

# Tables Will Turn

## Foxy Brown

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(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, yeahHow 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 endBreaker, 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 snakeAh, 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 Ah whatta day when the tables will turn  
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