

Utada

"Blow My Whistle"

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[Hikaru Utada]

Mmm, Oooh, Oh

[Foxy Brown]

Yeah, Uh, Yeah

Y'all know y'all see us in the Benz or that Rover

Fresh pair of Air 1's, Louis pullover

Whole city locked

Just like I always told you (uh-huh)

If it ain't Boogie, believe me, she a rookie

You know how Fox drop it

Dig up in they pockets

Pussy get lost, treat that nigga like a jump-off

They act shady, this nigga must be crazy

My girl sells units like Michael in the 80's (ugh)

[Hikaru Utada]

What am I supposed to do?

I don't wanna be your referee but

Anytime tonight I'm gonna

Blow my whistle soon

Hold my breath

Turn blue 'til it's time to be your referee but

Later on tonight I'll let you

Blow my whistle too

Cast your vote on me

Save that seat for me

Just place your bets on me

Stop gettin' high off of jealousy

Whether you are ready or not

I'm comin' with all that I got (I got)

Then while you decide, we are undefined

My instincts says I ought to keep you free

(I wanna keep you free)

And my mother says men dislike stability (oh, is it true?)

My instincts says I ought to keep you free

But I dont dislike exclusivity(oh)

What am I supposed to do?
I don't wanna be your referee but
Anytime tonight I'm gonna
Blow my whistle soon
Hold my breath
Turn blue 'til it's time to be your referee but
Later on tonight I'll let you
Blow my whistle too

Scared to show or tell
Keep what you just felt
A secret to yourself
I'm gettin' tired of mysteries
Even though I say they do not
The games you play hurt me a lot
When there's none to play
Will you go or stay?

My instincts says I ought to disagree
When my mother says men will leave eventually (is it
true?)
Nothing lasts forever
I agree
But I wouldn't mind the possibility (oh)

What am I supposed to do?
I don't wanna be your referee but
Anytime tonight I'm gonna
Blow my whistle soon
Hold my breath
Turn blue 'til it's time to be your referee but
Later on tonight I'll let you
Blow my whistle too

[Foxy Brown]
Live from BK, dippin' on the freeway (uh-huh)
Visor twisted back with a couple wild cats (oowww!)
Bunch of loose goons, Keep the muzzle on 'em
We all 7-tre, who the fluck wan' what? (ayye!)
I numbs 'em like cocaine raw
Starvin' like you part of the V-8 this fall
Homes, in many places, but I'm Brooklyn's own
Bet I, keeps it poppin', keeps they shoulders lockin'
La-Di-Da-Di in the party, nigga
Up ya yen, fuck you lockin' for a pen?
I just came to bone
Reputation ill, stay on chrome
I'm like E.T. beotch, no phone home
Gavin always told me, Boogie, watch ya paper
Keep it low, bubbles flow, niggaz, catch the vapors
Fox, Hikaru, in the Cadillac blue

2 Live, Shawn ain't got no ma's, beotch!

What am I supposed to do?
I don't wanna be your referee but
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Blow my whistle soon
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Turn blue 'til it's time to be your referee but
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Blow my whistle too
[repeats then fades out]

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