

112, U Already Know (Remix)

(feat. Foxy Brown)

[Slim (Foxy Brown)]

Uh, 112 (Foxy)

Uh, (112 baby)

(Check one, one two) Oh baba-ba-baby

[Foxy Brown]

F to the O (X) B double O (Yes)

G to the S (She's)

S-E-X (Who)

You already know that I like it hardcore

I'm from Brooklyn, you can leave ya Timberlands on

Creep like a Grem-i-lin, I'm a late night broad (Once again it's on)

Soon as you turn ya brake lights off I'ma work you right off

Brown nigga, what

You already know I turn around nigga (Ssss) what

[Slim]

Tonight's your night girl (Yes)

I'm trynin' to give you that thing to make you say (Yes)

From the kitchen floor down to the fire place (Yes)

Insense burning, your body's talking that shit to me

Cancel that phone (Yes)

he only sound I'm tryin' to hear is your moan (Yes)

You ridin' topless, no panties on (Yes)

And I've been thinkin' 'bout this all day long

You're giving me the fire though..

[Chorus 2X: 112 with various ad-libs]

Papa coming home, like to give you that raw

Favorite position, from the back door

Girl you know the drill don't ask no questions, you already know

[Q]

Is your girl Jenny home (Yes)

Call her up and tell her it's 'bout to be on (Yes)

Tell her don't show if it ain't heels and thongs (Yes)

I can already see it, ooh what a feeling

Just don't (Yes)

Get jealous if I hit that to hard (Yes)

Cuz you come first

You know your my heart (Yes)

Cuz it'll always be your's, girl I'm 'bout to turn you out

[Chorus 2X: 112 with various ad-libs]

[Bridge]

You know just how I like it to see it

(You know just how I like to see it)

You know just how I like beat it, you already know

You know I like to go down and eat it

(I love it when you go down and eat it)

And you know I won't stop until you get it, you already know

[Foxy Brown]

You already know, brain game I got it

Plus I cut like I trained Lorraine Bobbit

Fox got box to brings rings out ya pocket

Like a cell phone is in there

When you in here, feel like you in the air

Nothin' can compare 'cept for like you in the Lear...jet

Yes, we're takin' off

Buckle ya seat belts, nigga ya need help

F-O-X, male in distress
Thought you could put it on me, only except he never factored
Me throwin' it back-backwards
Back shots on the back of the mattress
I can fake it like an actress if you want me to
Or I can wine it like Passion, that's what I wanna do
Tell a ball player dude he can slide on true
Check one, one two, come on
Check one, one two (Once again it's on)

[Chorus to fade: 112 with various ad-libs]