

We're On Fire

Foxy Brown

Number one baby
Black Hand, Movado, gangsta
Ayo, I gotta do this with my stylin' voice
Ayo

See it's the Louboutin leather pump Don Diva
Get my Kevin Chiles on call me Don Diva
I'm in the Zac Posen, strapless with the back open
Back locking tossing petals off of Black Roses

This is more gutta, this is more crack
And I ain't change, I been the same bitch before rap
The only thing that changed is my ass got more fat
But my titties been crazy baby

You ain't gotta ask who back, you soft bitch move back
Had BK on my back, even Shawn couldn't do that
I cruise all slow in the S-Class down Classen
Pullin' up in traffic on Nostrand and Patchin'

I took six years off, I let 'em have rap
And y'all bitches played with it, I came to snatch it back then
Put it back on the project bench
And made every gangsta nigga want a dark-skinned bitch

We're on fire, we ain't stoppin'
'Cuz I really, really wanna know what's happenin'
We're on fire, we ain't stoppin'
Since a chick want a nigga and a clubbin'

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'Cuz I really, really wanna know what's happenin'
Makin' paper, money stashin'
Since I really, really wanna know what's happenin'

So wanna bloodclaut this man, bad gal 'bout here
Drips out the pussy them na friend gal 'bout here
Bitch now the body sting round here
Big star body, kill off every dirty gal roll near

Bitch bust a shot and fiya
Two shots fiya, fiya, put the pussy pon fiya
Yes Iya, dress fliya, hoppin' out the Bentley coupe
On Flatbush and Empire

Y'all rap bitches, I will ruin 'em
My reps for the boostin' bitches with them bags full of aluminum
One love to Tu and them, Clyde, Shyne and Shoe and them
Chaz, Prince and Graff the whole fuckin' crew and them

Can't forget Scruce and them, Shabar and Dew and them
Kev, Wedge, Draft and BIG I ate food with them
Y'all know Fox run the block bitches
It's the Fox bitches, for the bloodclaut bitches, murdah

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We're makin' cheese, slowly with ease
With small fuck these easily from the G?z
The goons from the land of kings
Her breasts me squeeze all night, she make me pleased

You want promote the gangsta life and hustle
Now my girls approach you and know boy can't bust with
And now it's all fine and they all come sit
We're not goin' nowhere, don't fuck with this

Yes, Fox I'm back baby and I'm still with the hand still
Still in the hood, nigga still on the block still
Still in the Benz baby, still in the drop still
I'm still in the chinchillas, still move wit them killas, woah

Besides that I got my hearing back
The same attitude like what the fuck you staring at
Homie, my case is beat, I'm still spitting heat
Who ya know rep it harder than me, Brooklyn

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