

Ante Up (Robbin Hoodz Theory) - Clean

M.O.P.

Take minks off! Take things off!
Take chains off! Take rings off!
Bracelets is yapped, Fame came off!
(Ante Up!) Everything off!
Fool what you want? We stifling fools
Fool what you want? Your life or your jewels?
The rules, (back 'em down) next thing, (clap 'em down)
Respect mine we Brooklyn bound, (bound!) now, (now!) Brownsville, home of the brave
Put in work in the street like a slave
Keep a rugged dress code, always in this stress mode
(That shit will send you to your grave) So?
You think I don't know that?
Nigga hold that! Nigga hold that! Nigga hold that!
From the street cousin, you know the drill
I'm nine hundred and ninety-nine thou short of a mill Ante Up! Yap that fool!
Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!
It's the perfect timing, you see the man shining
Get up of them god damn diamonds! Huh!
Ante Up! Yap that fool!
Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!
Get him (get him) get him! Hit him (hit him) hit him!
Yap him! (Zap him!) Yap him! (Zap him!) Them thugs you know, ain't friendly
Them jewels you rock, make 'em envy
You thinking it's all good, you creep through a small hood
Goons coming up outta the cut for your goods and they all should
Ante Up! Yap that fool
You want big money, kidnap that fool
If you up in the club, I've got your pistol, money
Catch them fools at the bar for that Cristal money The '87 stick up kids, (what you niggas saying?)
Get the fuck up out that 740 shorty I ain't playing
It's flash that thang time, (bang!) bang time
(Ante Up!) Nigga, it's game time
Hand over the ring, take over the chain
Gimme the fucking watch before I pop one in your brain
Stop playing these childish games with me
Representing 1-7-1-8, dangerously, nigga Ante Up! Yap that fool!
Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!
It's the perfect timing, you see the man shining
Get up of them god damn diamonds! Huh!

Ante Up! Yap that fool!
Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!
Get him (get him) get him! Hit him (hit him) hit him!
Yap him! (Zap him!) Yap him! (Zap him!)
I'm a street regulator, true playa hater
Get back down make yo' ass a Mac sprayer hater
Things that we need, money, clothes, weed indeed
Hats, food, booze, essentials, credentials
Code of the streets, owners who creep
Slow when you sleep, holding the heat
Put holes in your jeep, respect the streets
It's the L-I L-F A-M (M!) E (E!) Yeah, nigga Danze, gave you a chance
Cause I blazed your man, I'm in the wrong
He said he was strong
I had reason to believe he had some shit up his sleeve all along
(So?) Fuck you Your Honor! Check my persona
I'm strong enough for Old Gold and marijuana
I'ma do what I wanna, quiet as kept
(Raise hell!) Till I was tired of stress, yes lord
Ante Up! Yap that fool!
Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!
It's the perfect timing, you see the man shining
Get up of them god damn diamonds! Huh!
Ante Up! Yap that fool!
Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!
Get him (get him) get him! Hit him (hit him) hit him!
Yap him! (Zap him!) Yap him! (Zap him!)

Songwriters

GRINNAGE, JAMAL / MURRY, ERIC / PITTMAN, D N

Published by
Lyrics Â© Royalty Network, SPIRIT MUSIC GROUP Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>