

# Candy (ft Kelis)

## Foxy Brown

I taste just like candy.. candy  
I taste just like candy..  
.. so dance with meYo, 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 tasteI 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 actI taste just like candy.. so dance with me  
I taste just like candy.. so dance with me  
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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'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 eat 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...

Songwriters

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