

Get Off Me

Foxy Brown

Get off me (yea)
Get off me (oh my God)
Get off me (wooh)
Get off me (yea, yea)

Get off my dick
Bitch stop frontin' I'm home, ya'll know I'm not comin' off this throne (get off me)
Call me the female Pac, whether y'all like it or not
Y'all see this crown here belong to Fox, I (get off me)
Can't stop, I won't lose, I'm Brooklyn's own, I'm not Hollywood don't get us confused and (get off me)
Don't get it twisted, I'm the best that did it, I had y'all bitches throwin' on they throwback's and fitted, whoa (get off me)
Fox the wildest, member 106 & Park
My throwback had bitches callin' there stylist, they (me)
Say I walk, stink talk with malice
My reputation is seven and my rhymes is caulis, but (me)
That's the shit I'm on and
Think I ain't hear this faggot ass rap dude on Doug Banks in the mornin'
What kind a real nigga go at a broad, see the nerve of this coward nigga, oh my god and (me)
Lil man I'm the first bitch to sign to Def Jam
How can't I be the best, I'm from the best man (me)
And before this bullshit get sticky
Don't make me have to call the squad with me (me)
To get this crackin'
Y'all know Fox first reaction, I look at lil Eve like a Yorkie rappin' now (me)
I said, jealousy I said
Got all these rap bitches mad at me I said, please (me)
The nerve of this bum bitch Eve
How the fuck you catch a brick with Alicia Keys, now (get off me)
Catch the Fev, in stores yes indeed
Best believe it's a classic bastards

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Get off me (yea)

Hope off my off my dick, I'm not goin' toe to toe, I'm still vexed I had to bring y'all flow but (get off me)
Y'all can't do this press shit talkin' reckless, I beg ya pardon, Fox the Do n Gorgon and (me)
When y'all reach about five hundred scan not mom and pop gold, see that's when ya talk bold, been (me)
Doin' the numbers since fifteen years old, I've been
Doin' them Hummers way before it got cold and still (me)
I run with the same ol squadron
My offer's still on at the garden (me)
Whoa, Jay, Big, Nas, Pac and Fox the five elite
How you compare me to bitches this sweet and so (me)
Y'all left the hood, remember Hollywood
Then you shitted on your crew the streets can't respect you homie (me)
Explain exactly why bitches goin' at me cause to get to the top they go at F

ox (me)
[?] with that bullshit, I roll for delf
No wanksta industry friends, I earnt my wealth fucker (me)
So next time you pick up a pen to go at Fox remember to cool ya bloodclots s
ah (get off me)
Fuck y'all think it's a race
It's [?] in her bomboclaat place sah (get off me)
How dare you question who write my shit
Now don't forget I signed your autograph in '96 bitch, yea

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