

How We Get Down

Foxy Brown

Uh huh, hey yo
It's the Ill Na Na baby!
Brooklyn
But right now, I got my motherfuckin' squad with me
Blackhand the label
Blackhand the motherfuckin game
Fox, Brooklyn baby
Let's get it in

Q-U be on deck
First nigga move, nigga get hit
That's how we get down
My niggas animals, blew
The hammer goes blew
The cannon balls bew
That's how we get down (bang)
That's how we get down down
That's how we get down
Yeah that's the way that we rollin'
That's how we get down (bang)
That's how we get down down
That's how we get down
Yeah that's the way that we roll
That's how we get down

My Queens niggas rep-reppin
My OG's avoided a death sentence
They disrespect it to get questioned
We don't die, we multiply like a we Gremlin
They say the white man is keepin down
Well you black and the fuckin sun's keepin' you brown
So word hard, I grind and I plot for robbery
The front is gonna be the first time that I shot somebody
My goons dropped somebody, my goons drop somebody
Don't let your moms fool you, you are not somebody
So don't talk to me, you get popped tryna polly
I got a good ass lawyer I get shot for a body
I never see a cell I get locked in the lobby
Come home in a drop-top Ferrari
I got a Glock loaded with hot tamales
That pop shots the size of broccoli

Blackhand

B-K be on deck
Brooklyn, lame niggas get hit
That's how we get down
My niggas animals, blew
The hammer goes blew
The cannon balls bew
That's how we get down (bang)
That's how we get down down
That's how we get down
Yeah that's the way that we rollin'
That's how we get down (bang)
That's how we get down down
That's how we get down

Yeah that's the way that we roll
That's how we get down

I've been a star since a virgin in high school
Since the age of fourteen I've been a rap bitch version of Michael
And I don't know how to trust, the church or the rifle
God or the devil, the burner or the Bible
Got a black cloud on me, I've been cursed by my rivals
I'm back bitches! The return of ya Idol
F-to-the-O-X, B-double-O
Blackhand keep them Lambos and them black Impalas
I rep the Sty homie, ain't a bitch chilla
I fucks with gangstas baby, like Prince Miller
And when they locked Tuquan, I felt the East split up
He and his Feds, but he left his legacy in killa
I keep my killaz on that Brooklyn shit
Fox rep the world like the Brooklyn Bridge
I'm back now, Brooklyn ain't never looked this big
I hold it down while y'all lookin' for BIG

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I'm a gangsta, I know who is who
I got that good gene, sittin' on that Louis shoe
I'm from Queens homie, now who is you?
I let my pound loose, I got hit with duces
I don't give pounds, I don't do truces
I take my Remy straight, I don't do juices
I don't sex geese, I don't do chickens
Strictly 5th Ave, I don't do picken
I got my hood clickin', while the plot thicken
Put them lights up, lift them macs up
Send hot gal scared bring them stacks up
Get my mink, ah, nah bring the racks up
Try to press Fox, y'all don't worry her
In the club y'all see me like a [?]
I'm worldwide, I'm all in ya area
I'm a gardener, I could plant fear in ya

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