Ante Up (remix)

M.o.p.

Take minks off, take things off
Take chains off, take rings off
Braclets is yapped, fame came off
Ante up, everything off
Fool what you want, we stiflin' 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? Blow
Nigga hold that, blow, nigga hold that, blow, nigga hold that
From the street cousin, you know the drill
I'm nine hundred and ninety nine thou short of a mil
Ante up, yap that fool
Ante up, kidnap that fool
It's the perfect timin', you see the man shinin'
Get up off them god damn diamonds' huh
Ante up, oh, yap that fool oh
Ante up, oh, 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 thinkin' it's all good, you creep through a small hood
Goons comin' up outta a 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, back out your pis tal money
Catch them fools at the bar for that cristal money
The '87 stick up kids what you niggas sayin'?
Get the fuck up out that 740 shorty I ain't playin'
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 fuckin' watch before I pop one in your brain

Stop playin' these childish games with me

Representin' 1 7 1 8, dangerously, nigga
Ante up, yap that fool
Ante up, kidnap that fool
It's the perfect timin', you see the man shinin'
Get up, off them god damn diamonds' huh
Ante up, oh, yap that fool oh
Ante up, oh, kidnap that fool
Get him, get him, get him, hit him, hit him, hit him
Yap him, zap him, yap him, zap him
I'ma, street regulator, true playa hater
Get back down, make your ass a mack spraya 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, holdin' 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
'Cuz 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 timin', you see the man shinin'
Get up off them god damn diamonds' huh
Ante up, oh yap that fool oh
Ante up, oh kidnap that fool
Get him, get him, get him, hit him, hit him, hit him
Yap him zap him, yap him, zap him
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
The fuck, the fuck, the fuck
Nigga what the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck
Ha, what first family, first family

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