

# 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