

Tables Will Turn (feat. Baby Cham)

Foxy Brown

Ugh, Ehh, Uh!
(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!
HY-YAH! How many times I gotta let y'all bitches know I'm,
Why, so many bitches want to take my flow I'm,
Too hot, Too dope, Flow like that pink Cris and Momosa
Who the fuck dope-ah? (Ehh!)
Niggas want to run up in my spots and,
Every nigga want to 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' (Let 'em know now) Tell dem 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 (Holla at us now)
I let dem' know already and I'm tellin' dem' again
We on another level, Fox Brown ah set the trend (We on another level)
Head's boppin' and, Collars poppin' and
Prada rockin' to the end (Can ya feel me?)
Breaker, Breaker
Call di undertaker, Niggas will' be dyyyy-in'
I am no fake-ah
Send 'dem niggas cryyyy-in' back to their maker
Muddafuckas tryyyy-in' to be a shake-ah
Ya didn't know they shouldn't mess wit' people from Jamaica
Baby Cham and Foxy Brown, a we take the cake-ah
Drop a bomb on them, Now it's like a earthquake-ah
See them fasis movin' like a snake-ah (ya heard me) Ah whatta day when the tables will turn
Whatta day when the tables will turn,
Ah whatta day when the tables will turn
Whatta day when the tables will turn, (Wey eh) Whatta day when the tables will turn
Whatta day when the tables will turn, (Yo)
Whatta day when the tables will turn
Whatta, day when the tables will turn, Throw ya hands up, while the fuck out
Raw little peachy, bust the screechy (Eh!)
Zip it up, Uh, zip it up, Uh, zip it up, Uh, zip it up, HY-YAH!
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 dancefloor, what the fuck y'all came for?
Hot shit, Ill Na Na, MadHouse, 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 dat, Ehh

Songwriters

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