

# Foxy Brown, I Can't

[Intro]

Uh, y'know, uh, Boogie Brown, uh  
How you expect me to love you, nigga  
Can't even trust you, uh

So he played you, right?  
Shot a little game then he blazed you, right?  
Talkin' 'bout he was gon' make you wife then make you right  
And the last you seen was his car break lights

He fooled you girl, pussy is power, let me school you girl  
Don't get up off it 'till he move you girl  
And let no playin' nigga rule your world and screw you girl

I got 'em hatin' me, I throws the pussy down, keep 'em chasin' me  
Basically, niggas game a lot, so bet I game back  
And make the nigga think that I came a lot  
And I change the plot, when we was at Jacob  
That chain was hot, is he on or what?  
Nigga cop the broach in the double R  
And you got the notes, so I know you not broke, nigga

[Total & Foxy]

[1] - (I ain't fuckin' wit' you)  
I can't rock with you no more  
(You and your bullshit)  
(How can I love you)  
(Can't even trust you)

(I ain't fuckin' wit' you)  
I can't rock with you no more  
(Cut the bullshit)  
(How can I love you)  
(Can't even trust you)

I got 'em mad at Fox, 'fore I let a nigga just stab the box  
I gotta have some rocks, even then  
All I do is get they asses hot, then I ask them  
When was the last time you had some twat?  
Put 'em right in his place, saw him right down  
Shake it right in his face, you like the waist?  
By the way baby boy, would you like a taste?

Let me tell you what I need on those license plates  
"Property of Mohogany Brown", standin' knock-kneed  
On the balcony while you knock me down  
Ya'll wanna break me off without cakin' me off?  
Then expect the bitch to be faithfull to y'alls  
The next nigga copin' me bags straight from Dior  
Prada shoes, that's the bomb straight outta Milan  
And I'm about that money, no need to pretend  
Why don't you holla at me when you ready to spend

[Repeat 1]

You got as much, you game's y'all  
And I can spit it nigga, same as y'alls, same shoes, same cars  
Ain't like a chick ain't bawlin' herself  
Can you give me mo', then I'm holding myself  
I ain't tryin' to trip on no dick  
I ain't tryin' to have no cat laid up in my shit  
Had the next bitch layed up in my six?  
Gigglin', dizzy as shit, is it sick?

I'm what a nigga would love to have  
Chick with her own, nice tits, nice ass  
Nice attitude even though I might spaz  
He was still quite fast, you like the wife style  
Cuz you know that I come out ready to dumb out  
In house shoes, slippers, put it down for my niggas  
And I ain't goin' front, I'm about my end, so  
Holla at me when you ready to spend

[Repeat 1]

[Repeat 1]

[Total]

I can't rock you, no more  
Say it again, say it again

I can't rock you, no more  
Say it again, say it again  
say it again, say it again

I can't rock you, no more  
I can't rock you, no more  
Say it again, say it again  
say it again, say it again

I can't rock with you no more  
Say it again, say it again  
I can't rock with you no more  
Say it again, say it again  
I can't rock with you no more