

B.R. (Featuring Cheri Dennis) [Explicit Version]

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 aiyo, 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, uh, uh
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 Published by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>