

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
We say 'Fuck 'em, fuck 'em'
'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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