

Why

Foxy Brown

Why, why, why?
Baby, I wonder. I wonder, why?
Why, why, why?
Baby, I wonder. I wonder, why?

Pimpin, don't you get enough pussy at home? Tell me
What would really make this nigga wan roam?
How could he diss me with Tonya, Keisha, and Tiffany, Sharra, and Lucy
All of these hoe groupies? I
Speak the truth, I never move my mouth loosely
And like I told ya this bitch is a soldier
Been fucking with him since he drove the Corolla
Gave him the Beamer
Even bought him Gucci Marinas. Now
I switched em up
Switch his whole wrist game up
You see I never shoulda fucked with this lame fuck. I
Kept him fresh, kept his lil toe game up
Now he wanna have this bitch in my Hummer truck?
And if you catch em burn this cocksucker shit up
Like A. Basset. Oh, I gets so drastic
A woman scorn have you laying in the casket. And
Still I cry, "Why, oh why?" Oh!

Why, why, why?
Baby, I wonder. (Is it Keisha, Tanya, or Tiffany?) I wonder, why?
Why, why, why?
Baby, I wonder. (I caught em cold now that muthafucka missing me) I wonder,
why?
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Baby, I wonder. (Is it for Alison, Sandy, your dissin' me?) I wonder, why?
Baby, I wonder. (You can cry me a river, but its over nigga) I wonder, why?

Ya see I, caught him creeping
All-Star weekend
He ain't bother to say bye, so I headed for the highway
I does it my way
Look what I see
It's my man Bentley parked in the front of Magic City. So I
Jumps on out, Mink on back, gat on lap
They scurred cause I'm known to might clap
Fuck the rap. I'm like, "Yeah, bitch I'm back."
Cops around? I lay this whole fuckin shit down. But I
Keeps my cool
The last time I acted a fool, they had ya girl front page of the news!
"Hey! What up pimpin'?"
"See you all down here slippin', fake bitch on yo side of your hip"
"See I'm done with the lyin' and shit, the cryin and shit" And--
"And if you was smart, you'd be hiding this bitch."
I loved him more than myself
Put three years in this shit
And still I cry. Still I sing, "Why, oh why?" OH!

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This nigga done lost his mind, fucking with Fox

And he on't know how many niggas is dying to take his spot, now

From Brooklyn to Kingston

Bare t'ago ball for this pussy!

What the fuck is he thinking?

It's such a shame I was fucking this lame

And how dare this cocksucker try disgrace my name?

Whoa, I'm like doggie don't press ya luck

Cuh we nuh badda waste pussy pon a careless fuck

Whoa, the pain and stress, it happens to the best

Do ya'll know how it feel to do your tour depressed?

Your fans seeing you stressed? And

Faith went through it, Halle and Jennifer Lo

We all go through it. And

Me and Lauryn we talk and walks through it

On the phone like "Fuck, what makes these niggas do it?"

Is it, groupie Sharra, Obie, or Keisha?

How the fuck you disrespect me with a bitch that sale reefer? NO!

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