## **Star Cry**

**Foxy Brown** 

Lord have mercy, I'm so controversy Bet you've never seen a star cry I gave you my life My blood, sweat, and tears Hip-hop's bad girl for ten f\*\*kin' years

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See I know how it feel to wake up f\*\*ked up How can the spectators say Fox is stuck up How can y'all judge my life, like I ain't have struggles Sometimes I feel like I live inside a f\*\*kin' bubble I work hard for mines, baby, I'm a thoroughbred And I don't care what channel 5 and the haters said I will not cower, I will not conform I've been through this rap shit too long And everybody wanna know 'bout Fox Bet I'm the most controversial young rap bitch in hip-hop And please don't shed me no tears, I need y'all prayers Feds on my back, tryna' give me five years And my P.O. stay tryna' violate me So I make sure my piss is clean, my wrists is gleamin' And my whip is sick, my six is mean Paparazzi take flicks and see how the bitch lean I'm every black girl's dream Controversy sells, I was taught at sixteen I spaz if you tempt me Only black bitch to get press like the white bitches, Paris & Lindsay

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Allow me to tear it all down You gotta get the f\*\*k back up if you fall down Can't stumble or crumble, or let 'em see you drown And I swear with every tear that I cry - I'm here now Imagine how it feel to see your world torn down This is not Fox that's speakin - there's no more Brown Let me reintroduce myself and tear the wall down Hold up - Let me take the platinum plaques all down Let me take off my jewelry, the ring by my middle finger Nice to meet you again, Hi, My name is Inga I cry real tears - cause I'm a real person Look beyond my fur coats and Chanel purses Put aside the Christian Dior, and look inside my soul And see I'm just a little insecure I'm just like y'all - but I probably hurt more After thirteen years I feel I deserve more And I single handedly changed the whole rap game Bust a shot when y'all mention my name - Blockaaa, Brown

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Only a bum bitch snatch bags and all that It's 2007 - what the f\*\*k you call that? Yeah they jumped me - I had five bitches on my back And I emerged unscathed without a mothaf\*\*kin' scratch About an hour later, got all my shit back Every mothaf\*\*kin' piece - bitch, I AM the streets I'm Brownsville to Bedstuy, Flatbush, and the East What other rap bitch could touch Brooklyn concrete? Home of the crooks, and - step in any hood in Brooklyn Bet you'll still see my Louboutin footprints