

# The Promise

Foxy Brown

[Foxy] Uhh, uh-huh, Firm  
[Havoc] Infamous  
[Foxy] The Brook-lyn, Q-B

[chorus]  
[Foxy] My mind is the drama, that got me lookin back  
[both] constant  
[Foxy] Some Don shit, Foxy, get ready to  
[both] bomb shit  
[Foxy] Blink a eye, missed the comment  
The calmest, it's not a threat, it's a promise, yeah

[Verse One: Foxy Brown]

Who be the, mahogany, mami, the slanted eyes  
hold it down, Boogie Fox, you bitch niggaz strip  
You web niggaz dead on, get fucked and wet on  
Shitted on, I want a low, fuckin wit Don  
like Ronald, thirty inch, fortistrano  
Mill-ion, sophisticado, ill movado  
The Firm's baby girl, my fam be my whole world  
It figures, cause she'd die for them niggaz  
Doe or Die status, ma-ma be the baddest  
From Brook-lyn to Queensbrige, it's pure Havoc, Havoc  
We on a job, fuckin wit Mobb  
They had the drop on em, the slanted eyes peep the rocks on em  
He kinda jig, and he bubblin big  
Dig a hole holdin, so's watch his cash start foldin  
And bet though, twenty G craps wet though  
Nas you shoulda seen the nigga jet though  
Had it on blast, shoulda seen me shakin all of my ass  
Of course me, I threw the gas, thug nigga turnin real saucy  
Firm lay low I'ma play if you say so  
So stay close like I'm bout to twist babe bro  
I laid it down, went a couple of rounds, and tried to flaunt him  
I threw it on him, now he's right where I want him

[Verse Two: Havoc]

Got my mind in crooked ways  
Saturated up in Alize, you ain't a threat nigga  
So get big nigga baby girl crossin over send your soldiers  
Toucha fuck a rusher, this world is colder  
like a, day in December 25th Son I got gift  
from monkey, motherfuckers, that wanna rip  
Get your shit split, pushed back, grill that ass don't look back  
Respect this, like a Lexus repo man I took that  
Five cats to death dog, like shop I'm gonna set more  
handwritten obituaries vocal through my chords  
Lights out... just pull the nines out  
Let's find out, pointin shook ones, they pointin dimes out  
It ain't hard, straight up and down, you get your deck pulled  
My hand is full, of fake niggaz I position  
Expensive intuition fuck a rap competition  
Gat expo, get a grip and never let go  
The tet blows, the rapper Noyd said, "That ass is wet though"  
Triple P, paranoid plus petrol

Scared to death, put the pedal to the metal  
Ghetto connections, Audi 4, take your section  
You only get once chance, ain't no second guessin  
We blessin, peepin your style, them never testin  
Lessons of life walk the night witcha weapon

[chorus reversed, Havoc takes the main and Foxy joins in starts with "Son it  
's the drama" instead]

[Verse Three: Foxy Brown]

Fox Boogs, whattup, they get the jack, what the fuck  
Lucked up, the thug nigga took a L nigga bitched up  
The snake niggaz slither like Jake, ain't all great  
Ain't no threat Dunn, fuckin with them niggaz that's fake  
They got though, pushin a 850 auto, they sayin nada  
They know The Firm gettin nachoes  
Cheddar like whatever, I see money frontin in the Land  
I got him, I got me a fuck and his man  
Murderous mami, I threw the kiss, he was hist'  
Oooh, shoulda seen that ill Roley on his wrist  
It seem like he fuckin wit cream somethin mean  
You'll be straight with his eight, and dead him on all his heron  
Realistically, papi, is history, mami  
I got this, chill Pa Pa, let me rock this  
I'm fuckin wit fours to cock this, let me plot this  
ice he nuttin nice, if he front, take his life  
At the Shark Bar, fuckin wit Duke, him and his mans  
Really frontin boo, got him the red velour Filas too  
Here come my niggaz now in the black Hummer stuntin  
Yeah that's The Firm, jig the fuck up and body sumpin  
Whattup now Duke, his eyes cried from the inside  
I seen all of his fears cause he about to fry  
He looked at me, through his right eye, was like  
"Mami why?" I felt fucked up, I can't lie  
He was shook, 'Mega opened his chest, ain't nuttin left  
but the sky blue Land, and that niggaz last breath  
Last breath...

[chorus, Foxy alone all parts (repeat 2X)]

Yeah, it's not a threat  
Uhh, Mobb Deep, Havoc, and Foxy  
Duo, uhh, sick to death baby  
Firm, Escobar 600, Sosa, Mega, Ice  
Grand Wiz where you at baby?  
Queensbridge, Don 'pu  
The whole Brook-lyn, pretty boy