

Hardcore

Foxy Brown

What?
That firm shit, that firm shit, what's that?
What?
That firm shit, that firm shit

Everyday i'ma polli bout, who's the best hotty out?
And will they ever let gotti out?
Am I real? feel free to try me out
Guaranteed eternally, you signin out
I only bang quarters, not a thing short of
Than a dime, rhyme like a crime scene reporter
Thought shorty would lose but the game taught her
Hoodrat just like thelma, james' daughter
Killer put you on, got you laced in bucon
Bledest stone, where the place you call home?

Brooklyn girl, plotted then I took the world
You know the whole drill, na na so ill
Make mills and escro, decimals
Cancoon, mexico, x-and-o
Bracelets got all, along with gold
Now it's platinum rings, songs is sold
Hot from the jumpstart, let the game spark
Thriller, will I shot to the top of the charts

Head honcho, cat esco
Push everything from the coupe to the fo'
Never love a ho, get my dick sucked
Smoke the chocolate, trick my chicks up
Pass all the ki's to mami, whip it up
Fox get the b's, bonnie live it up

Chorus: (x2)

Your love, so good
You deserve some hardcore
that firm shit, that firm shit

Firm, nigga what? get my twat licked
Never love a trick, get him for his chips
Fuck him and his dick, nigga where the six?
He actin like a bitch, he should've known this
Got the stone the wrist, I ain't no bonin this
Bomb ass shit, I could play with my shit

Rap niggas, capitalise, stock figures
Cognac is that liquor
Got me all numbed out, now I'm in the street with the guns out
Niggas better take me home, 'fore I dumb out
Might fuck around, lay somethin down
Wit mad niggas out here to see that shit
We that click, runnin shit up in new yick
All the way down to hicktown, layin it down

Fox be the classiest, the sassiest
The clubs, all thugs grab my wrists, offer me moselle crist
More of the shit to hold you with

Keep hatin i'ma fold your bitch
Should've known to control that chick, hoes mad cos I roll the 6
Doe full of ices, black isis
Sidewalk, my niggas stay fuckin your girl
The rest be, hoes in stretch jeans with red seams
Take it from me, let a nigga dream
Make em lick that, get the cat for his cream

Chorus (x2)

It's about time I reverse that
Bitches learn game, rehearse that
It ain't no love, ma remember that
Ya hoes wanna slap while I got him on his back
Tryin to hurt that

Think you're grown, half the niggas sittin at home
Watchin the kids, while you're gettin it on
I'm too smart for that, caught you creepin
Receipts in your prada bag, sweets every weekend
Spendin my doe, I coulda spent that on hydro
You ain't slick enough, think I don't know

Dumb ass, think I slept on your bum ass
Knew the whole stee bout a chip like me
Did it on g-p, let you eat me
Couldn't freak me, I'm better off with tv
that firm shit, that firm shit

Interlude:

Can't get enough, ooooooh ooooooh, ooooooh ooooohoooooh
that firm shit, that firm shit

Chorus (x3)

Interlude to fade