

Foxy Brown **"The Promise"**

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Firm, Infamous, Brooklyn, Q B

My mind is the drama that got me lookin' back constant
Some don shit, Foxy, get ready to bomb shit
Blink a eye, missed the comment
The calmest, it's not a threat, it's a promise, yeah

Who be the mahogany, mami? The slanted eyes
Hold it down, boogie Fox, you bitch niggaz strip
You web niggaz dead on, get fucked an' wet on
Shitted on, I want a low, fuckin' wit don

Like Ronald, thirty inch, Fortistrano
Million, sophisticado, illy movado
The Firm's baby girl, my fam be my whole world
It figures 'cause she'd die for them niggaz

Doe or die status, mama be the baddest
From Brooklyn to Queensbridge, it's pure havoc, havoc
We on a job, fuckin' wit Mobb
They had the drop on 'em, the slanted eyes peep the
rocks on 'em

He kinda jig an' he bubblin' big
Dig a hole holdin', So's, watch his cash start foldin'
An' bet though, twenty G craps wet though
Nas, you shoulda seen the nigga jet though

Had it on blast, shoulda seen me shakin' all of my ass
Of course, me, I threw the gas, thug nigga, turnin' real
saucy
Firm lay low, I'ma play if you say so
So stay close like I'm 'bout to twist babe, bro
I laid it down, went a couple of rounds an' tried to
flaunt him
I threw it on him, now he's right where I want him

Got my mind in crooked ways
Saturated up in alize, you ain't a threat, nigga
So get big, nigga, baby girl, crossin' over, send your
soldiers
Toucha, fuck a rusher, this world is colder

Like a day in December 25th, son, I got gift
From monkey motherfuckers, that wanna rip
Get your shit split, pushed back, grill that ass don't look
back
Respect this, like a Lexus repo man, I took that

Five cats to death, dog, like shop, I'm gonna set more
Handwritten obituaries, vocal through my chords
Lights out, just pull the nines out
Let's find out, pointin' shook ones, they pointin' dimes
out

It ain't hard, straight up an' down, you get your deck
pulled
My hand is full of fake niggaz, I position
Expensive intuition, fuck a rap competition
Gat expo, get a grip an' never let go

The tec blows, the rapper Noyd said that ass is wet
though
Triple P, paranoid, plus petrol
Scared to death, put the pedal to the metal
Ghetto connections, Audi 4, take your section

You only get once chance, ain't no second guessin'
We blessin', peepin' your style, them never testin'
Lessons of life, walk the night witch a weapon

Son, it's the drama that got me lookin' back constant
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Fox Boogs, whattup? They get the jack, what the fuck?
Lucked up, the thug nigga took a L, nigga bitched up
The snake niggaz slither like Jake, it all great
Ain't no threat done, fuckin' with them niggaz that's
fake

They got though, pushin' a 850 auto, they sayin' nada
They know the Firm gettin' nachos
Cheddar like whatever, I see money frontin' in the land
I got him, I got me a fuck an' his man

Murderous, mami, I threw the kiss, he was hist
Ooh, shoulda seen that ill Roley on his wrist
It seem like he fuckin' wit cream, somethin' mean
You'll be straight with his eight an' dead him on all his
heroin

Realistically, papi is history, mami
I got this, chill, papa, let me rock this
I'm fuckin' wit fours to cock this, let me plot this
Ice, he nuttin' nice, if he front, take his life

At the shark bar, fuckin' wit duke, him an' his mans
Really frontin', boo, got him the red velor, Filas too
Here come my niggaz now, in the black Hummer
stuntin'
Yeah, that's the Firm, jig the fuck up an' body sumpin'

Whattup now, duke? His eyes cried from the inside
I seen all of his fears 'cause he about to fry
He looked at me, through his right eye
Was like, "Mami, why?", I felt fucked up, I can't lie

He was shook, Mega opened his chest, ain't nuttin' left
But the sky blue land an' that nigga's last breath
Last breath

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Yeah, it's not a threat, Mobb Deep
Havoc an' Foxy duo, sick to death, baby
Firm, Escobar 600, Sosa, Mega, Ice
Grand Wiz, where you at, baby?
Queensbridge, Don Pu, the whole Brooklyn, pretty boy

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