

**Jay Z & Foxy Brown****"I'll Be"**

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That's right, papa, that's right  
How we do, yeah, Ill Na Na  
Uh huh, uh, come on

What up pop, brace yourself as I ride on top  
Close your eyes as you ride, right out your socks  
Double, lose his mind as he grind in the tunnel  
Wanna gimme the cash he made off his last bundle

Nasty-girl don't pass me the world  
I push to be not the backseat girl  
Don't deep throat the C-note she float  
Murder she wrote, and keeps the heat close

Firm nigga, we 'posed to be the illest on three coasts  
Familia, bigga than Icos  
Y'all, Danny DeVitoes, small niggaz  
All I see is the penny heaters, that's all niggaz

No shark in this year raise it bigga  
Fifteen percent make the whole world sit up  
And take notice, Na Na take over  
Y'all take quotas, to hit papa

Straight out the gate y'all, we drop hits  
Now tell me, how nasty can you get  
All the way from the hood to your neck of the woods  
It's ripped, one thing for sure, I'll be good

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I'm to live, nasty as I wanna be  
Don't shake your sassy ass in front of me  
'Fore I take you there and tear your back out  
That shit ain't happened since 'The Mack' was out

Uh, rollin' for Lana, dripped in Gabbana  
Nineties style, you find a style

Right away it's the fit, wanna taste the shit  
Put me on a bass, and throw your face in it, fucker

Na Na, y'all can't touch her  
My sex drive all night like a trucker  
Let alone the skills I posses  
And y'all gon' see by these mil's I posses

Never settle for less, I'm in excess  
Not inexpensive DVS  
To the two, that's just the way I'm built  
Nasty, what, classy, still

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Well you can hoe what I got, roll with the rock  
The fella Capo in the candy apple drop  
Will tears fall to your ears if I don't stop  
Can ya throw it like a quarterback, third in the lot?

Dig me, I get you locked like Biggie, wit Irv in the spot  
Word middie, the cop 'n biddie, uh, I'm the bomdigi,  
punana  
Sexy brown thing, uh, Madon' y'all  
Make 'em turn over from the full-court pressure  
To undress ya and shit all over your asses

I ain't playin' knockin' out at the weighin'  
I'm sayin', what's the sense in delayin'  
I'm tryin' to run G from the P to the a.m.  
I saw your little thing now I'm swayin', okayin'  
(Ah, shit uh, uh)

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