

# Candy

Foxy Brown

I taste just like candy, candy  
I taste just like candy  
So dance with me

Yo now let me paint y'all a picture  
Fox pimp hard, quiet just like a whisper  
Don't get it mixed up  
Bad little sista  
Not bad meaning bad, but bad meaning good  
Damn I'm so hood  
You should see me in them jeans  
It's hard to describe and  
Being cocky is just a part of the vibe  
I might stop and holla and pop my colla  
Maybe a little conceited but that's always needed  
Love attention when I'm passing by  
And I show a little cleavage and I catch his eye  
Just the thought of him eating, I was outside soaking  
Duke standing locing, mouth wide open  
I walked over, licking my lips  
And adjusting my tits and switching my hips  
Shit he threw his hand on my waist  
Looked in my face and said he wanna know how I taste

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Now just imagine me nude, stretched out  
Be all over the news if this gets out  
So bad that the press might ban me  
Now how bad you wanna know if I'm sweeter then candy  
What would you risk? Would you put up the car?  
Taste my na na in the rain on the hood of your car  
Or the back of the plane  
Nipples all out, bent over the sink with my panties in your mouth  
When my dark skin complexion steps in  
Won't take no questions to get him and uh  
The thought of Fox give men erections  
And get real stiff at the sight of my tits  
Now we can role play  
You be the pilot, I'll be the stewardess  
Boy I ain't knew to this  
When I lay on my stomach and throw my legs back  
Y'all probably won't know how to act

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I'm real sweet like a candy corn  
I'm in your thoughts late night when your boys are gone  
Picture me, t-shirt, no panties on  
Or maybe topless, homie I'm priceless boy  
The kind of girl that love to talk shit  
'Specially when I'm on top  
The whole show stop  
Even though I'm sweet  
Ain't nothin' sweet  
Let me know when you're ready to eat

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