Tramp

Foxy Brown

Tramp! What you call me?! Tramp! What you call me?! Tramp! What you call me?! Tramp! What you call me?!

Homegirls attention you must pay So listen close to what I say Don't take this AS no simple rhyme Becuz this hyper shit happens all the time Now who would you do if a broke nigga came by? Would you FUCK him or would you deny? Shit... It ain't like he don't know what we like Just a little bit of ice, haven't straight for life Then maybe we could talk about 'fuckin' at night' 69 no change, in the back of the range Care away and diss you Is ya'll muthafuckaz still pushin' expeditions? Won't catch a bitch like Na Na rollin' in 'em Small thing, bitch we own things Give a fuck if my ice colors all rains or sky blue I fuck with you

Tramp, Tramp, tramp! What you call me?! Tramp, tramp, tramp! What you call me?! Tramp!

T-are-A-M-P, get the fuck away from me 'cause if you get too close I'ma had my folks 'cause you an emergency Gimme some room, all ya'll niggaz want a dick in my woom You don't even noom, want to fuck my friends? Give me head and drive my Benz Spendin' lately, make me want to fuck yo' friends Smack yo' bitch, take yo' 6, crash yo' shit Leave you numb, make me come, five more times Need five mo' bottles, to get my shit wet You don't even suck this hits yet, shit... Break me off, clothes come off, show me love Let me hold somethin', freak you off Fuck you right, then sneak you off Now straight, (bein' broke), I'm out, the breeze off

Any sproke niggaz got some nerves They be frontin' in the club, but they man first Five niggaz on one bottle of Cris Then he talkin' me to death, fuck you takin' this Whether he friend of fo', gotta stome my lopes Matter of fact, fuck that, nigga ice my toe And whatever bitch you fuck, bound twice them hoes Then I want my pussy licked, after all my shows It's not a game, it's betta test my thing And if it ain't like ???, betta be on ya way And if my stones ain't blue, no ask for you And if my ice ain't red, then you tell some heads What we're tryin' to do is take Na Na to the Telly Phattin' on my belly, then lock me down, never that I ball to the day I crope, back that gimme that

[CHORUS]