

If I...

Foxy Brown

Uhh, c'mon yeah *laughter*
Brooklyn, Brook-lyn, take it back, take it back
If I... Fox Boogie, ragtop six drop
Get caught, think not, light Brown
Cause we're not to be stopped
If I...I came up fast in this crap game they call a rap game
What the damn she's killin it again from that dame
Now every snake fake-faced O jig
I'm like, just don't sell me the 'Bridge, I buy lakes
Friends even bend rules, chicks I lent jewels
Says, "She's actin funny now, oh she's got money now"
Tryin to do my thing y'all, need you on my team
But you aint gon' stop my dream, or block my cream
I liked things better when you called me Ings
A year before Rap City, way before Screen Scene
'Fore they knew who Foxy was, you probably was
The first to keep it real wit all my secrets concealed
Things got ill the minute I got a deal
And my time got shorter and you was havin a daughter
Had to stop hopscotch, get off Iran
Damn I wish we were still playin jump
Chorus: repeat 2XIf I could take this back I would
If I could rewind the time to when it was all good
I would, take it back to when we said good-bye
If I...My so-called man thinkin he slick cause I stay on tour
Thought he'd never get caught tryin to play on whores
I cried as my keys was scrapin the car doors
From the trunk, to the hood, by the wheel and the floor
Exposed my vulnerable side, had me open wide
Said you forever keep it real, but you lied
Was the first to feel inside, the Ill Na Na
Had me thirst when you whispered to me, "How it feel mama?"
Yeah, but don't hurt it, I like the way you work it
No Diggity, don't stop get busy
Blew up your pager, checked your clothes
Duked your house keys, stole your beeper code
What happened to the Mo's and the occasional roses
Massages and the bubble baths, rubbin my toes as
I realize you was just misleadin me
I shoulda known, you left your last chick to be with me
ChorusMommy dearest tried to prepare us for a lot ahead
You never heard, preferred to smoke your lye instead

On the one to one combo told me you'd die for bread
That's why I spend these nights, cryin in the bed
You had the deep dish six, your rep was widespread
I tried to intervene you said it was over my head
Said I'd never understand the plight of a black man
Right, but I'm tryin to keep you in my life
V.I.A. satellite, talkin them burn outs
Soon you had me whylin and you turned me out
Taught me bout how to win, the code of the streets
Luxuries and wealth untold it was sweet
And one night you asleep after work was chopped up
Felt somethin strange in my veins, I popped up
One foot in the house shoot flew to the horn
Got the cell operator, I knew you was goneChorus 1.5X
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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