

The Promise (feat. Havoc)

Foxy Brown

[Featuring Havoc]
[Foxy] Uhh, uh-huh, Firm
[Havoc] Infamous
[Foxy] The Brook-lyn, Q-be[chorus]
[Foxy] My mind is the drama, that got me lookin back
[both] constant
[Foxy] Some Don shit, Foxy, get ready to
[both] bomb shit
[Foxy] Blink a eye, missed the comment
The calmest, it's not a threat, it's a promise, yeah[Verse One:] Foxy Brown
Who be the, mahogany, mami, the slanted eyes
Hold it down, Boogie Fox, you bitch niggaz strip
You web niggaz dead on, get fucked and wet on
Shitted on, I want a low, fuckin wit Don
Like Ronald, thirty inch, fortistrano
Mill-ion, sophisticated, ill movado
The Firm's baby girl, my fam be my whole world
It figures, cause she'd die for them niggaz
Doe or Die status, ma-ma be the baddest
From Brook-lyn to Queensbrige, it's pure Havoc, Havoc
We on a job, fuckin wit Mobb
They had the drop on em, the slanted eyes peep the rocks on em
He kinda jig, and he bubblin big
Dig a hole holdin, so's watch his cash start foldin
And bet though, twenty G craps wet though
Nas you shoulda seen the nigga jet though
Had it on blast, shoulda seen me shakin all of my ass
Of course me, I threw the gas, thug nigga turnin real saucy
Firm lay low I'ma play if you say so
So stay close like I'm bout to twist babe bro
I laid it down, went a couple of rounds, and tried to flaunt him
I threw it on him, now he's right where I want him[Verse Two: Havoc]
Got my mind in crooked ways
Saturated up in Alize, you ain't a threat nigga
So get big nigga baby girl crossin over send your soldiers
Toucha fuck a rusher, this world is colder
Like a, day in December 25th Son I got gift
From monkey, motherfuckers, that want to rip
Get your shit split, pushed back, grill that ass don't look back

Respect this, like a Lexus repo man I took that
Five cats to death dog, like shop I'm gonna set more
Handwritten obituaries vocal through my chords
Lights out... just pull the nines out
Let's find out, pointin shook ones, they pointin dimes out
It ain't hard, straight up and down, you get your deck pulled
My hand is full, of fake niggaz I position
Expensive intuition fuck a rap competition
Gat expo, get a grip and never let go
The tet blows, the rapper Noyd said, "That ass is wet though"
Triple P, paranoid plus petrol
Scared to death, put the pedal to the metal
Ghetto connections, Audi 4, take your section
You only get once chance, ain't no second guessin
We blessin, peepin your style, them never testin
Lessons of life walk the night witcha weapon[chorus] reversed, Havoc takes the main and Foxy joins in
Starts with "Son it's the drama" instead*

Verse Three: Foxy Brown

Fox Boogs, whattup, they get the jack, what the fuck
Lucked up, the thug nigga took a L nigga bitched up
The snake niggaz slither like Jake, ain't all great
Ain't no threat Dunn, fuckin with them niggaz that's fake
They got though, pushin a 850 auto, they sayin nada
They know The Firm gettin nachoes
Cheddar like whatever, I see money frontin in the Land
I got him, I got me a fuck and his man
Murderous mami, I threw the kiss, he was hist'
Oooh, shoulda seen that ill Roley on his wrist
It seem like he fuckin wit cream somethin mean
You'll be straight with his eight, and dead him on all his heron
Realistically, papi, is history, mami
I got this, chill Pa Pa, let me rock this
I'm fuckin wit fours to cock this, let me plot this
Ice he nuttin nice, if he front, take his life
At the Shark Bar, fuckin wit Duke, him and his mans
Really frontin boo, got him the red velour Filas too
Here come my niggaz now in the black Hummer stuntin
Yeah that's The Firm, jig the fuck up and body sumpin
Whattup now Duke, his eyes cried from the inside
I seen all of his fears cause he about to fry
He looked at me, through his right eye, was like
"Mami why?" I felt fucked up, I can't lie
He was shook, 'Mega opened his chest, ain't nuttin left
But the sky blue Land, and that niggaz last breath
Last breath...[chorus], Foxy alone all parts* (repeat 2X) Yeah, it's not a threat

Uhh, Mobb Deep, Havoc, and Foxy
Duo, uhh, sick to death baby
Firm, Escobar 600, Sosa, Mega, Ice
Grand Wiz where you at baby?
Queensbridge, Don 'pu
The whole Brook-lyn, pretty boy

Songwriters

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