

Run Yo Shit (feat. Capone-N-Noreaga)

Foxy Brown

Eww!
What the fuck is this?
(What is that?)
This is outrageous
That's some Mario Brothers shit
I come to the studio drunk already
That's how I does it
That's how I does it nigga
(It's nothing!)
We got your back Fox
Fuck these bullshit niggas
These bullshit bitches
(They GI Joe figgas)
They don't really want beef, STRAIGHT UP
Ugh Fox Brown shit, CNN shit
That Brooklyn shit, that Queens shit
Def Jam shit, mother fuckersRun yo shit niggas
(CNN motherfucker!)
Izl nizr shizr
Run yo shit bitches
Izl my nizr
Run yo shit niggas
Izl nizr shizr
Run yo shit bitches
Izl my nizr
Yo, yo, yo who the most grimey gangsta nigga in rap
And got chicks like "Damn Nore got all that?"
It's Star Tec yo, the unholy
Your hockey fights with the goalie
N-O, its rap's new Masitoly
Yo I keep static and my guns is spasmodic
I push niggas, watch me just mush these faggots
If I keep it gangsta, it's gon' make us all ritch
And I stay fucking with Fox cause that's that bitch
Old fashion, mob style, flash no loot
And I don't even get dressed for a video shoot
But I be hoppin' out of Benzes with slippers on
Two bitches, gettin' my Jack Tripper on
Yo Jose, gunplay ari clay
Capone bought a house like an hour away
A yo I done my shit, I son yo shit
Don't let me pull a gun and just run yo shitRun yo shit niggas

(CNN motherfucker!)
Izl nizzl shizzl
Run yo shit bitches
(Yeah Brown beotch!)
Izl my nizzl
Run yo shit niggas
Izl nizzl shizzl
Run yo shit bitches
(Who the fluck want it with us?)
Izl my nizzl For that money or that light grey
My niggas PA with AK from Queens to BK nigga
From the Stuy to the pub in the Bridge
Who the fluck want what?
Put one in their rib
I'm solo, niggas take Fox for joke
Like I won't spaz out and bring it to folks
We want that straight raw, ante up my nigga
Snatch ya yae, steal your base like Derek Jeter
I don't need to rob niggas
I pay niggas that rob niggas to rob niggas
Tell me what y'all need
Sell it back half price, nigga holla at Fox
Young broad go around in them custom drops
And it's nothing to grab the nines and spit at ya
Bare broke, to roll your stones like Mick Jagger
Hot chrome properly to your dome
If the beef Run yo shit niggas
Izl nizzl shizzl (Uh)
Run yo shit bitches
Izl my nizzl
Run yo shit niggas
Izl nizzl shizzl
Run yo shit bitches
(Yo Fox what up?)
Izl my nizzl Yo niggas claim they high rollers, cheddar chasin' my federation
Dedication to the street, crazy court casing
Three strike loser, life facing
Chyna white lacing, Marx Man, Bumpy Johnson
Capone Of Arc, a loan shark
Tinted Z3's, you either in it for the love
A thug for the cheese
My crew maxin', June Jacksons, free of taxes
Baby cream pediatrics
Flyest nigga bitches give it up to the highest bidder
Holdin' brigets, the mo' ice the mo' sex
I'm Meyer Lansky of the projects, Fox is Charlotte O'Neil
Nore's hoes they Star Tek
Creep when my squad rest, more or less
I'll have your family dressed

Niggas eulogizing part of your vest
I run with gunners and smokers
I'm a bad influence to bitches with kids
Have 'em in the hood, gun in their stroller
Run yo shit niggas
Izl nizr shizr
Run yo shit bitches
Izl my nizr
Run yo shit niggas
Izl nizr shizr
Run yo shit bitches
Izl my nizrIzl nizr shizr
(We got your back Fox!)
Izl my nizr

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>