

# The Gang

Foxy Brown

{Shyne} (Foxy Brown)  
[Shyne] Uh huh  
[Foxy Brown] Uh  
[Shyne] Lets get it clear (Uh huh) Brooklyn Vietnam (That's right)  
[Foxy Brown] Yo yo... Live from the seven-one-eight y'all; Murder City  
[Shyne] Lay down nigga (It's the Ill Na Na)  
Cut ya dick off put it in ya mouth y'all understand? (Let's go)

[Shyne]  
Ride with me as I race through ya hood  
Give me a fifth that'll bang and a jury that'll hang  
Pants saggin' in that Bentley wagon  
Ayo that's my nigga Yacht if the mink is saggin'  
Since a youth I flipped, on some ruthless shit  
Had a thing for rings, bling, Coupes and shit  
Some' bout watchin' Montana come up outta Havana  
And rule this world made me wanna grab my hammer  
Fuckin' with the Cheddar Boys  
Some hustler flip girls instead of boys  
Keep filthy laweys, for when the FEDs annoy us  
We keep this shit gangsta nigga from verse to chorus  
And the Street Lords and Truly Yours  
Drive Modena Spiders and big exhaust  
Bleed for the streets love the war  
My nose bleeds for weeks I love the raw  
Puncture niggaz when I comfort niggaz  
Motor City to Brooklyn Veitnam  
Nigga it's on till my flesh is gone  
And even then I live on in gangsta form

[Chorus]  
What you know about that?  
Macs and cash nigga how you love that?  
What you know about that?  
Doin' it up livin' it up, nigga what?  
What you know about that?  
The gully kid put it in your skully kid, bleed nigga what it is  
What you know about that?  
Yacht, Cheddar Boys, Streets Lords, truly yours

[Foxy Brown]  
It's the "Godfather Buried Alive"  
Ayo Po it's the Ill Na Na stuntin' in 5.0  
Went to Brooklyn with the Rugers out  
In Flatbush and I keeps the Kiki poppin' off when the goons is out  
Yall got a muthafuckin problem when my dude get out  
Dutty Ay bust a shot for Shyne get the Guinness Stout  
Thats my word I got the Berken pulled over up on Parkside & Nostrond  
In the butter scotch Rover  
I'm ah bad gal style like I'm 'posta  
Got his comrades in Clinton bustin' nuts on my poster  
Phone check! Muthafucka hit the yard up  
Comm stop Mid-State Brooklyn niggaz squad up  
I'm hot steppin in the pink staline seven  
I'ma stunt till BIG tell me there's a ghetto up in heaven  
See through niggaz take they time like a man  
We don't snitch we don't sing on the stand but y'all don't hear me though..

[Chorus]

[Shyne]

Money, cars, guns, hoes  
Sniff some blow and I'm good to go  
Eagle inflated Federal Bureau Investigated  
Most hated nigga read the affidavit  
Uh racing loud pipes  
big fucking exhausts burning the turnpike  
My game so tight I arouse dikes  
You punk rappers should paying me publishing the way you write  
And be sampling my life, every line in your rhyme  
Sound like you wanna be Shyne, and I don't blame ya  
Who wouldn't? Young nigga catching charges  
Continental Ts parked in garages  
Menages, odds is  
I'm the best spittin' it, nigga I'm gettin' it  
I admit it I was watching New Jack City  
And fucking with ?Goodfellas? Uncle Paul got me dying to ball  
Every thing I talk about I live it  
All you hear these rappers rap about I really did it  
I was designed to hold nines, and grind  
Step out of line put you in that white line  
Rearrange ya brain ain't nothin change  
You know the game jet planes and cocaine  
And what I say might be held against me  
I don't wanna talk, I'm the hottest nigga in New York

[Chorus]