foxy:]
Its necessary we styles in Burburrry
And our walk is mean in them Frankie B. jeans boy
Its necessary we stays in Burburrry
And a Mark Jacob bag and a H-Tod shoe (Whoo)
[Noreaga:]
Its necessary we smoke the blueberry
and we pop that Louie thirteen with our team boy
Its necessary we rock the Sean John
With a nice throwback and some Air Force Ones

[Verse 2 - Noreaga]

See, all that ain't nothin we at the bar frontin
Its necessary I smokes that blueberry
When I do white liquor I do it with cranberry
Niggas fall off top and look at they fans worried
But uhh, see I don't care bout nothin no more
I used to act like I like you, I ain't frontin no more
We used to lay up in the park, Dump buckets of raw
Now I hope you die slow, plus a nigga thats poor
See snakes I can't deal with
Fools they can't build with
Stupid, get shot in the foot and get and then killed in
But still niggas doubt my name
I move slow like Ozzy Osbourne with a cane
Ghetto tabernacle, and still buckin at your adam's
apple
All I do is get high and drink Snapple (what?)
I either coupe it or I lay in the truck
Check SoundScan this time you stupid fucks

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Young Gav]

Ay yo this party ain't poppin till I pop in
Cause you niggas ain't poppin like I'm poppin
That cris shit, that ain't nothin
Ay yo try some of THIS shit now you frontin
This bottle is worth green
(What's that?) Louie the thirteenth
(Got what?) Got it for thirteen
Cam got the liquor store
(Where's the weed) Rugs to get the raw
(I know we in there free) My man bout to get the door
Stand there zip ya jaw
We gon' party tonight
If push come to shove we catch a body tonight
No gray goose get loose with bacardi tonight
Just make sure everybody aight
Check it out we got the bar over here
The starts over here
Niggas that push brand new cars every year
Young Gav, world known from here to Rome
Just call me the young Sean Combs, Homes

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Loon]

We push Bentley Azure's, Rock Christian Dior velours,
I'm not in the mood for Cris anymore,
Bottles of ?, I sip and I pour,
Chicks on the floor, They like Loon aint got hits

anymore,
Picture me for, Picture my wall, No extra plaque,
Like beef no extra gat,
If you need I'll molest a track, 50 g's nothin' less than
that,
Nigga please I'm the best at that,
The rest you cats, Its best you rap,
If its a need for you dress like that,
I dont stress you cats, That made your doe of haze and
hoes,
Knowin' that I made my doe of shavin' o,
Now I'm poolside, Bathin' robe,
2 Mayalasian hoes, All due to my lazy flow,
Young boy got crazy doe, Blow crazy dro,
But I'm just here to let the ladies know, Uh

[Chorus]

[Verse 5 - Foxy Brown]

[Foxy Singing:] Ill Nana, Cash Money
See I got that swagger back and I ain' knowin how to
act
Dunnie chill! I show you how to do this hunnie
We our own twistin our hip Nautica blue bunny
Now, brown Bently, we Brooklyn bound
Bet when I come through your town I be burburried
down
Thats my word, y'all bitches got nerve
Like my shows don't send these hoes straight to the
stores, Now
What the fuck y'all bitches screwin me for?
I mean, why bother you only make my style harder
I hit stunner like what up with the rucka what up?
Bring your toys here show em that they boy here
Catch me throwin somethin down from (?)
In a Mark Jacob bag or little somethin from (?)
Get em to daaance, bust a dance
In your H-Tod bag and your Frankie B pants

[Chorus]

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