

Too Real

Foxy Brown

Brooklyn, yo
Eyo, it's the Ill Na Na baby!
Brooklyn, let's get it in

I've been a star since a virgin in highschool
Since the age of fourteen I've been a rap bitch version of Mike
And I don't know how to trust, the church or the rifle
God or the devil, the burner or the Bible
Got a black cloud on me, I've been cursed by my right ones
I'm back bitches! The return of ya Idol
F-to-the-O-X, B-double-O
Black hand keep them Lambos and them black Impalas
I wreck the style homie, ain't a bitch chilla
I fucks with gangstas baby, like prince Miller
And when they locked Tuquan, I felt the East split up
He and his Feds, but he left his legacy in killa
I keep my killaz on that Brooklyn shit
Fox ripped the world like the Brooklyn Bridge
I'm back now, Brooklyn ain't never looked this big
I hold it down while y'all lookin' for Big
Next blakka Miss

I'm in my own fuckin' world, I speak how I feel
Sometimes I feel like I'm just too fuckin' real
Foxy Brown uh, what the deal is?
They ain' got a clue what we about to do

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FB! You know what it is
AZ of course

What up boogz? You know I would if I could
Bring the hood on the V.I., my man from C.I
Said his ball was in the mess hall witchu at jail time
Lookin' like you was right at your crib in Alpine
No signs of a warrior's face
I know you sprayed if your peer wasn't so soft while he helped you escape
But on the real, we never got a chance to build
With all the bullshit somebody shoulda told you to kill
To the steel, so many rappers lost they mind
Like twentyfive to life never forced they mind
Your moms cryin', we spoke, I almost choked
Was there the same day to brought yo ass up in the post
It's getting close, see you soon, sometime in June
Utilize the red goons for yo mind to bloom
A flesh wound always heal, but death that's it
I'm a go now, but let that sit

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