

# Foxy Brown, Tramp

(Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me?

Home girls, attention you must pay  
So listen close to what I say  
Don't take this as no simple rhyme  
Because this type of shit happens all the time  
Now, what would you do if a broke nigga came by?  
Would you fuck him or would you deny?  
Shit, it ain't like he don't know what we like  
Just a little bit of ice, carats straight for life

Then maybe we could talk about us 'fuckin' tonight'  
69 no change, in the back of the range, calloway edition  
Is ya'll muthafuckers still pushin' expeditions?  
Won't catch a bitch like Na Na rollin' in 'em  
Small thing, bitch we own things  
Give a fuck if my ice colors orange or sky blue  
I fuck with you  
(Tramp, tramp, tramp)

[1] - Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me?

(Tramp, tramp, tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me? (Tramp)

Whatchu call me?

(Tramp, tramp, tramp)

T-R-A-M-P, get the fuck away from me  
Cuz if you get too close I'mm have my folks  
Put ya'll in emergency

Gimme some room, all ya'll niggaz wanna dig in my womb  
Don't even know me, wanna fuck my friends?  
Give me head, drive my Benz  
Spendin' lately make me wanna fuck yo' friend  
Smack yo' bitch, take yo' 6, crash yo' shit  
Leave you numb, make me come, five more times  
Need five mo' bottles to get my shit wet  
You ain't even suck the tits yet, shit  
Break me off, clothes come off, show me love  
Let me hold somethin', freak you off  
Fuck you right, then sneak you off  
Now I'm straight, (bein' broke), I'm 'bout to breeze off

[Repeat 1]

And these broke niggaz got some nerve  
They be frontin' in the club with they man furs  
Five niggaz on one bottle of Cris'  
Then he talkin' me to death, fuck you takin' this  
Whether he friend or foe', gotta stone my lobes  
Matter of fact, fuck that, nigga ice my toes  
And whatever bitch you fuck, bet I'm twice them hoes  
And I want my pussy licked, after all my shows

It's not a game, that I does my thing  
And if it ain't light gray, betta be on ya way  
And if my stones ain't blue, no ass for you  
And if my ice ain't red, then you deaded some head  
All you tryin' to do is take Na Na to the Telly  
Phattin' up my belly, then lock me down, never that  
I ball till the day I croak, bet that, gimme that

[Repeat 1 until fade]