

Foxy Brown

"Blow My Whistle - Duet W/utada Hikaru"

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(Utada Hikaru)

Mmm, Oooh, Oh

(Foxy Brown)

Yeah, Uh, Yeah

Y'all know y'all see us in the Benz or that Rover

Fresh pair of And 1's, Luis? Pull over

Whole city locked, just like I always told you (uh-huh)

If it ain't Boogie, believe me, she a rookie

You know how Fox drop it, dig up in they pockets

Pussy get lost, treat that nigga like a jump-off

They act shady, this nigga must be crazy

My girls sell units like Michael in the 80's (ugh)

(Utada Hikaru)Chorus

What am I supposed to do, I don't wanna be your referee but

Anytime tonight I'm gonna, blow my whistle soon

Hold my breath, turn blue 'til it's time to be your referee, but

Later on tonight I'll let you, blow my whistle too

(Utada Hikaru)

Cast your vote on me

Say that's it for me

Just place your bets on me

Stop gettin' high off of jealousy,

whether you are ready or not

I'm comin' with all that I got (I got)

Then while you decide, we are undefined

My instincts says I ought to keep you free (I wanna keep you free)

And my mother says men besides stability (Oh, is it true?)

My Instincts says I ought to keep you free

But I told you this life exclusively (oh)

[Repeat Chorus]

(Utada Hikaru)

Scared to show or tell
Keep what you just felt
The secrets to yourself
I'm gettin' tired of mysteries, even though I say they do
not
The games you play hurt me a lot (a lot)
When there's none to play, will you go or stay?
My instincts says I ought to disagree
When my mother says men will leave eventually (is it
true?)
Nothing lasts forever, I agree
But I wouldn't mind the possibility (Oh)

[Repeat Chorus]

(Foxy Brown)

Live from BK, dippin' on the freeway (uh-huh)
Visor twisted back with a couple wild cats (Oww!)
Bunch of loose goons, Keep the muzzle on 'em
We all 7-tre, who the fuck wan' what? (lyye!)
I numbs 'em like cocaine raw
Starvin' like you part of the V-8 this fall
Homes, in many places, but I'm Brooklyn's own
Bet I, keeps it poppin', keeps they shoulders lockin'
Lahdy-Dahdy in the party, nigga,
Up ya yen, fuck you lockin' for a pen? I just came to
bone
Reputation ill, stay on chrome
I'm like E.T. beotch, no phone home
Gavin always told me, Boogie, watch ya paper
Keep it low, bubble slow, niggaz, catch the vapors
Foxy Calhoun in the Cadillac blue
2 Live, Shawn ain't got no ma's, beotch!

[Repeat Chorus until fade]

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