B.R. (Feat. Cheri Dennis) - BLACK ROB

Black Rob

Black rob, BR
Black rob, BRI am about to set the record straight (The world's famous)
It's ninety-nine, man
Time to let them know, man[Black rob]
Yo, aiyyo, yo, yo
It's kill or be killed
My skills leavin' them chilled on ice
Like twice when I flash my steel
They can't touch
Won't touch
Never touch
Driving around with the toasty whip; never bust
Puffin' dust like fiends
I mean I want green; ya shifty
Cop the big eight fifty with the gleam
My team full of cut throats with enough notes to write a fuckin' book
Take a good fucking look at these bad guys
Stay mad fly, mad high
In the Ford Expidie, and I don't expect to die
On some humble shit
I am on some rumble shit
When it's on, you should see the shit I come through with
If you scared, by dog, release the four by fours
I heard the fagot-ass Don died, and he shit in his drawers
On the streets, black; good like Allstate
Y'all fake
Just got paid, but fuck it, I want some more cake
Ya faith in my hand
Now ya nervous, man, and drive my brains quick fast at ya service
My brother Curtis squeeze gats to celliums
I make it where you can't escape the para bedlams
I tell some live ya life like Puff did
I did enough biz; ask any body
I am rough kid[Chorus]
Black Rob we are
Black Rob uh-uh
Black Rob we are
Black Rob uh-uh
Black Rob we are

Black Rob uh-uh
Black Rob we are
Black Rob[G-Dep]
Yo, yo
I put a finger in the air
For the hearing impaired
If you're hearin' this fear
Then your hearing - it cleared
Man, I fuck with bod
Got put on the job
Don't question it to stars, I'm a put 'em in saw
Straight gate
I suggest you vacate
When I shake, they feel earthquakes in eight states
Oh, trait, off the Richter
Drunk off the liquor
Shot towards you, mister
Off course, it hit you hard
It gets hard
I pick the card
Any card, any problem I'm a hit your squad
Eyes on the shaper when I twisted God
You think you got it all together
Get it ripped apart
Man, you can't stand the heat
Stay up outta the street
Nigga turn po-lice 'cause they shot up his jeep
I subtract like mad
Don't make me bad
So I want it all; fuck had
Don't make me laugh
By all means
Get this money; it's all green
It's all good
And I wished that y'all would
Man, fuck that, security told ya to tuck that
Now up that, now that you see where 'lux at
I got the game by the balls
And I get all calls
So if you play to much, I put the shit on pause[Chorus]BR
BR
Bad Boy, nigga
Harlem Underworld
Alumni
The one guy

The gun die
Day one
Life Stories
Black ninety-nine
Life Stories
I'm here; 1999, baby, it's on
I think I'm about to feel something here
We here, baby
Bad Boy
Bad Boy

Songwriters
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