

The Promise

Foxy Brown

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Firm, Infamous, Brooklyn, Q B
My mind is the drama that got me lookin' back constant
Some don shit, Foxy, get ready to bomb shit
Blink a eye, missed the comment
The calmest, its not a threat, its a promise, yeah
Who be the mahogany, mami? The slanted eyes
Hold it down, boogie Fox, you bitch niggaz strip
You web niggaz dead on, get fucked an' wet on
Shitted on, I want a low, fuckin' wit don
Like Ronald, thirty inch, Fortistrano
Million, sophisticado, illy movado
The Firms baby girl, my fam be my whole world
It figures 'cause shed die for them niggaz
Doe or die status, mama be the baddest
From Brooklyn to Queensbridge, its 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 an' he bubblin' big
Dig a hole holdin', Sos, watch his cash start foldin'
An' 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, Ima play if you say so
So stay close like Im 'bout to twist babe, bro
I laid it down, went a couple of rounds an' tried to flaunt him
I threw it on him, now hes right where I want him
Got my mind in crooked ways
Saturated up in alize, you aint 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 wanna rip
Get your shit split, pushed back, grill that ass dont look back
Respect this, like a Lexus repo man, I took that
Five cats to death, dog, like shop, Im gonna set more
Handwritten obituaries, vocal through my chords
Lights out, just pull the nines out
Lets find out, pointin' shook ones, they pointin' dimes out
It aint hard, straight up an' 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 an' never let go
 The tec 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, aint no second guessin'
 We blessin', peepin' your style, them never testin'
 Lessons of life, walk the night witcha weapon
 Son, it's the drama that got me lookin' back constant
 Some don shit, Foxy, get ready to bomb shit
 Blink a eye, missed the comment
 The calmest, its not a threat, its a promise, yeah
 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, it all great
 Aint no threat done, fuckin' with them niggaz thats fake
 They got though, pushin' a 850 auto, they sayin' nada
 They know the Firm gettin' nachos
 Cheddar like whatever, I see money frontin' in the land
 I got him, I got me a fuck an' his man
 Murderous, mami, I threw the kiss, he was hist
 Ooh, shoulda seen that ill Roley on his wrist
 It seem like he fuckin' wit cream, somethin' mean
 Youll be straight with his eight an' dead him on all his heroin
 Realistically, papi is history, mami
 I got this, chill, papa, let me rock this
 Im 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 an' his mans
 Really frontin', boo, got him the red velor, Filas too
 Here come my niggaz now, in the black Hummer stuntin'
 Yeah, thats the Firm, jig the fuck up an' 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 cant lie
 He was shook, Mega opened his chest, aint nuttin' left
 But the sky blue land an' that nigga's last breath
 Last breath
 My mind is the drama that got me lookin' back constant
 Some don shit, Foxy, get ready to bomb shit
 Blink a eye, missed the comment
 The calmest, its not a threat, its a promise
 My mind is the drama that got me lookin' back constant
 Some don shit, Foxy, get ready to bomb shit
 Blink a eye, missed the comment
 The calmest, its not a threat, its a promise
 Yeah, its not a threat, Mobb Deep
 Havoc an' Foxy duo, sick to death, baby
 Firm, Escobar 600, Sosa, Mega, Ice
 Grand Wiz, where you at, baby?
 Queensbridge, Don Pu, the whole Brooklyn, pretty boy

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