

# Star Cry

Foxy Brown

Lord have mercy, I'm so controversy  
Bet you've never seen a star cry  
I gave you my life  
My blood, sweat, and tears  
Hip-hop's bad girl for ten f\*\*kin' years

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See I know how it feel to wake up f\*\*ked up  
How can the spectators say Fox is stuck up  
How can y'all judge my life, like I ain't have struggles  
Sometimes I feel like I live inside a f\*\*kin' bubble  
I work hard for mines, baby, I'm a thoroughbred  
And I don't care what channel 5 and the haters said  
I will not cower, I will not conform  
I've been through this rap shit too long  
And everybody wanna know 'bout Fox  
Bet I'm the most controversial young rap bitch in hip-hop  
And please don't shed me no tears, I need y'all prayers  
Feds on my back, tryna' give me five years  
And my P.O. stay tryna' violate me  
So I make sure my piss is clean, my wrists is gleamin'  
And my whip is sick, my six is mean  
Paparazzi take flicks and see how the bitch lean  
I'm every black girl's dream  
Controversy sells, I was taught at sixteen  
I spaz if you tempt me  
Only black bitch to get press like the white bitches, Paris & Lindsay

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Allow me to tear it all down  
You gotta get the f\*\*k back up if you fall down  
Can't stumble or crumble, or let 'em see you drown  
And I swear with every tear that I cry - I'm here now  
Imagine how it feel to see your world torn down  
This is not Fox that's speakin - there's no more Brown  
Let me reintroduce myself and tear the wall down  
Hold up - Let me take the platinum plaques all down  
Let me take off my jewelry, the ring by my middle finger  
Nice to meet you again, Hi, My name is Inga  
I cry real tears - cause I'm a real person

Look beyond my fur coats and Chanel purses  
Put aside the Christian Dior, and look inside my soul  
And see I'm just a little insecure  
I'm just like y'all - but I probably hurt more  
After thirteen years I feel I deserve more  
And I single handedly changed the whole rap game  
Bust a shot when y'all mention my name - Blockaaa, Brown

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Only a bum bitch snatch bags and all that  
It's 2007 - what the f\*\*k you call that?  
Yeah they jumped me - I had five bitches on my back  
And I emerged unscathed without a mothaf\*\*kin' scratch  
About an hour later, got all my shit back  
Every mothaf\*\*kin' piece - bitch, I AM the streets  
I'm Brownsville to Bedstuy, Flatbush, and the East  
What other rap bitch could touch Brooklyn concrete?  
Home of the crooks, and - step in any hood in Brooklyn  
Bet you'll still see my Louboutin footprints