

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]