Lights, Camera, Action

Remy Ma

Here I am standin' in my b-boy stance
I got my name air brushed down the leg of my pants
I got my 54 letters and my Kangol on
Bamboo earrings and my bangles on
Word up, the girl look good
I'ma 80's baby, paid in full
Look at my rope chain, now check my belt buckle
Put my gazelles on my eyes, now I'm lookin' for trouble
I need a Solider that's stackin' an' packin'
We can't even talk if you can't fit a magnum
I'm fresh to def when it comes to fashion
See, I switched up to my 8 ball jacket
And my spandex got me stoppin' traffic
Baby, not for nuttin', I'ma walkin' accident
They catch whiplash, every time I'm passin' 'em
It's time for some, time for some, time for some
Niggas bring ya guns and ya 9's along
Why?
Remy Mas on the microphone
The levels, the levels, the levels is good
The levels is good, the levels is good
Bitches bring ya guns and ya 9's along
Why?
Remy Ma's on the microphone
The levels, the levels, the levels is good
The levels is good, the levels is good
Yeah, Remy wanna rock, how hard is that
I'm from the BX, Bronx, where it started at
We had jams in the park, motherfuckers a disco
Everybody smokin' joints, sippin' Cisco
Two turn tables and the microphone full throttle
I'll pull up in that Alf or a Mayo Malano, system bangin'
Drivin' reckless, like I don't give a fuck about my B-B-S's
Yo, check this
I hopped out wit my ass cheeks showin'
Through my salt n peppers
Only got one chance to make a first impression
Spit like Big Pun and KRS one mixxed
My Flows sick but it's more than rappin'

First chick try to front, first chic,k I'm smackin'
On some Redman shit, bitch I ain't laughin'
Its time for some, time for some, time for some
Niggas bring ya guns and ya 9's along
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Big Rem from the Boondocks
I'm like, all I really need is my Boom box
Listen, we can get it poppin'
I'm doin' the wop and he 1, 2 steppin'
Like there ain't no stoppin'
All my fellas say, oh, my ladies say, awe
Yeah, MC's gon' move the crowd, I'm fuckin' dope
Fresh to def, cold, chillin' and I'm sippin' on juice and gin
It's Friday night and I just got paid
I ain't dressed up or nuttin'm I'm tryna get laid
I'm tryna get shorty over there wit the fade
By the end of the night to say my name
But these lights is all in my face
And I'm really feelin' like I'm a star on stage
Cameras flashin', everybody pose
'Cause it's about time for some
Niggas bring ya guns and ya 9's along
Why?
Remy Mas on the microphone
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