

# Cruel Summer

## Foxy Brown

Foxy Brown:

Yo, it's the cruel summer, cruel stool in the hummer  
With the visor twist back its the #1 stunner  
Back on the block with some shit that the cops had banned  
I cease niggas like the Taliban  
16 in. starelords in the Nautica van, with a fresh pair of filas  
and the dappour Dan and gettin' fancy in the shallor from Delancy  
and only real New Yorkers will understand me  
Wit a good Mavado and a crisp pair of lotto  
Now my niggas up in omm at the bar holdin' bottles  
It's not for real, wit other niggas followin'  
Bet they try to see us, but they never gonne be us now,  
The love is gone and the foolin' is done  
And if they ain't about they money, bet them niggas gettin oned and,  
Take big poppa back to the slums  
Ain't nothin' far, show yu how to do this Hun....Chorus:

(Cruel) cruel summer

Leaving me here on my own, it's a cruel

(It's a cruel) cruel summer

Now your gone Foxy Brown:

Uh...oh, here comes Foxx again

And we knockin' bitches out the box again

Got the rap game all locked again

Like the Ill Nana days, I'm still not afraid

Dropped Chyna Doll, which y'all happened to love

Then, Broken Silence put me back in the club

Then I gave it some time, now i'm the one to come up

Catch, The Fever this summer, i'm 'bout to run the summer

Every rotation, every rotation 3,000 spins we about to win

It's gonna be more hits, we'll see more stat

A little, Dior this and Dior that

They like, Foxx stay stylin' like she all that

I never worry, I styles in Behrberry now

Usually i'm on some grimmy shit, but,...

Let's take it bak to summer 96', come on...Chorus:

(Cruel) cruel summer

Leaving me here on my own, it's a cruel

(It's a cruel) cruel summer

Now your gone Foxy Brown:

(They like Foxx, OK)  
And now they tellin me,  
Whoa lil' mama, let me holla at you  
We could keep this on the low lil' mama  
Now look hommie i'm out of your budget  
And, supportin' Foxx is not in your budget,  
Plus, Anything I want, ain't hard to have  
Soon as I drop a joint, people startin' to BLAB  
Talk about they seen me trying to park the Naaav  
I don't even drive, I give them Cars to Gav, now....(Cruel) cruel summer  
Leaving me here on my own, it's a cruel  
(It's a cruel) cruel summer  
Now your gone....

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