

Chyna Whyte

Foxy Brown

Ya'll know me right?
I'm that same bitch ya'll niggas want for half price
Same bitch ya'll niggas be blamin' all ya'll problems on
I'm the reason why half ya'll niggas
Can't even go in your mom's crib no more Uh. I'm the type of bitch leave a nigga nose stiff
And get his hos hit, make his toes shift
Tell the mans and them, look, ya'll ain't have shit
Til ya'll motherfuckers switch and smoke this shit The reason Mike fucked around and moped
his bitch
In his jones, little son Troy is loc'ed and shit
I ain't the cause of niggas with knives that tote this shit
It's when they spit cause niggas came up real short with they shit
And I'm on a nigga little novicane, straight to the brain
Shoot it up and get both his nose and toes at the same
Nigga's gave me nickname, Chyna, last name Whyte
Guaranteed to have your ass open first nigh Bad bitch, slanted eyes, powered with white
Somethin' special, not your average baddest little thing in sight
I know this dude, Ritz, that fucked with a bitch
Get you right, matter of fact, dude could get her half price No shit, she got a crew that ain't
nothin' nice, dime shit
Had ya'll motherfuckers believin' that ya'll can fly and shit
Matter fact Mel, used to fuck a girl Trish gal
Unique hit little E and bomb bags heroin
Now they assed out, in the hood massed out
Gave a rex and Tim's fucked up with they gats out
With no love
"Ill Nana, Ill Nana, I need ten dollars, Ill Nana"
"Baby, I can't give you no more money"
"What you mean you can't give me no money?"
"Man, boy, where's my TV?"
"Nana, I smoked the TV" Uh, no love, changed a few thugs, new drugs
Niggas started stashin' things on Mother Gasten
Hottest shit to hit the streets, divide the peeps
Divide crew love, fuck trees, now it's OZ's Small leaks and niggas with false leads and nose
bleeds
Wein popped, pop shells and close sales
Bitches, they nose frail, got the word that coke sale Uh, flip it once you can match a nigga bail
Uh, flip it twice you officially on
Had the richest niggas fucked up, kissin' your thong
Mystery's on Uh, flip it three times, you straight, crib on a lake
Crystal and cheese cake, cock sucker D shake, niggas flake
Huh, flip it once more, you're leary, huh

Feds in your ass, skid money don't make money
What happened to get money? the bitches
The cars, and brick money
The spot on Bain Bridge
Ya'll niggas ain't claimin' shit now, huh
Ya'll know me now, fucked up in the game
No love, no love

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