Oh Yeah (feat. Spragga Benz)

Foxy Brown

[Verse One]
I'm the most critically acclaimed, rap bitch in the game
Coast to coast, stash the gat in holster girl
Dark skinned, Christian Dior poster girl
Mo' rockin Timbs bitch and the Gucci loafers girl
Niggaz say I'm too pretty to spit rhymes this gritty
Fuck y'all thought? Be dancin around in suits like I'm {Diddy}
Pretty, show niggaz how we run this city
Respect my name, Boogie nigga, stay in ya lane
Like The Hurricane, rains on bitches like Sugar Shane
And dare one of y'all rappin chicks to mention Fox name
"What's Beef?" Beef is when bitches think it's sweet
See y'all frontin in the streets and let my gat meet ya
1- Why Yooooooo, Why yo yo yo
Why Yooooooo, Why yagga ya yo
Why Yooooooo, Why yo yo yo
Why Yooooooo, Why yagga ya yo (yagga yo)Check, uhh
It's like I'm in my own fuckin world, I speak how I feel
Sometimes I feel like I'm just too fuckin real
I love to stack riches, no disrespect y'all
I respect the rap game, but I don't fuck with rap bitches
I'm speakin from my heart
It's not that I'm too good, I'm just hood
Been like this from the fuckin start
Since I bust my gun in ninety-six
Y'all never see me flick up with them fake-ass chicks
Bitches smile up in your face, turn around and pop shit
You a industry bitch, I'm a in the streets bitch
I might breeze through Prada, Chloe or Tiffs
But, other than that it's just me and my six
repeat 1I dream filthy
My moms and pops mixed it with the Trini' rum and whiskey
Uhh, proper set off
Six sped off, gats let off, I speak calm
Gangsta, and pours off like Screechie Don, bwoy
Who y'all know rock Prada like Fox
Pop bottles in the back of the cellar with Donatella
Cartier wrist wear, Pasha Kay face
Got niggaz stand in line just to get a sneak taste
Act like y'all don't know I keeps gat beneath waist
And like a hundred thou' each crib in each safe
When Fox come through she a go done de place

I'm like Marion Jones, what, who the FLUCK wan' race?
Listen, never trippin, never catch Brown slippin
Fuck, y'all only nice around mics like Pippen
Shit, to all my thugs that's Blood'n or Crip'n
I'm still shittin, still lowridin and switch-hittin nigga

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/