

## A-Ha

### "Foxy Brown"

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Ladies and gentlemen.. all the way live.. from the Q  
Al' Tariq, look, look

I'm round 135th, thirty-three thirty-three  
Cuz-o crib, where all them greasy dirties be  
Niggaz, gettin them evil papes and it don't matter  
whether you brother or sister take you out fo' the batter  
AIGHT? So check the scene, we in front of the build'  
Me, Spud and Berg tossin grills hittin Phil's and then  
out of nowhere, look what I see steppin in our direction  
Body definitely kept in  
the best shape that's possible, and yo it's probable  
that I could bag her, I'm fiendin to have her  
I tap her, what's yo' name lovely?  
Body's bone-crushin, some Pam Grier shit and right  
there  
she started blushin so you know how I'm thinkin peep  
the drama  
We gon' slide up to my crib and continue like some  
karma(?)'s  
black momma, not no white momma, I got the right  
momma  
Got this sexy brown momma

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

"I want a down hoe, a Foxy Brown hoe, I want a down  
hoe.."

"She sho' is BAD!"

"I want a down hoe, a Foxy Brown hoe, I want a down  
hoe.."

"She sho' is BAD!"

[Al' Tariq]

Look, I was like the Mack, to her Foxy Brown  
\_Cotton Comes to Harlem\_ gettin this money Uptown  
"Showtime at the Apollo," games up at the Rutgers  
All eyes on, we just some fly muh'fuckers  
Got these suckers live in fear we like three the hard  
way  
Me Fox and cuz-o Spud we just feed the hard way  
Just creamin all day, plus my clan's all in it

We not just tryin to run it, nigga we tryin to win it  
And since we killin in it, you know here come the  
leaches  
Lookin fo' they share, blowin shit like some speakers  
But my boo is my keeper, you know she gon' protect  
me  
Ms. Cleopatra Jones, she never let 'em get me  
She never let 'em sweat me, keep the joint nearby  
Cause of my Fox Brown all these niggaz fear I  
All hail Tariq and the long black missus  
Breakin niggaz off and just handlin our business  
Foxxxy Brown

[Chorus]

[Al' Tariq]

Now look - here comes the scandal, to crush my empire  
Make my empire, burn with the fire  
from the joint cuz-o hits the deck  
Now look at that, they just left the fam wet  
I get the soldiers, round up the posse  
We on some Panther shit, fuck Gucci and Gotti  
Fuck a Maseratti, we up in the Land  
Now I'm out here at war and Fox is at my right hand  
Do some "Black Ceasar" shit throw a nigga in the trunk  
with the rats got the bats, in case he alive when we get  
back  
Now how's that for a twist on the story  
Me and this hot thang goin down with the glory  
Steady puffin lye gettin "Cooley High" we never die  
Blow up the high, niggaz scheme but never try,  
"Superfly"  
Fo' the nine-ohs and eight-five-ohs  
Me and my bitch, now that's just how the shit goes  
Fox Brown

[Chorus]

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