# I'll Be (feat. JAY Z)

## Foxy Brown

[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-ZStraight 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 posess
And y'all gon' see by these mil's I posess
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, stillChorus[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 middie, 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

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