

Foxy Brown F/ Kid Capri

"Notorious B.I.G. & Da Lox Freestyle"

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[Funkmaster Flex]

Yeah, you know I had to get Bad Boy up on this piece
You know I had to get Bad Boy up on this piece!
Big shot to my man Puff Daddy, Notorious B.I.G., one
time!

[Styles]

I'd rather not breathe than snitch
And I love my niggaz not my bitch, Lox pop the clip
Hit the rap game what's the dope name
I be a ?chick? named ?Lo Kane?, tellin ma I take her on
my own fame
Movin with, entrepreneurs, from the law
Coke sniffin bitches hold the fort it's off the wall
Back to reality my mentality is fatality
Niggaz makin way over they salary
I think way out, like a fifty state lay-out
Dubs me enough in one city to have it spray out
Cartels bring in they coke, havin a weigh out
Kinpins is crowned, blunts is lit
Aiyyo Styles from the streets so a cell ain't shit
Jail ain't shit, God'll just teach me quick
If they put me in a cell then my ghost'll drift
Hold my inf, feel my soul give me the strength

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Pop the gat, aim squeeze precisely
Where them niggaz at? Them feds are sheisty
See the problem's that, you way too nice please
Where that coke at? Fuck where it might be
Don't be like me, hard-headed, extroverted
When my gun burn, much hotter than sunburn
You got one turn, I suggest you show
me the stash to the cash and the blow, yo
Wherever I go, my crew, is true to swarm
Got stripes in New York like Yankee uniforms
When I was born, I know I make the world darker
The age of fifteen, tote gats, quick to spark ya
Like Bob Barker, if The Price is Right
Lay your ass down for spite, anybody aight?

Went from eatin no frills cereals with food stamps
to Armani materials, coppin Rembrandts

[Jadakiss]

I got cats to spray for me, honeys that pay for me
Money that lay for me, mami, pray for me
Cats that spray for me, honeys that pay for me
Money that lay for me, mami, pray for me

[Shiek]

Uhh, uhh, talkin to me doin shit for you, try God
Cause after, runnin your cabbage you as good as
retard
Mr. Big Style, too cool, I did this to you
Whirlpool maxin, lounge to the end
Elevator, next stop, Tony and LaFrenz
While y'all still fuckin with them twins from Flatte
Somehow Vegas, tryin to strip Stacy Dash
Fuck police talk black I'm the SHIT in New York
Too many supercops nigga, you can have these blocks
And these hoes, with them cheap ass Parasucos
Get some new clothes, then I let you front in my
Porsche
And give Jay head, til your squeaky voice turns hoarse

[Jadakiss]

Four minutes and twenty five seconds to your end
You know it be the kiss, grantin your last wish
Everybody wanna know who The Lox is
Cause we ain't spittin nuttin out but that hot shit
Burnin trees, sippin mo', eatin lobsters
Up in the oriental joint, usin chopsticks
Soon we gonna rock gators, hit bitches from Barbados
Then all y'all players gonna hate us
Cause everything we do stay gettin overlooked
Now y'all be shook cause you dealin with real crooks
I can't lie for a while y'all cats was on us
But now, if you can't beat us, join us
We tryin to blow lye with the Sultan of Brunei
In it for the cheddar, Gucci slip-ons and sweaters
Black In-5 with the headers
Andrew Mark be the leathers, mob hats with the
feathers
Whatever, Goodfellas, uhh

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