

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