

I Can't

Foxy Brown

You know, Boogie Brown
How you expect me to love you?
Nigga I can't even trust you
So he played you, right?
Shot a little game then he blazed you, right?
Talkin' 'bout he was gon' make you wife, then make you right
And the last you seen was his car break lights
He fooled you girl, pussy is power, let me school you girl
Don't get up off it 'till he move you girl
And let no playin' nigga rule your world and screw you girl
I got 'em hatin' me, I throws the pussy down, keep 'em chasin' me
Basically, nigga's game a lie, so bet I game back
And make the nigga' think that I came alive
And I change the plot, when we was at Jacob
That chain was hot, is he on or what?
Nigga cop the broach, in the double R
And you got the notes, so I know you not broke, nigga
(I ain't fuckin' wit' you)
I can't rock with you no more
(You and your bullshit)
(How can I love you?)
(Can't even trust you)
(I ain't fuckin' wit' you)
I can't rock with you no more
(Cut the bullshit)
(How can I love you?)
(Can't even trust you)
I got 'em mad at Fox, 'fore I let a nigga just stab the box
I gotta have some rocks, even then
All I do is get they asses high, then I ask them
When was the last time you had some twat?
Put 'em right in his place, saw him right down
Shake it right in his face, you like the waist?
By the way baby boy, would you like a taste?
Let me tell you what I need on those license plates
"Property of Mahogany Brown", standin' knock-kneed
On the balcony while you knock me down
Y'all wanna break me off without cakin' me off?
Then expect the bitch to be faithful to y'all

The next nigga copin' me bags straight from Dior
Prada shoes, that's the bomb straight outta Milan
And I'm about that money, no need to pretend
Why don't you holla at me when you ready to spend?

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(You and your bullshit)
(How can I love you?)
(Say it again, say it again)
(Can't even trust you)
(Say it again, say it again)

You got as much, you game's y'all
And I can spit it nigga, same as y'all, same shoes, same cars
Ain't like a chick, ain't bawlin' herself
Can you give me mo'? Then I'm holding myself
I ain't tryin' to trip on, no dick
I ain't tryin' to have no cat laid up in my shit
Had the next bitch layed up in my six?
Gigglin', dizzy as shit, is it sick?
I'm what a nigga would love to have
Chick with her own nice tits, nice ass
Nice attitude, even though I'm ice bad
He was still quite fast, you like the wife style
'Cuz you know that I come out, ready to dumb out
In house shoes, slippers, put it down for my niggas
And I ain't goin' front, I'm about my end
So holla at me when you ready to spend
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