

# It's Hard Being Wifee

Foxy Brown

Ughh  
Lately why 'know how that sayin' goes  
"Be careful what you ask for in life  
'Cause you just might get it"  
Dependin' on what you ask for  
What you get you might now be able to get out it  
You heard? Ughh  
Niggas might take advantage if you let 'em (ughh)  
Play your cards right and if you fuck 'em in the same night  
Make sure that he don't snitch must be up to sumpin'  
Or might be lyin' on his dick, shit  
You know how niggas flip from gettin' pussy  
The head, 'til you spit yo bread and blew his dick  
Especially if he trip, shit  
Don't complain, bitch, do your thang  
And cop that range (ughh)  
When he hit you with that game  
You be like "A'ight, dude, whatever"  
And sleep on it, put like a week on it  
Get the Benz Jeep and creep on it  
Do you, like, yeah, faggot, screw you  
What the fuck am I to do now?  
Just lay back, like I'm that lame bitch, dude  
I'm that same bitch (uh huh)  
Don't you know? Never cross no ho  
Especially if she was Wifee and she know where that stands go  
Fuck you wildin' fo'?  
Who you stylin' fo'?  
And the truth is  
He fuckin' with the deuce kid (ughh)  
He don't know that I stick a move  
Get him wife for that Chyna White  
Nothing to lose, and I see right through him  
Yeah, we fuckin' tonight  
In the Duque, what he gawkin' and I'm truckin' tonight  
And if he sweet with the big ones,  
I'm lucky tonight  
And if he packin' like he yappin',  
I'm doin' him right  
Noreaga:  
Yo, yo, yo, yo  
Yo, when your man ain't fuckin' you right  
And the dope daddy singing in the hood in that Chyna White  
We say 'Fuck 'em, fuck 'em'  
'Cause he just ain't right  
We say 'Fuck 'em, fuck 'em'  
'Cause he just ain't tight  
Yo, when your man ain't fuckin' you right  
And the dope daddy singing in the hood in that Chyna White  
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'Cause he just ain't right  
We say 'Fuck 'em, fuck 'em'  
'Cause he just ain't tight, what  
  
Ughh, mostly, they'll play you closely (uh huh)  
Especially if you fuckin' 'em, anything could crushin' 'em  
Damn bitch, you lovin' 'em, impressed like that

Bomb head, e'ry night, is the sex like that? (uh huh)  
Yeah, you ain't know, I was stress like that  
Over do, not this once, he don't handle like that  
Shoulda known not to fuck wit no light weight cats  
Rollin' doves in his stacks, I ain't fuckin' wit that  
I'm like 'Dude, where the fuck is yo big heads at?  
And you know how I get down, I don't pumps like that  
Plus he act funny, and he only fuck with track money  
And I'm, seven zero platinum-plat money  
It's not a game, nigga  
And like Sparkle,  
Be Careful What You Say, nigga  
The kind of cat that makes, wonder if he was sent to do this  
Put it down for you  
First chick he ever cried fo'  
Never had a chick that raps like this (uh huh)  
And impressed for no see 'cause streps like this (uh huh)  
And he makes a very it very clear (ughh)  
Baby mothers don't exist  
They just some Fox haters and condom breakers, ya heard?!

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Ughh, the situation is (uh huh)  
y'all chicks be fuckin' with that mistress shit  
Babe ro, if not for the dough, I splits with the quickness  
Pleads no fits, leaves no traces, ya heard?!  
What the fuck is this?  
Payback shit? (uh huh)  
Is it God striking me for some way back shit?  
I'm like 'Damn, was the bitch really foul like this?' (uh huh)  
And my lobe be just to think, I should slash my wrist  
And my seven, from me thinkin' I should total my six  
Or should straight spazz out, fuck his man and split (uh huh)  
Took the code straight to his safe and just empty his bricks  
On the low, but I know that he love when I flip (ughh)  
Ya betta know how to throw the smash game  
Shit, I got to bring bitch and his last name (ughh)  
Any bitch could do a nigga whole big  
Any bitch could lock up and have a kid  
Any chick could fuck a nigga despite  
But the nigga got to love you if he make you his wife  
Ughh, ya chicks is lonely, I'm ownin' that dick  
And on top of all this bullshit, I'm still this chick

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