

# 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.