

Outkast F/ Eco, Gangsta Boo

"Big Bad Mamma"

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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 of the year, what?
Work niggaz, like you one of the live niggaz
Fly niggaz, known to handle a pie nigga
Chick in the, off-white pearl six
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 Prada 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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