

# Foxy Brown, I'll Be

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Jay-Z]

That's right, papa, that's right  
How we do, yeah, Ill Na Na  
Uh huh, uh, come on...

[Foxy]

What up pop, brace yourself as I ride on top  
Close your eyes as you ride, right out your socks  
Double, lose his mind as he grind in the tunnel  
Wanna gimme the cash he made off his last bundle  
Nasty-girl don't pass me the world  
I push to be not the backseat girl  
Don't deep throat the C-note she float  
Murder she wrote, and keeps the heat close  
Firm nigga, we 'posed to be the illest on three coasts  
Familia, bigga than Icos  
Y'all, Danny DeVitoes, small niggaz  
All I see is the penny heaters, that's all niggaz  
No shark in this year raise it bigga  
Fifteen percent make the whole world sit up  
and take notice, Na Na take over  
Y'all take quotas, to hit papa

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

Straight out the gate y'all, we drop hits  
Now tell me, how nasty can you get  
All the way from the hood to your neck of the woods  
It's ripped, one thing for sure -- I'll be good  
[repeat 2X]

[FOXY:] I'm 2 Live, Nasty As I Wanna Be

[JAY-Z:] Don't shake your sassy ass in front of me  
'fore I take you there and tear your back out

[FOXY:] That shit ain't happened since The Mack was out

[Foxy]

Uhh, rollin for Lana, dripped in Gabbana  
Nineties style, you find a style  
Right away it's the fit, wanna taste the shit  
Put me on a bass, and throw your face in it, fucker  
Na Na, y'all can't touch her  
My sex drive all night like a trucker  
let alone the skills I possess  
And y'all gon' see by these mil's I possess  
Never settle for less, I'm in excess  
Not inexpensive DVS  
To the two, that's just the way I'm built  
Nasty -- what, classy, still

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Well you can hoe what I got, roll with the rock  
The fella Capo in the candy apple drop  
Will tears fall to your ears if I don't stop  
Can ya throw it like a quarterback, third in the lot?

[Foxy]

Dig me, I get you locked like Biggie, wit Irv in the spot  
Word middie, the cop 'n biddie  
Uhh, I'm the bomdigi, punana

Sexy brown thing, uh, Madon' y'all  
Make em turn over from the full-court pressure  
to undress ya and shit all over your asses  
I ain't playin knockin out at the Williams  
I'm sayin, what's the sense in delayin  
I'm tryin to run G from the P to the A.M.  
I saw your little thing now I'm swayin, OK'in  
(ahh, shit... uh, uh)

[Chorus]