

B.R. (Featuring Cheri Dennis)

Black Rob

Black Rob, B.R.

Black Rob, B.R. I am about to set the record straight

(The world's famous)

It's 99 man

Time to let them know man Yo aiyoyo, yo, yo, it's kill or be killed

My skillz 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 shift

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 madd fly, madd 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 all state, ya 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 parra bedlams

I tell some, live ya life like Puff did

I did enough biz, ask any body, I am rough kid 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, uh uh Yo, yo, I put a finger in the air

For the hearing impaired, if you're hearin' this fear

Than your hearing it cleared

Man I fuck with bod, got put on the job Don't question it to stars, I'ma 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'ma hit your squad

Eyes on the shapar 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 police 'cause they shot up his jeep
I subtract like mad, don't make me bald
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 ya'll 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
Black Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh, uh
Black Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh uh
Black Rob, we are
Black Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh uh
B.R.
B.R. Bad boy, nigga, Harlem underworld
Alumni, the one guy
The gun die, day one
Life Stories, Black 99
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

Ross, Robert / Rose, Kim / Roberts, Austin / Matlock, Eric / Hunter, O'Shea
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