

Foxy Brown F/ Havoc

"The Promise"

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11cd

[Foxy] Uhh, uh-huh, Firm

[Havoc] Infamous

[Foxy] The Brook-lyn, Q-B

chorus

[Foxy] My mind is the drama, that got me lookin back

[both] constant

[Foxy] Some Don shit, Foxy, get ready to

[both] bomb shit

[Foxy] Blink a eye, missed the comment

The calmest, it's not a threat, it's a promise, yeah

Verse One: Foxy Brown

Who be the, mahogany, mami, the slanted eyes

hold it down, Boogie Fox, you bitch niggaz strip

You web niggaz dead on, get fucked and wet on

Shitted on, I want a low, fuckin wit Don

like Ronald, thirty inch, fortistrano

Mill-ion, sophisticado, ill 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, ma-ma be the baddest

From Brook-lyn to Queensbrige, 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, and he bubblin big

Dig a hole holdin, so's watch his cash start foldin

And 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, and tried to
flaunt him

I threw it on him, now he's right where I want him

Verse Two: Havoc

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 and 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 and never let go
The tet 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 witcha weapon

*chorus reversed, Havoc takes the main and Foxy joins
in
starts with "Son it's the drama" instead*

Verse Three: Foxy Brown

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, ain't all great
Ain't no threat Dunn, fuckin with them niggaz that's
fake
They got though, pushin a 850 auto, they sayin nada
They know The Firm gettin nachoes
Cheddar like whatever, I see money frontin in the Land
I got him, I got me a fuck and his man
Murderous mami, I threw the kiss, he was hist'
Oooh, shoulda seen that ill Roley on his wrist
It seem like he fuckin wit cream somethin mean
You'll be straight with his eight, and dead him on all his
heron

Realistically, papi, is history, mami
I got this, chill Pa Pa, 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 and his mans
Really frontin boo, got him the red velour Filas too
Here come my niggaz now in the black Hummer stuntin
Yeah that's The Firm, jig the fuck up and 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, and that niggaz last breath
Last breath...

chorus, Foxy alone all parts (repeat 2X)

Yeah, it's not a threat
Uhh, Mobb Deep, Havoc, and Foxy
Duo, uhh, sick to death baby
Firm, Escobar 600, Sosa, Mega, Ice
Grand Wiz where you at baby?
Queensbridge, Don 'pu
The whole Brook-lyn, pretty boy

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