

# I'll Be

## Foxy Brown

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

That's right, papa, that's right  
How we do, yeah, Ill Na Na  
Come on What up pop? Brace yourself as I ride on top  
Close your eyes as you ride, right out your socks  
Double, lose his mind as he grind in the tunnel  
Wanna gimme the cash he made off his last bundle Nasty girl don't pass me the world, I push to be not the  
backseat girl  
Don't deep throat the C-note she float  
Murder she wrote, and keeps the heat close  
Firm nigga, we 'posed to be the illest on three coasts Familia, bigga than ego, y'all, Danny DeVitoes, small  
niggaz  
All I see is the penny heaters, that's all niggaz  
No shark in this year raise it bigga  
Fifteen percent make the whole world sit up  
And take notice, Na Na take over y'all take quotas, to hit papa Straight out the gate y'all, we drop hits  
Now tell me, how nasty can you get?  
All the way from the hood to your neck of the woods  
It's ripped, one thing for sure I'll be good That's right, we drop hits  
Tell me, how nasty can you get?  
All the way from the hood to your neck of the woods  
It's ripped, one thing for sure I'll be good I'm too live, nasty as I wanna be  
Don't shake your sassy ass in front of me  
'Fore I take you there and tear your back out  
That shit ain't happened since The Mack was out Rollin' for Lana, dripped in Gabbana, nineties style, you find a  
style  
Right away it's the fit, wanna taste the shit  
Put me on a bass, and throw your face in it, fucker  
Na Na, y'all can't touch her, my sex drive all night like a trucker Let alone the skills I possess and y'all gon' see  
by these mil's I possess  
Never settle for less, I'm in excess not inexpensive D V S  
To the two, that's just the way I'm built  
Nasty what, classy, still Straight out the gate y'all, we drop hits

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Tell me, how nasty can you get?  
All the way from the hood to your neck of the woods  
It's ripped, one thing for sure I'll be good Well you can hoe what I got, roll with the rock  
The fella Capo in the candy apple drop  
Will tears fall to your ears if I don't stop?  
Can ya throw it like a quarterback, third in the lot? Dig me, I get you locked like Biggie, wit Irv in the spot  
Word middle, the cop 'n biddie, I'm the bomdigi, punana  
Sexy brown thing, uh, Madon' y'all  
Make 'em turn over from the full-court pressure To undress ya and shit all over your asses  
I ain't playin knockin' out at the Williams  
I'm sayin', what's the sense in delayin'?  
I'm tryin to run G from the P to the a.m.  
I saw your little thing now I'm swayin, ok'in shit Straight out the gate y'all, we drop hits  
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