

Why, Why, Why?

Foxy Brown

Hook 1: Why, why, why, why? I'ma in love, I'ma love with this man. Why, why, why, why? I'm in love, I'm in love...

1st Verse: PIMPIN'! Don't you get enough pussy at home? Tell me. What really make this nigga wan roam? How could he diss me wit Tonya, Keisha, Tiffany, Sharra, and Lucy? All of these hoe groupies. I speak the truth. I never run my mouth loosely and like I told you this bitch is a soldier. Been fuckin' wit him since he drove the Corrola. Gave him the Beamer, even bought him Lucci Marianas now. I switched him up. Switch his whole wrist game up. You see I never shoulda fuck'd wit this lame buck I. Kept him fresh, kept his lil toe game up. Now he wanna have this bitch in my Hummer truck? And if I catch him burn this cocksucker shit up. Like A. Basset. Oh! I GETS SO DRASTIC. A woman scorn have you layin' in the castic and still I cry. Why oh why? NO!

Hook 2: Why, why, why, why? I'ma in love. (Is it Keisha, Tonya, or Tiffany?) Why, why, why, why? I'ma in love. (I caught him cold now that muthafucka missing me). Why, why, why, why? I'ma in love. (Is it for Alison, Sandra, that you dissin' me?). Why, why, why, why? (You can "Cry Me A River" but it's over nigga).

2nd Verse: See I caught him creepin, All-Star weekend. He ain't bother to say bye so I headed for the highway! I does it my way. Look what I see. It's my man's Bentely parked in front of Magic City. So I jumps on out, mink on back, gat on lap, silencer cause I know I might clap. Fuck the rap. I'm like "Yeah bitch I'm back". Cops around? I lay this whole fuckin' shit down! But I keeps my cool the last time I acted a fool they had ya girl front page of the news. Hey!!! What up pimpin'? See you all down here slippin', fake bitch on yo side of ya hip. See I'm done with the lyin' and shit, the cryin and shit. And if you was smart you'd be hot in this bitch. I loved him more than myself. Put three years in this shit. And still I cry. Still I sing why oh why? OH!

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3rd Verse: This nigga done lost his mind. Fuckin' wit Fox. And he don't know how many niggas is dying to take his spot now. From Brooklyn to Kingston. Beer tagger boi for this pussy! What the fuck is he thining?! It's such a shame I was fuckin' this lame. And how dare this cocksucker try to disgrace my name. WHOA!! I'm like doggie don't press ya luck. Come out the waist for

this pussy but der kill ter fuck! WHOA! The pain and stress, it happens to the best. Do ya'll know how it feel to do your tour depressed? Your fans seeing you stressed and Faith went through it. Halley and Jennifer Lo. We all go through and me Lauryn talks and walks through on the phone like "Fuck what makes this niggas do is it?". Is it groupie Sharra, Obie, or Keisha? How the fuck you disrespect me wit a bitch that sales wreffer? NO!!!
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