

# No One's

Foxy Brown

Member Mossy, 'member the sweet dreams  
'Member the cocoa leaves, 'member Sega Gene-sis  
Now we live in love like Genovese, stash twenty G's ease  
Crib in Belize please, forever cheese  
Crib all fresh high-tech nigga, art deco  
In the villa room, sippin Demi Sec, ohh?  
Seperate the classiest from the nastiest  
bugs, on some ninety-six ill shit  
Niggaz used to rock Swatches and style 'member?  
Now they 'bezle on the Rolexes chips like December  
in Havana, the Cabana, Copa  
Now Fox is flippin more chips than Oprah  
Lizard skin sofa, ice flooded Don  
like Imelda Marcos, the Donnness, I be the peron  
pure precon foot action Tone  
like the Brax-ton, Fox nigga get your smash on

No one's gonna love you, the way I do  
Nobody, I can love you better  
No one's gonna love you, the way I do  
Nobody, baby your best bet is me

It was the floss thang, for them niggaz to thug walk thang  
and for the chips, Reeboks and New York thang  
Small thang, and to the hottest, Goddess  
Caramel skin-tel, try this, and die the hardest  
Heartless, it was cool to shoot skully  
He's remind me, something like R. Kelly  
Back in the days, maxes and cresses  
Now it's 6's with chrome rellies, and BBSes  
Undress this, no deal, no skills off this  
and from where I was holdin, before this  
Bad chick before all this, peep the wrist action  
Fendi sell ices around the bezelle  
No sale, suited up in Bendel, Boogie  
Oh well, could tell, I floss well, uhh  
Peep the hustle, steamed shrimps and mussels

Lampin, in the Hamptons, quarter mile from Russell's

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If we was all Don like DeMarco, runnin crazy

niggaz, won't be haters, ballin, like briqueeze  
Presedential suites at Ramada, in Nevada  
Cheese like Ricotta nigga, bet I'm droppin  
twenty G's on roulette, playa, what you bet?

The Cris have a nigga trippin wet, uhhhh  
Seven figs on a bet, 84 be 48  
Five on the plate, high stake, indo  
Bet they went from Pujos to pushin Benz-o's  
Dippin on a van whip with the dipped Lorenzo's

The sassiest, mahogany Brown  
Switch from, rockin lottoes to coppin movados  
Peep the mix like mulatto, feel on  
Tryin to chill on the ville sit back and get these mill-ions  
Yeah, now you ballin, please  
Your stash wasn't swollen till my dough started rollin

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