

She Wanna Rude Bwoy

Foxy Brown

I want a d-boy

I got dreams of f*ckin' with this young don named [?]
That's word to my moms she turned me on
That's word to Gav
He could have smashed
Cops to a quarter, I wish I gave him a daughter for real
I used to dream of niggas like [?]
His outpost snitched I rather f*ck be the shoe
Ah!
I'm addicted to drug dealers
Young 17 I been f*ckin' with drug niggas
You know killers like Pap and Prince Miller
From Queens, member Preem? I seen him in my dreams
I use to feign for the call even used to wake up late nights
Waitin' for them to call me
True story before the lime light
It was cars, trucks, and bikes
Fox and D-Knights
Ugh, and ever since I was a child
Use to stay dreamin' about Kev' Chiles

She want a rude bwoy
A know what to do boy

Got news of the
Cause everyday we done trapping
We get this bitch popping
Can't leave the streets alone

It was all a dream, like Big said
When I woke up, damn, seemed like the city was dead
What's up New York New York, nobody gettin' bread
[?] sent Big Meeks to the feds
Now everybody a gangsta nobody got cheddar
My dreams were so much better
Big money from gold getters
Minks in the cold weathers
Cris and the best kush
Remember Bush
Big L son and Lu Harv
Homicide Lu and Boy George
Just see him go to sleep in the car
And pop a few pills
Turn me on for real
You know Fox send shots to hit you
Then I f*ck a nigga like Wayne Perry
Since I was young, use to dream of f*ckin' with ?
Poppin' bottles while he suckin' or swallow