

# 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 (Whoooooo)

[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 (Whoooooo)  
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]