

Candy (featuring Kelis)

Foxy Brown

I taste just like candy.. candy
I taste just like candy..
.. so dance with me Yo, now let me paint y'all a picture
Fox pimp hard, just quiet like a whisper - don't get it mixed up
Bad little sista; not bad meaning bad but
bad meaning good - DAM I'm so hood
You should see me in them jeans
It's hard to describe and
Being cocky is just a part of the vibe
I might stop and holla and pop my collar
Maybe a little conceited but that's always needed
Love attention when I'm passin by
See I show a little cleavage then I catch his eye
Just the thought of him eatin, I was outside soakin
Duke standin loc'in, mouth wide open
I walked over, lickin my lips
And adjustin my {tits} and switchin my hips
{Shit} he threw his hand on my waist
Looked in my face and said he wanna know how I taste I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with meNow just imagine me nude, stretched out
I'll be all over the news if this gets out
So HOT that the press might ban me
Now how bad you wanna know if I'm sweeter then candy?
What would you risk? Would you put up the car?
Taste my na na in the rain on the hood of your car
Or the back of the plane, {nipples} all out
Bent over the sink with my panties in your mouth
When my dark skin complexion steps in
Won't take no questions to get him and the
thought of Fox give him an erection
to get real stiff at the sight of my {tits}
Now we can role play, you be the pilot
I'll be the stewardess boy I ain't knew to this
When I lay on my stomach and throw my legs back
Y'all probably won't know how to act I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me

I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with meI'm real sweet like a candy corn
I'm in your thoughts late night when your boys are gone
Picture me, t-shirt, no panties on
Or maybe topless, homie I'm priceless bwoy
The kind of girl that love to talk {shit}
'Specially when I'm on top - the whole show stop
Even though I'm sweet, ain't nuttin sweet
Let me know when you're ready to eatI taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me
I taste just like...

Songwriters

BARLOW, GARY / OLSEN, TERJE / WILLIAMS, ROBERT PETERPublished by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
SONGS MUSIC PUBLISHING Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>