

# I Dare You (feat. Joe Hooker)

## Black Rob

\* originally on the \_Slam\_ soundtrack and \_Bad Boy's Greatest Hits\_I dare you

(Uh, Harlem Underworld)

To come against me

(Harlem Underworld)

I dare you

(Black Rob)

To defeat me

(Watch the whole thing unfold)

I dare you

(From 100th street)

To come for me

(To 200th)

You won't win

(Manhattan)Nigga's got me sittin' on the roof

Eye trained, on scope, blessin' 100 proof

Hand on toes, 'bout to roast

Some kids who flash like they assassins

Picked up my dough and be-ked this honey passin'

Got the spot on lock

Taking flicks around the corner

She made it where the spot ain't hot

Like a potato, she got five-oh on the payroll

They sniffin' yeyo, I don't know what to say, yo

There they go in front of the store

Dressed in black shit

Some like theys are meaner

If they be hustlin' back, we'll fuck 'em

Can't even do one thing, assassinate 'em

That's it, that's all, solo

Single, no more, no less, stocks rang, yo

Money caught one in his Kangol

D.O.A. as his man made his run for the door

Caught 'em in the 'gaitor shoes his girl probably bought 'em

Too bad, Black ain't get the chance to extort him

'cause Nigga's like that don't deserve to live

Word the myth

And we ain't got no love to give

For these drop shots who want to be down

want to be clowns, the fail ones

I like how all that good shit sounds  
And I dare one I dare you  
To come against me  
I dare you  
To defeat me  
I dare you  
To conquer me  
You won't win Nigga, I sleigh, you pray, kill that ass uptown  
Dump yo' bitch ass back around your way  
When I'm in one of those moods I can give a fuck  
I mean cool, run and bungie jump off the fuckin' roof  
I hear voices calling me, givin' me fits  
Singing tonight's the night Black Rob, let's write these hits  
In the halls of death, you get left, I'm in the top 10  
Even Rocky trainer and his wife said you can't win  
Scream battle, but you never fought  
That's like me sayin' I got five, never ran a full court  
Stab the devil in his belly, took his Pelle Pelle  
Blew the spot down and slid straight to the tele  
I see envious eyes, envious guys, different states  
Mad we seen 'em, different cake  
Rob me, tear that asshole out of place  
'cause in the end I'm the head case you gotta face  
And I dare one I dare you  
To come against me  
I dare you  
To defeat me  
I dare you  
To conquer me  
You won't win It feels good not to be dealin' with petty cash  
Me and D-Dot all we seein' now is ready cash  
And ready ass, splash in the Jacuzzi  
Honey from the movies, south notch cutie  
Used to go to Harrah with D after the homecomin'  
On my way from Kakalaka  
Me and Merse was gun running  
Musta done something all conspicuous  
Eye of the tiger, I know these cats are sick of this  
Ridiculous sayin' these cats don't love Black  
This is Bad Boy, I puttin' it where it 'posed to be at  
Lemme know where to put your rosary at  
My enemies, I let 'em get a load of me gat  
Fine, you don't believe Black real official  
Playa way, get your ma's cake, and kiss you  
You leavin', wasn't part of this plan

Understand it's all about the Bengi's man

And I dare one I dare you

To come against me

I dare you

To defeat me

I dare you

To conquer me

You won't win I dare you

To come against me

I dare you

To defeat me

I dare you

To come for me

You won't win I dare you

To come against me

I dare you

To defeat me

I dare you

To conquer me

You won't win

Songwriters

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Published by  
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