

## 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  
It's necessary we styles in Burberry  
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