Tables Will Turn

WOLFxDOWN

(What? What?)
(What's bumpin', Baby Cham, Fox Brown) Uh!
Fox Brown, Baby Cham
Ugh, Kingston, Brooklyn
What Dave Kelly, can't stop this, we did it again
What? What? Uh!
Hey, yeah
How many times I gotta let y'all bitches know I'm
Why, so many bitches wanna take my flow I'm
Too hot, too dope, flow like that pink Cris and Momosa
Who the fuck dope-ah? Niggas wanna run up in my spots and
Every nigga wanna pull off on my frock and
Me and Cham do that yard-hip hop and
Y'all can't fuck with us, we keep niggas boppin'
Tell them ah ooman we a defend
Love to si di Charlies inna Benz or a BM
Holla if ya livin', right? Get the Benjamins, aight?
Let them know a money we a defen'
I let dem' know already and I'm tellin' dem' again
We're on another level, Fox Brown ah set the trend
Head's boppin' and, collars poppin' and Prada rockin' to the end
Breaker, Breaker call the undertaker
Niggas will be dyin', I am no faker
Send them niggas cryin' back to their maker
Motherfuckers tryin' to be a shaker
Ya didn't know they shouldn't mess wit' people from Jamaica
Baby Cham and Foxy Brown, ah we take the cake
Drop a bomb on them now it's like a earthquake
See them fasis movin' like a snake
Ah, whatta day when the tables will turn
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Whatta day when the tables will turn
Throw ya hands up whyle the fuck out

Raw little peachy bust the screechy
Zip it up, uh, zip it up, uh, zip it up, uh, zip it up
Grab a couple stouts and, show 'em whatch'all 'bout
Y'all can't deny us, we dare y'all to try us
The best to ever do it so throw ya hands to it
And hit the dance floor what the fuck y'all came for?
Hot shit, Ill Na Na, Mad House, lock this shit down
Nigga what, we don't give a fuck big pussy like Sopranos
Young Fox ride big cock my nigga, an pupalik pon that
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