

Foxy Brown F/ Pretty Boy

"Talk To Me"

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[Pretty Boy]

Yo, tell Foxy to hold all that down

Aight, hold on

[Foxy]

Uhh, that's cool

First bitch, what

[Foxy Brown]

There ya'll bitches go, straight yappin' again

Oh the TV show fucked up, got you rappin' again

Ya'll bitches is scared now, got you rhymin' from the heart now

Been talkin' shit, what the fuck you wanna start now

Mad cause he Pretty

Seent ya fruity ass straight starin' at my titties

Spendin' chips to get me, who me!

Strickly dickly, fucks wit' no chicks

Only the thuggest cats, with the, stiffest dicks

Picture this, ya'll broke bitches wanna see me diss ya'll

Just to get ya'll rich, never

It's simple shit, this little navigator

Little high heeled gators, be gettin' you sick

What the fuck is this

Ain't ya'll bitches supposed to be CEO's, and actresses, whoa

See this dough, this bomb ass face in this

Pretty roll in this, heavy dough

Don't ya'll chicks know, I inherit from the best

My nigga Jay, so you feelin' the rest

Bnnie and Clyde, bitch!

You don't worry bout this, he like this

The way the shit mines, just look at your wrist

Why is she even trippin' off this half ass shit

We rockin' stadiums, splittin' half that shit

He like, huh, here go the keys, go flash that shit

Matter fact, take this birck, and go stash that shit

That's right, I'm bare foot

On the stage with the look

Now you clones, dick ridin' my throne

I'ma let ya'll hoes know, for the first and last time

I'm on that Brooklyn shit, and I'm takin' what's mine
Yeah, now you made, ain't no royalties left?
Hah, I'll show you royalty
Dead on your royalty, uhh
I'ma stay talkin' about gettin' proper
Yeah, bitch, I said it
I'ma dress dress royal
Talk to me...

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