

Styles

Foxy Brown

Bitches throw ya drinks up style when you're comin in
Niggas throw ya guns up wild when we be runnin in
No that ain't nothin we at the bar frontin
It's necessary we sttles in Burberry whoo
You know how it go Fox and gats
And a navy blue robe stuntin a halo
Or the I-95 keepin it live
Been a hood in the five from the kid to be fried whoo
Then slide off with an NBA jump off
Or a nice little rapper however money stack up
Do cop a little H. Dar shoe
And a little box of dudes get a watch with two
It ain't greed I got kids to feed
Fuck it all he wanna do is kill her then leave
So lay low and throw the pussy like the free throw
Brooklyn broad and bet I keep the heat low

It's necessary we styles in Burberry
And I walk as me in them Frankie B. jeans boy
It's necessary we styles in Burberry
And the Marc Jacob bag and the H. Dar jewels whoo
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And I walk as me in them Frankie B. jeans boy
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And the Marc Jacob bag and the H. Dar jewels

We walk up in the club niggas be like "Oh!"
They ain't got no dough then we be like "No!"
We bout our paper and all that fam
Roamin through Planet Hollywood knockin that killer cam whoa
Up in V.I.P. with F-B with a nice throw back right below a good jean
Now dude is I'll I'm lovin his boys
I'm all seein his gangsta I'm watchin the swift now
They wanna see us bitches they wanna be us
Fox and Althein the powder blue two seater
We the truth in our juicy sweatsuits
When we come through your town everything shut down

20's with the rims with custom kitted Bentley
And everything we do they assist like Jamal Tensley
Cocky bastard I only spits acid
Step on broken silence fever bout to smash it
This here's a classic we keeps it classic
I'm all engaged to dough and married to plastic
And you know how we do fresh pair of Air Force Two
With the toes stud rolled and pulled over