

Foxy Brown, Blow My Whistle

Mmm, Oooh, Oh

(Foxy Brown)

Yeah, Uh, Yeah

Y'all know y'all see us in the Benz or that Rover
Fresh pair of And 1's, Luis? Pull over
Whole city locked, just like I always told you (uh-huh)
If it ain't Boogie, believe me, she a rookie
You know how Fox drop it, dig up in they pockets
Pussy get lost, treat that nigga like a jump-off
They act shady, this nigga must be crazy
My girls sell units like Michael in the 80's (ugh)

(Utada Hikaru)Chorus

What am I supposed to do, I don't wanna be your referee but
Anytime tonight I'm gonna, blow my whistle soon
Hold my breath, turn blue 'til it's time to be your referee, but
Later on tonight I'll let you, blow my whistle too

(Utada Hikaru)

Cast your vote on me
Say that's it for me
Just place your bets on me
Stop gettin' high off of jealousy,
whether you are ready or not
I'm comin' with all that I got (I got)
Then while you decide, we are undefined
My instincts says I ought to keep you free (I wanna keep you free)
And my mother says men besides stability (Oh, is it true?)
My Instincts says I ought to keep you free
But I told you this life exclusively (oh)

[Repeat Chorus]

(Utada Hikaru)

Scared to show or tell
Keep what you just felt
The secrets to yourself
I'm gettin' tired of mysteries, even though I say they do not
The games you play hurt me a lot (a lot)
When there's none to play, will you go or stay?
My instincts says I ought to disagree
When my mother says men will leave eventually (is it true?)
Nothing lasts forever, I agree
But I wouldn't mind the possibility (Oh)

[Repeat Chorus]

(Foxy Brown)

Live from BK, dippin' on the freeway (uh-huh)
Visor twisted back with a couple wild cats (Oww!)
Bunch of loose goons, Keep the muzzle on 'em
We all 7-tre, who the fuck wan' what? (lyye!)
I numbs 'em like cocaine raw
Starvin' like you part of the V-8 this fall
Homes, in many places, but I'm Brooklyn's own
Bet I, keeps it poppin', keeps they shoulders lockin'
Lahdy-Dahdy in the party, nigga,
Up ya yen, fuck you lockin' for a pen? I just came to bone

Reputation ill, stay on chrome
I'm like E.T. beotch, no phone home
Gavin always told me, Boogie, watch ya paper
Keep it low, bubble slow, niggaz, catch the vapors
Foxy Calhoun in the Cadillac blue
2 Live, Shawn ain't got no ma's, beotch!

[Repeat Chorus until fade]