

# 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 chick I'm smackin'  
On some Redman shit, bitch I ain't laughin'  
Its time for some, time for some, time for some  
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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  
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