

Stylin'

Foxy Brown

[Intro]

Fever Baby
OK, alright
Brooklyn,
Uh-Oh Uh-Oh
Yeah Uh Huh

Bitches throw ya drinks up, Style when we be comin' in
Niggas throw ya guns up, Whyle when we be runnin in
And all that ain't nothin, We at the bar frontin
Its necessary, We stays in Burburrry (Whooooo)

[Verse 1]

You know how it go, Fox and Gav
In a navy blue Rov, Stuttin in Halo
On the I-95, Keepin it live
In the hood, in the 5, Front of Kennedy Fried (Whooooo)
Then slide off with a NBA jump-off
Or a nice lil' rapper, Whoever money stack up
Duke, Cop a little H-Tod shoe
And them little boxer dudes, Get a watch or two (Whoa)
It aint greed, Yall got kids to feed
Fuck it, All he wanna do is kill it and leave
So, Lay low and throw the pussy like the free throw
Brooklyn broad and bet I keep the heat low

[Hook]

Its necessary, We styles in Burburrry
And our walk is mean in them Frankie B. jeans bwoy
Its necessary, We stays in Burburrry
And a Mark Jacob bag and a H-Tod shoe (Whoo)
[x2]

[Verse 2]

When we walk up in the club, Niggas be like, "OH!"
They aint got no dough? Bet we be like, "NO!"
We bout our paper and all that fam
Rollin through Planet Hollywood knockin that Killa Cam (Whoa)
Up in V.I.P. with F.B.
With a nice throw back, Right below a good G
Now, dude is ill, I'm lovin his boys
I'm all, seing he's gangsta, I'm watching him swift now
They wanna see us, Bitches they wanna be us
Fox and Althea in a powder blue two seater
We the truth in our Juicy sweat suits
When we come through ya town, Every'ting shut down

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

20's with the rims, B-custom kitted Bently
And everything we do, They assist like Jamaal Tinsley
Cocky bastard, I only spits acid
Slept on Broken Silence, Fever bout to smash it
This here's a classic, We keeps it drastic
I'm all engaged engaged to dough and married to plastic
And you know how we do, Fresh pair Air Force 2's

With the toaster, Kobe pull over (Whoo)

[Hook x2]