

Rob Black**"BR"**

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Black rob BR

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i am about to set the record straight

its 99 time to let them know

yo aiyo yo yo

its kill or be killed

my skillz leavin them chilled on ice

like twice when i flash my steel

they cant touch

wont touch

never touch

driving around with the toast closely gripped never
bust

puffin dust like fiends

i mean i wanna green ya shit ya shifty

cop the big eight fifty with the gleam

full of cut thoughts wit 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 dont expect to die on some
humble shit

i am on some rumble shit

when its 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 draws

on the streets black good like allstate ya all fake

just got paper fuck it i want some more cake

ya faith in my hand

now ya nervous man and drive my brains qucik fast at
ya service

my brother curtis squeeze gats to celliums

i make it where you cant escape the parra bedlums

i tell some live ya life like puff did

i did enough biz ask any body i am rough kid

i snuff kids

you should see their fight in fear

cap head butting i wind up biting their ear

yea, its my year all jokes aside

smoke ya lie

pray to b close to i

close ya eye

knowing ya supposed to die

supposed to fry

thugs they supposed to cry

now when i came in i came here wit nutin but raw

hardcore and smack money drip at the door

yo whut? how badboy supposed to be?

who ever got beef wit the black i am gonna see ya'll

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