

Bonnie And Clyde, Pt. 2

Foxy Brown

Bust your guns, uh, uh, yeah
Bonnie and Clyde shit
You hear me? Smell me?
(That's right, you know?)
I'mma take this one straight to the top
And he dare get in the way, we smash, scrape scrape
It's real like that, you know what I mean?
Follow, yo, yo, yo
(Bonnie and Clyde forever y'all)

Gun check
Check
Let's go over the plan
I'mma pull up to the joint slow, then hop out the van
Nah don't hop out, slide out lookin' like a knockout
Show a little thigh, make this nigga's eyes pop out
Sieze him with the cleavage
I want you to make this nigga believe he 'bout eat it
I can let him see or feel
Exactly
Two gun totin', I seen dimes stole
Ain't nothin' gonna stop me and hon from rollin'
Yeah, we done promotin'
We come for the coke and
All the money in the spot
Act funny, get shot
Nigga, hands high
And I hope none of y'all niggas got plans to die
We can't stand goodbyes

In history me and this bitch will be like
Five years together, right?
Damn, seem like forever
We trade shots
We spray blocks
And we never fail
Yeah, but we stay hot

Now would you die for your nigga?
Yeah I'd die for my nigga
Would you ride for your nigga?
I gets lie for my nigga
Would you live for your nigga?
Do up big for you nigga
Would you bid for your nigga?
Shit, you my nigga

Would you ride for me?
Rapper robbery
Would you die for me?
I hang high from a tree
They ain't ready for us, nigga
Obviously
Sound like Bonnie and Clyde to me

I protect you like a vest do
I'm the lady with a 380 special right next to you

Glock poppin' out the stock
And it's two guns, two hun', get down
I tear this whole shit down
They ain't know the vault, pull bank jobs
I banged ya squaw when I aims this rod
Y'all niggas can't do a thing to this broad
My bullets hurt the same as y'all's
I've been taught by the best, extorted the rest
Wearin' a niggas shit, crossin' my chest
Life on the line, say prayers under my breath
But knew I'd be 'aight cuz right there to my left
(Right)

Over baby, told you baby
Big gun right over your left shoulder baby
Same nigga that taught you how to hold that 80
From day one 'til we old and crazy
Let's kill the world

Ran up at Chemical
The bank robbers in our routine is like St. Bernards swimmin'
Everybody hit the floor, guys and women
Kids rush for the door
Keep your cry to a limit
Time check ma, we got about 5 minutes
Before the authorities rush and the FBI's in it
That teller's up to something, look, his eyes are squinted

Don't let that button be the reason why you're finished

Yeah, the sky's the limit 'til we reach B.I.G
Meet Jesus, confess to him all the shit we did
Gotta reverse the six, let's murd' head jerk
Almost got whiplash
We got a shitload of cash
Throws it in the stash
Long as we keep shitin' like this
Shit, ain't nothin' fuckin' with this
You my Clyde for life
I'm your Bonnie like this
I can see us gettin' rich like this nigga

[Ad lib until fade]