

Candy

Foxy Brown

I taste just like candy, candy
I taste just like candy
So dance with me

Yo now let me paint y'all a picture
Fox pimp hard, quiet just like a whisper
Don't get it mixed up
Bad little sista
Not bad meaning bad, but bad meaning good
Damn I'm so hood
You should see me in them jeans
It's hard to describe and
Being cocky is just a part of the vibe
I might stop and holla and pop my colla
Maybe a little conceited but that's always needed
Love attention when I'm passing by
And I show a little cleavage and I catch his eye
Just the thought of him eating, I was outside soaking
Duke standing locing, mouth wide open
I walked over, licking my lips
And adjusting my tits and switching my hips
Shit he threw his hand on my waist
Looked in my face and said he wanna know how I taste

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Now just imagine me nude, stretched out
Be all over the news if this gets out
So bad that the press might ban me
Now how bad you wanna know if I'm sweeter then candy
What would you risk? Would you put up the car?
Taste my na na in the rain on the hood of your car
Or the back of the plane
Nipples all out, bent over the sink with my panties in your mouth
When my dark skin complexion steps in
Won't take no questions to get him and uh
The thought of Fox give men erections
And get real stiff at the sight of my tits
Now we can role play
You be the pilot, I'll be the stewardess
Boy I ain't knew to this
When I lay on my stomach and throw my legs back
Y'all probably won't know how to act

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I'm real sweet like a candy corn
I'm in your thoughts late night when your boys are gone
Picture me, t-shirt, no panties on
Or maybe topless, homie I'm priceless boy
The kind of girl that love to talk shit
'Specially when I'm on top
The whole show stop
Even though I'm sweet
Ain't nothin' sweet
Let me know when you're ready to eat

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