Espacio (Featuring Lil' Kim & G-Dep)

Black Rob

Dangerous niggas, uhh Black Rob shit
Y'all don't know? Uhh Uhh dangerous niggas
Lil Kim and Black Rob yellow man
P Diddy, the moment you all been waitin' for
Murder yeah, ha ha yeahWhat y'all riffin' about, hang em like they did in the South
Dead wit ya dick in ya mouth
Now what this shit is about, niggas sleepin'
Like I won't slip in ya house, and put my dick in your spouseTill you get home, I'm amped like a part of ya couch
Then sit on me, that's what I'ma spit filthy
Pretty swiftly, 'til them coppers come and get me
Tried to tell his coward ass it's realActin like I can't get through that Slomen Shield
I'm a veteran, I'll take leathers and furs in front of him
Safe cracker, moved from New York to Jers
Still sending [unverifed] kites with birds [unverified]Nothin's heard, feds wanna tap my word
Take vehicles off curbs, tools off herbs
Jewels off of all you nerds
You swerve, I splurge with all y'all richesComin' to joke and blind all y'all bitches
Give respect where respect is due
Keep frontin', and I'ma put the tech to you
CowardLil Kim and Black Rob, Dame espacio
Man back up off me Dame espacio
Can I get a minute to breathe?
Dame espacio that means give me space
Dame espacio, damn back up off meLike I'm just talking like I never did these things
Snatch chains and rings, teddy bears from siblings
I did things some of y'all cowards might not imagine
Like run in the stores, gun drawn, spasmPress the button bitch I'm not havin'
Or it'll your [unverified] super [unverified]
Employee leave in a bag and
Black wagon, bait boy I'm not braggin'
It's a promise, I'll take em to school like NostradamusIt's my thing do what I do best
Want the treasure chest, and that dough in your girl breasts
How dare you try to stash yours in your drawls
What's mines is mines, what's yours ain't yoursGet his whip, watch how quickly I paint yours
Watch poppi and them, hit it up with the paint balls
Coward niggas, got the gall, thinkin' I won't lamp in the hall
Like New Year's and drop the ball, bitches!Lil Kim and Black Rob, Dame espacio
Man back up off me Dame espacio

Can I get a minute to breathe?
Dame espacio that means give me space
Dame espacio, damn back up off meWhere I come from, we all got guns
Be a hundred of y'all and we still won't run
Call the cops, they still won't come
We bang on niggas like we playin' the drumsThese cats think they know me Black
Well I hit em over the head and say, "Homey don't play that"
Listen to they rhymes and say didn't I say that?
Damn, I'm the shit, it's like I'ma nigga they be bitin' my dickGet on some old school shit, bitch run your kicks
Go on y'all can have my flow I extort y'all hoes for all y'all dough
And by now I think all y'all know
Who's the winner, still champ by T.K.O. WHATLil Kim and Black Rob, Dame espacio
Man back up off me Dame espacio
Can I get a minute to breathe?
Dame espacio that means give me space
Dame espacio, damn back up off me

Songwriters
WINANS, MARIO / ROSS, ROBERT / JONES, KIMBERLYPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BUTTER JINX MUSIC, INC.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/