

# 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

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