

[Tone]

Unstop-able, Trackmasters, Rockland, come on

[Foxy]

Na-na so sick, make your toes twitch  
Get up in yo' ass and ride that shit  
Oh yeah, dare you act shady with the first lady?  
Let's go half on this baby  
Inner thighs thick so when we fuck you must put me in a swiss ho'  
Room 704, fuck they mad at me fo'?  
Skin copper, na-na stay proper, who could stop her?  
Nuthin'. Hey, do a somersault  
All that platinum shit you bought?  
Nigga, fuck you thought, it ain't my fault  
Keep the wrist rocky, attitude cocky  
Next time you see me, address me like, "Miss Foxy"  
It's for the wrist? Cop it. If it's a six? Drop it.  
Thongs with topless, how you like that Robbie?  
Ain't nothing sweet, you know my style, doggy style  
&gt;From the back, in the back, hit it like that

[R]

1 - The dolla bill

[Foxy]

Nuthin' but stacks get you anything  
Anywhere, as a matter of fact, dollar bill

[R]

Say what you want baby  
While you be stalling at the lights  
We be dippin in Mercedes

[Foxy]

Dollar bill

[R]

Can get us from here to Rio  
In two hours first class still time to take a shower  
The dollar bill

[Foxy]

Where ever we be it's VIP stats, no doubt  
So what y'all cats know about that

[R]

Say lady, I'm liking what I see  
Come on and talk to me baby, baby, baby  
Can't you see one night is all I need  
We'll go somewhere and be  
Talkin' about your future plans with me

[Sparkle & Cynthia]

I would do anything  
To have you in my life, that's right  
We can take a flight out of here, go anywhere

[R]

Uh uh, I got proof rims on the V-12  
Make you raise the roof, no gold in the tooth  
Put some in the vault CD's overseas  
Private lofts, I'm you haters holocaust  
Ain't my fault I rap, then still made a mill'  
But it's my fault I got my own label deal  
Vacation in Japan while you wish for Bennihana's  
On the way to pick up Madona, the ill na-na

[Foxy]

Now you know the na-na plays with the big boys, aye'day  
&gt;From the six coupe to the big Royce, can you handle that?  
A lotta sass and ass with that  
And I'm strickly for the dough  
So, fuck you think I'm here fo'?  
Princesses in a row, row platinum status  
Ice lace to pink face  
Then I back the faggots  
See me rocking aye'thang from Mongolians to Persians  
Y'all still learning, I got 'em swervin', through a sermon  
And there's nuthin' you can tell me 'bout these cats that I  
Don't even ram through a plan, too much stack  
Must I continue this?  
Might be a couple of cats that I miss  
We could skip the french kiss, take it straight to the wrist  
And it gets no iller than this  
Na-na engraved on canary ice, see me wear it twice  
Did y'all niggas hear me right?  
Me and Kelly put the lock down on New York to Chitown  
His town to my town, for the dollar bill

Repeat 1

[Tone]

Tell me who dat said dat we couldn't rock  
I roll the dice, bet the dots say we won't stop  
I roll from Chitown to Cali, hit your block  
I bless the day that R&B music meet hip hop  
You haters thought that Kelly couldn't keep it hot  
Even when I'm in your face, y'all see me not  
Sportin' nothing but the rocks, navigators on the block  
Meridian CD's with five TV's  
College honeys follow in your GS3  
We on the way to IHOP, coming from the spot  
Niggas in the lot jammin' to the knock  
Y'all mad cuz you can't get what we got  
Who's the number one contender, January through December?  
Cut your forest down while you niggas screamin' Timothy  
Sophia know me from the beach house in Miami  
Banks know me, so I could give a damn about the Grammys

[R]

The dollar bill  
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
The dollar bill  
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
The dollar bill  
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
The dollar bill  
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all

The dollar bill, Track Masters, Rockland