

Artist: foxy_brown

Title: I'll be

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[Jay-Z]

That's right, papa, that's right

How we do, yeah, Ill Na Na

Uh huh, uh, come on...

[Foxy]

What up pop, brace yourself as I ride on top

Close your eyes as you ride, right out your socks

Double, lose his mind as he grind in the tunnel

Wanna gimme the cash he made off his last bundle

Nasty-girl don't pass me the world

I push to be not the backseat girl

Don't deep throat the C-note she float

Murder she wrote, and keeps the heat close

Firm nigga, we 'posed to be the illest on three coasts

Familia, bigga than Icos

Y'all, Danny DeVitoes, small niggaz

All I see is the penny heaters, that's all niggaz

No shark in this year raise it bigga

Fifteen percent make the whole world sit up

and take notice, Na Na take over

Y'all take quotas, to hit papa

Chorus: Jay-Z

Straight out the gate y'all, we drop hits

Now tell me, how nasty can you get

All the way from the hood to your neck of the woods

It's ripped, one thing for sure -- I'll be good

(repeat 2X)

FOXY: I'm 2 Live, Nasty As I Wanna Be

JAY-Z: Don't shake your sassy ass in front of me

'fore I take you there and tear your back out

FOXY: That shit ain't happened since The Mack was out

[Foxy]

Uhh, rollin for Lana, dripped in Gabbana

Nineties style, you find a style

Right away it's the fit, wanna taste the shit

Put me on a bass, and throw your face in it, fucker

Na Na, y'all can't touch her

My sex drive all night like a trucker

let alone the skills I possess

And y'all gon' see by these mil's I possess

Never settle for less, I'm in excess

Not inexpensive DVS

To the two, that's just the way I'm built

Nasty -- what, classy, still

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

Well you can hoe what I got, roll with the rock

The fella Capo in the candy apple drop

Will tears fall to your ears if I don't stop

Can ya throw it like a quarterback, third in the lot?

[Foxy]

Dig me, I get you locked like Biggie, wit Irv in the spot

Word middle, the cop 'n biddie

Uhh, I'm the bomdigi, punana

Sexy brown thing, uh, Madon' y'all

Make em turn over from the full-court pressure

to undress ya and shit all over your asses

I ain't playin knockin out at the Williams

I'm sayin, what's the sense in delayin

I'm tryin to run G from the P to the A.M.

I saw your little thing now I'm swayin, OK'in

(ahh, shit... uh, uh)

Chorus