

Foxy Brown

"It's Hard Being Wifee"

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Uhh

Ladies y'all know how that sayin' goes
'Be careful what you ask for in life
'Cuz you just might get it'
Dependin' on what you ask for
What you get you might not be able to get out of it
You heard? Uhh

Niggas might take advantage if you let 'em
(Uhh)
Play your cards right and if you fuck 'em in the same
night
Make sure that he don't snitch, must be up to sumpin'
Or be lyin' on his dick, shit

You know how niggas flip from gettin' pussy
The head, 'til you spent yo bread and blew his dick
Especially if he trip, shit
Don't complain, bitch, do your thang and cop that
range
(Uhh)

When he hit you with that game
You be like, 'A'ight, dude, whatever'
And sleep on it, put like a week on it
Get the Benz Jeep and creep on it

Do you, like, yeah, faggot, screw you
What the fuck am I to do now?
Just lay back like I'm that lame bitch, dude
I'm that same bitch
(Uh huh)

Don't you know? Never cross no ho
Especially if she was wifee and she know where that
stands go
Fuck you wildin' fo'? Who you stylin' fo'?
And the truth is he fuckin' with the deuce kid
(Uhh)

He don't know that I stick a move
Get him right for that Chyna White

Nothing to lose, and I see right through him
Yeah, we fuckin' tonight

In the Duque, what he talkkin' and I'm truckin' tonight
And if he sweet with them big ones, I'm lucky tonight
And if he packin' like he yappin', I'm doin' him right

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Yo, when your man ain't fuckin' you right
And the dope daddy singing in the hood in that Chyna
White
We say, "Fuck 'em, fuck 'em"
'Cuz he just ain't right
We say, "Fuck 'em, fuck 'em"
'Cuz he just ain't tight

Yo, when your man ain't fuckin' you right
And the dope daddy singing in the hood in that Chyna
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'Cuz he just ain't right
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'Cuz he just ain't tight

Uhh, mostly, they'll play you closely
(Uh, huh)
Especially if you fuckin' 'em, anything could crushin'
'em
Damn bitch, you lovin' 'em, impressed like that
Bomb head, every night, is the sex like that? Uh huh
Yeah, you ain't know, I was stress like that
Over do, not this once, he don't handle like that

Should'a known not to fuck with no lightweight cats
Rollin' doves in his stacks, I ain't fuckin' wit that
I'm like, "Dude, where the fuck is yo big heads at?"
And you know how I get down, I don't pumps like that
Plus he act funny and he only fuck with track money

And I'm, seven zero platinum-plat money
It's not a game, nigga
And like Sparkle, be careful what you say, nigga
The kind of cat that makes, wonder if he was sent to do
this
Put it down for you

First chick he ever cried fo' never had a chick that raps
like this
(Uh, huh)
And impressed for no see 'cuz we straight like this
(Uh, huh)

And he makes a it very clear baby mothers don't exist
(Uhh)
They just some Fox haters and condom breakers, ya
heard?

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Ughh, the situation is
(Uh, huh)
Y'all chicks be fuckin' with that mistress shit
Babe ro, if not for the dough, I splits with the quickness
Pleads no fifth, leaves no traces, ya heard?

What the fuck is this? Payback shit?
(Uh, huh)
Is it God striking me for some way back shit?
I'm like, "Damn, was the bitch really foul like this?"
(Uh, huh)
And my lobe be just to think, I should slash my wrist

And my seven, from me thinkin' I should total my six
Or should straight spazz out, fuck his man and split
(Uh, huh)
Took the code straight to his safe and just empty his
bricks
On the low but I know that he love when I flip
(Uhh)

Ya betta know how to throw the smash game
Shit, I got to bring bitch and his last name
(Uhh)
Any bitch could do a nigga whole big
Any bitch could lock up and have a kid

Any chick could fuck a nigga despite
But the nigga got to love you if he make you his wife
Ughh, ya chicks is lonely, I'm ownin' that dick

And on top of all this bullshit, I'm still his chick

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