

## If I...

Foxy Brown

Uhh, c'mon yeah [laughter]  
Brooklyn, Brook-lyn, take it back, take it back  
If I... Fox Boogie, ragtop six drop  
Get caught, think not, light Brown  
Cause we're not to be stopped  
If I...

I came up fast in this crap game they call a rap game  
What the damn she's killin it again from that dame  
Now every snake fake-faced O jig  
I'm like, just don't sell me the 'Bridge, I buy lakes  
Friends even bend rules, chicks I lent jewels  
Says, "She's actin funny now, oh she's got money now"  
Tryin to do my thing y'all, need you on my team  
But you aint gon' stop my dream, or block my cream  
I liked things better when you called me Ings  
A year before Rap City, way before Screen Scene  
'Fore they knew who Foxy was, you probably was  
The first to keep it real wit all my secrets concealed  
Things got ill the minute I got a deal  
And my time got shorter and you was havin a daughter  
Had to stop hopscotch, get off Iran  
Damn I wish we were still playin jump

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

If I could take this back I would  
If I could rewind the time to when it was all good  
I would, take it back to when we said good-bye  
If I...

My so-called man thinkin he slick cause I stay on tour  
Thought he'd never get caught tryin to play on whores  
I cried as my keys was scrapin the car doors  
From the trunk, to the hood, by the wheel and the floor  
Exposed my vulnerable side, had me open wide  
Said you forever keep it real, but you lied  
Was the first to feel inside, the Ill Na Na  
Had me thirst when you whispered to me, "How it feel mama?"  
Yeah, but don't hurt it, I like the way you work it  
No Diggity, don't stop get busy  
Blew up your pager, checked your clothes  
Duked your house keys, stole your beeper code  
What happened to the Mo's and the occasional roses  
Massages and the bubble baths, rubbin my toes as  
I realize you was just misleadin me  
I shoulda known, you left your last chick to be with me

[Chorus]

Mommy dearest tried to prepare us for a lot ahead  
You never heard, preferred to smoke your lye instead  
On the one to one combo told me you'd die for bread  
That's why I spend these nights, cryin in the bed  
You had the deep dish six, your rep was widespread  
I tried to intervene you said it was over my head  
Said I'd never understand the plight of a black man

Right, but I'm tryin to keep you in my life  
V.I.A. satellite, talkin them burn outs  
Soon you had me whylin and you turned me out  
Taught me bout how to win, the code of the streets  
Luxuries and wealth untold it was sweet  
And one night you asleep after work was chopped up  
Felt somethin strange in my veins, I popped up  
One foot in the house shoot flew to the horn  
Got the cell operator, I knew you was gone

[Chorus 1.5X]