

Hood Scriptures

Foxy Brown

Hey, you're 'bout to hear the most incredible shit ever written
Hard spittin', cigar splittin'
Pray, to your god and to them words in the biblical scriptures
Critical bitch must, flow to the shit that just fit her
Rode, with the best auto that money can buy me
The best damn mami, def jam signed me
Hoes, you know they'll never compare to my status
Nothin' matters, I'm the fuckin' baddest see
Fame, is worth it if you got money to match it
I'm hotter than acid and don't even practice
Game, guess I got it at birth from my momma
Ill na na, real drama, see I
Ball, till I can't or I'm covered by maggots
I straight spaz it and let y'all have it
Blaow!

[Chorus: x2]

Zahran ana wahdee
Leelah warra leelah
You meen gheyarak ashkeelah?
Hey... I'm speakin to the hood!

Splurge, when I'm gettin' my money it's nothin'
Always bussin', flows is disgustin'
Woah, I'm constantly multiplying my digits
Fox the richest, please no pictures
Ones, that I be countin' be keepin' me smilin'
We out wildin', shout to the island!
Dun, I keep it gangsta for all of my soldiers
It's so over, keep y'all composure
Style, when we want and we love when they hate us
Don't debate us, flow's not contagious
Foul, we can be if y'all niggas provoke us
Buenos noches, do not approach us
Floss, till the law say I can't or I'm finished
Pour the guinness, I'm a straight menace!
Blaow!

[Chorus]

Know, what I built I ain't tryin' to mess up
Barbie dressed up, you're just my successor
Whoa, I hear your company's holdin' that budget
I always thug it hood for the public
Benz, my cream material's iller than average
Lots of baggage, shopping savage and my
Fans, say that my album is close to a classic
They don't, gas it, y'all gots to have it
Shoes, got to be christian or gucci or prada
Who could stop her, ain't a bitch, hotter
Lose, you always will when you go against foxy
Wrist, rocky, y'all bitches watch me
Rise, till they kill me I'm ballin' and spending
Laws I'm bendin' til my life is endin', now!
Blaow!