

Foxy Brown & Total

"I Can't"

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Foxy Brown (Verse One):

So he played you right? Shot a little game and he
blazed you right? Talkin' 'bout he was
gon' make you wife, then make you right. And the last
thing you seen, was the car-break
lights. He fooled you girl. Na na is power, let me school
you girl. Don't get up off it till he
move you girl. And let no plain dude rule your world,
and screw you girl. I got 'em hatin' me.
When I throw it down, keep 'em chasin' me. Basically.
And when they game a lot, bet I game
back, and make the cat think that I came a lot. And I
changed the plot, when we was a
Jacob's, that chain was HOT! Is you on or what? Know
you cop the broach, and double R,
and you got the notes, so I know you not broke.

Total & Foxy Brown (chorus):

I ain't rockin' with you. I can't rock with (you want some
bull..) you no more.
How can I love you? Can't even trust you. I ain't rockin'
with you.
I can't rock with (you want some bull..) you no more.
How can I love you? Can't even trust you..

Foxy Brown (Verse Two):

I got 'em mad at Fox. 'Fore I let any cat stab the box, I
got to have some rocks, even then,
all I do is get they [.....] hot. Then I ask 'em, "When's the
last time you had some [....]?"
Put him right in his place, slow him right down, shake it
right in his face, you like the waist?
By the way, baby boy, would you like a taste? Let me
tell you what I need on those license
plates. Property of Mahogany Brown, standin' knock-
kneed, on the balcony while you're
knockin' me down. Y'all wanna break me off without
cakin' me off, then expect this chick to
be faithfully yours? The next dude coppin' me bags
straight from DR, Prada shoes that's the
bomb, straight out of Milan. And I'm about that money,

no need to pretend. Why don't you
holler at me when you ready to spend?

Chorus

Foxy Brown (Verse Three):

I got as much game as y'all, and bet I spit mines. Same
as y'all. Same jewels, same cars.
Ain't like a chick ain't ballin' herself, can you give me
more then I'm holdin' myself?
I ain't tryin' to trick on no [...], I ain't tryin' to have no
cat layed up in my whip. Have the next
chick layed up in my six, gigglin, dizzy as [...]. I'm what
a dude would love to have.
A chick with her own nice [...], nice [...], nice attitude,
even though I might spaz. Even still
quite fast, you like the light half. 'Cause you know that I
come out, ready to dumb out,
in house shoes, slippers, put it down for him. And I ain't
gon' front, I'm about my ends so,
holler at me when you ready to spend.

Chorus

Bridge (Total):

I can't.. rock you.. no moooooooooooooooooore. I can't.. rock
you.. no moooooooooooooooooore.
I can't.. rock you.. no moooooooooooooooooore. I can't.. rock
you.. no moooooooooooooooooore.

Chorus until Fade

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