

Mobb Deep F/ 112

"You Ain't Seen Nothin"

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[JD talking] (Foxy Brown)
(Uh.) Did y'all expect us?
(No no.) Bitches, can y'all get naked?
(That's right!)

[JD]
Uh, y'all know me, and the dough I see
Fa so la ti, it's chi chi
Ladies wanna hold me, get to know me
Talks to each it, wanna sleep with it
Simplisticness keeps me hot, while y'all stress
Tryin to see the top stop, everything drop so
Everything drop platinum or gold and the whole world
know
I'm that playboy J, doin it my way like Usher
And I don't feel bad when I crush ya
Like blush ya, style big ball, I'ma hit y'all
With shit that's gon make niggas forget y'all
You feel me dog? I'm a C-H-I, multi
And I live and die for the whole pie
You can call it what you want, I'm a motherfuckin vet

[Hook:] [Mack 10] (JD) {Foxy Brown} X 2
(And ain't none a y'all seen nothin yet!)
It's that platinum shit, that's all we get
So let it be known that it's all for real
{And all we about is them dollar dollar bills!}

[Foxy Brown]
You know that Na Na got the heater shit
That uh, everybody wanna eat her shit
Niggas talkin about they six wanna see this shit
Knowin half a y'all broads wanna be this bitch
>From NY to the west side, motherfuckers keep me in
the best ride
38 chest size, ain't fuckin less I come off
With like 30 G's easy once the nigga dead off
Shit, never trust shit, I gives a fuck
I'm a ring finger rock chick, straight lock bitch
And everything I rocks with
Either pops shit or fuck a nigga topless, y'all hoes finky

Got to bank this to even see me half naked
Like the black Susan Lucci, stiletto pumps, Gucci
Ridiculous ice, tag me, million dollar price
Stay frontin, y'all cats ain't seen nothin

[Hook] X 2

[Mack 10] (Foxy Brown)
I push a six feet drop, red and pallamino
And keep the semi glock, where ever me go
I stay ruger ready, or either Smith & Wesson
And burn hearts, like they indigested it if I'm tested
So where you wanna meet at playa, over here?
I'll be the one with all the ice on in the surplus gear
Plus I'll tell you what's real, so uh, baby listen
Put your shades on when you peep the Lex cuz the
baugettes glisten
(I want the whole three dozen
And with that drama, biz)
Well it all depends on how ill your na na is
Can you go O-T with a few and a gun?
But can you cook it with the whoop and make two outta
one?
Now you can be up in the west and do it my way
Or hit the homie JD in Atlanta, GA
Wanna ball well let's bounce, get the heat and the scale
Now Mack and Fox Boogie got dope to sell

[Hook] X 2

[Mack 10 talking]
The Hoo Banger, Mack 10.
The Ill Na Na, Foxy Brown.
And the homie JD, the don chi chi.
We got the Recipe, break it down.

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