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Foxy Brown

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"7:30"

Whoa, whoa What the plurrr is this, YO!

They say I'm 730, say I spaz out FB is ill, she'll wild out Can y'all feel my pain? I can't let it slide How could I smile when I'm hurtin' so bad inside?

Yo how can we start this My life is thorough never heartless I laid it down from the Gate to the St Louis arches From the windy city to the streets in Cali To them streets in Houston My niggas always boostin' Some bitches always holla How they don't spend a dolla But that's because they ain't got it Now tell me where's the logic And if I talk it - I've done did it or about to do it I'm making anthems, got a million niggas bouncin' to it Bust your guns!

And if that ain't enough then bust again I've been thuggin' since B-I-Z made "Just A Friend" Matter of fact ever since Flava Flav was rockin' clocks And even then there was no bitch that could compare to Fox

Let me head knock, Pretty you wit' me right This Prada fit me tight, this Gucci fit me right Who could quickly write like seven joints and it be tight?

You know how hood we sound, you know it's Boogie Brown

Yo they say I'm 730, say I spaz out FB is ill, she'll wild out But can y'all feel my pain? I can't let it slide How could I smile when I'm hurtin' so bad inside? They say I'm 730, say I spaz out

FB is ill, she'll wild out
But can y'all feel my pain?
I can't let it slide
How could I smile when I'm hurtin' so bad inside?

Yo my life is full of problems Sometimes it's hard to dodge 'em So much you couldn't fathom I wish I didn't have them They say I'm 7-30, pretty but I rap too dirty The law is criticizing me and probably never heard me So what I crashed my Range My last name ain't changed This time it's different though I'm not exploiting names Yeah I write my shit It's not a fucking game So what he wrote some songs I blew him up the same I'm never ducking dames Y'all know just where to find me I would've killed her but it just wouldn't be fair to mommie

Imagine me doing time, Foxy behind bars Not me the crime star

Y'all bitches ain't worth it

Although my life ain't perfect, I'll never change a thing Y'all want success but y'all don't know about the pain it bring

It's supposed to make you happy and keep your paper long

This beat is kind of ill

How could you hate this song?

Yo they say I'm 730, say I spaz out
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But can y'all feel my pain?
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How could I smile when I'm hurtin' so bad inside?
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Man some hoes is always yackin'
Like I can't make it happen
Like they don't know my cash
Like they don't know my past
Especially pop star bitches with the soft image
So what I ain't with him

BITCH! He's off limits Be where I always be See who I choose to see Although we're not together, his heart belong to me See at times I think y'all bitches be confusing me Like I'm somethin' sweet, shorty I'm still street You're not on my level, and I won't stoop And I'm the one that got you, kicked out your own group Chicks be always thinkin' that I'mma let it ride I might not kill you but I'll hurt you till your dead inside Third album and you still wanna test Brown I'm so hood bitches know how boogie get down It could be real drama It's still the III Na Na There ain't a bitch wilda Any beef? Holla!

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