Ante Up

Datz Cold

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!][Billy Danze]
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[Chorus: M.O.P.]
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!)[Lil' Fame]
Them thugs you know, aint 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[Billy Danze]
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![Chorus] w/ variations[Lil' Fame]
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!][Billy Danze]
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!] Til I was tired of stress, yes lord![Chorus] w/ variationsHa, 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...
Brooklyn...
Yeah!

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