

# Foxy Brown, Blow My Whistle - Duet W/Utada Hikaru

(Utada Hikaru)

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 f\*\*k 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, f\*\*k 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]