

Chyna Whyte

Foxy Brown

Chyna White.. uh.. Chyna White uh.

Y'all know me right?

I'm that same bitch y'all niggas want for half price
Same bitch y'all niggas be blamin' all y'all problems on
I'm the reason why half y'all niggas
Can't even go in your moms' crib no more

Uh.. I'm the type of bitch leave a nigga nose stiff
And get his hoes hit, make his toes shift
Tell the mans and them, look, y'all ain't have shit
'Til y'all motherfuckers switch and smoke this shit

The reason Mike fucked around and moped his bitch
In his jones, little son Troy is loc-ed and shit
I ain't the cause of niggas with knives that tote this shit
It's when they spit cuz niggas came up real short with they shit

And I'm on a nigga like novicane, straight to the brain
Shoot it up and get both his nose and toes at the same
Nigga's gave me nickname, Chyna, last name White
Guaranteed to have your ass open first night

Bad bitch, slanted eyes, powdered with white
Somethin' special, not your average baddest little thing in sight
I know this dude Ritz that fucked with a bitch
Get you right, matter of fact, dude could get her half price

No shit, she got a crew that ain't nothin nice, dime shit
Had y'all motherfuckers believin' that y'all can fly and shit
Matter fact Mel, used to fuck a girl Trish gal
Unique hit little E and bomb bags heroin

Now they assed out, in the hood massed out
Gave a rex and Tim's fucked up with they gats out
Wit no love

Ill Nana, Ill Nana, I need ten dollars, Ill Nana
Baby I can't give you no more money
What you mean you can't give me no money?
Man, boy, where's my TV?
Nana, I smoked the TV

Uh, no love, changed a few thugs, new drugs
Niggas started stashin' things on Mother Gasten
Hottest shit to hit the streets, divide peeps
Divide crew love, fuck trees, now it's OZ's

Small leaks and niggas with false leads and nosebleeds
Vein popped, pop shells and close sales
Bitches, they nose frail, got the word that coke sale

Uh, flip it once you can match a nigga bail
Uh, flip it twice you officially on
Had the richest niggas fucked up, kissin' your thong
Mystery's on

Uh, flip it three times, you straight, crib on a lake
Cristal and cheese cake, cock sucker d shake, niggas flake
Huh, flip it once more, you're leary, huh
Feds in your ass, skid money don't make money
What happened to get money? The bitches, the cars and brick money
The spot on Bain Bridge
Y'all niggas ain't claimin' shit now, huh
Y'all know me now, fucked up in the game
No love, no love.