

# Magnetic

Foxy Brown

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah (c'mon!)

Not too many chicks can rap to this  
Spit sick the flow be so accurate  
Ill Na Na and Def Jam is backin' it  
Feel my words, I'm oh so passionate  
They like to hear me talk greasy  
Bitches stay shook in my presence, they walk easy  
Acting all thirsty, hope they not irk me  
Tits are still perky, skin is still hershy  
Yes, I'm well known to flip fast  
Yes, I still shop on Fifth Ave  
We toured out, that's what we all bout  
Kevin Lyor-ed out, Christian Dior-ed out  
My shades are all Chanel-ed out and  
The beat is straight Pharell-ed up and  
My words are what explains my mind  
I'm here, I'm back again, the game is mine

Yeah (c'mon!)

FB, there ain't no equivalent  
The flow is oh so belligerent  
The hood love the style that I'm delivering  
Fox is hip hop, they just can't rid of this  
And all the pain and shit I went through  
And all the foul niggas I been through  
The world is mine, I'm back to grind  
You know you the best when rap dudes go at you  
But see my rep is so amazing  
The streets, the hood are still craving  
I still be rockin' in my Gucci  
but switched it up to Emilio Pucci  
I love it when hoes try to roll up  
Cuz once they see Fox they fold up  
And quickly switch they whole flow up  
BK, I throw it up, feet stay, Manolo-ed up

Huhh, the Bentley, H2, the Rover  
I'm back, this rap game is over  
From Nas, the Firm and Young Hova  
Fox a young soldier, will cock a toaster  
Young Fox, the new version of Roxanne  
The streets talking like what's her next plan  
Is she signed to Puff now or Def Jam  
That go to show y'all niggas, I'm the best man

[Chorus: repeat until fade]