

Foxy Brown

"B.K. Made Me"

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* send corrections to the typist

(-Hook-)

Guiding, a dream

It's where, we always meet

I'm guiding, a dream

It's where, we always meet

(-Verse One-)

Got dreams of ending this bitch, My life is miserable

Make me end this shit, find my ass in critical

No, My nightmares come frequent like they rituals

But my words come swift, divine like the Pennicle

See, that's why I rock my shades, so when I cry

And my eyes are red, I can still hide my pain

Then I step on stage and, crowd is in a rage and

I make the first page and, my mission's complete

But when I step off of stage, it's back to reality

Problems still the same, and life's a fuckin' tragedy

Thoughts still the same and, I still dream of dying and

Taking some hard shit, to make me feel I'm flying and

Wish I was told I was carried as low

In this cold fuckin' world, I wanna fuckin' explode

Guess it's time for me to depart, know it sounds

strange

But I served my purpose, and I made my mark

Cause...

(-Repeat Hook-)

(-Verse Two-)

As long as the streets know it's a classic

Fluck all y'all envious bastards

I'm thorough when I'm, reppin' my borough nigga

Know tell me who could fuck wit', y'all put y'all money it

I make examples out of bitches, y'all don't really want it

Since Ill Na Na, I've been going through drama

And I get on my knees

And I thank, God for my momma

Since a youngin I been knowin', I be forever flowin'

Back in the lab biatch, back in my zone

No, thou shall not fuck with F to the Izz O

Bullshit aside, I got y'all rappers by a landslide
Pardon me, I'm not your average, I'm a savage
When it come to this game, I'm as ill as my name
So Gav and Ant brought me back, I was sick of this rap
Sick of the fame, sick of niggas hauling my name
No, I cant quit
I'm as real as they get
Yes, back on the scene
Still reps no press
Cause...

(-Repeat Hook-)

(-Verse 3-)
Death before dishonor
Born alone, die alone
My crew think I'm 7, bought a plane so I could fly alone
No security, got the nine through the stallion
Run through Louie, when I wanna get my style on
Body something, get the chair and I'll fry alone
The skylarking, six be moonwalking
No, who keeps a floss game like Fox and Pretty
In Kennedy with twenty Louie's like Akeim and Simmi
No, nobody grinning, don't take it as rude
I was a little too gangsta for the Moulin Rouge
Cause...

(-Repeat Hook Until End-)

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