

Rob Black

"Espacio"

Visit "[Espacio](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dangerous niggas

Uhh Black Rob shit

Y'all don't know?

Uhh Uhh

Danegerous niggas

Lil Kim and Black Rob yelowman

P Diddy , the moment you all been waitin for

Murder yeah , ha ha yeah

[Black Rob]

What y'all riffin about, hang em like they did in the South

Dead wit ya dick in ya mouth

Now what this shit is about, niggas sleepin

Like I won't slip in ya house, and put my dick in your spouse

Till you get home, I'm amped like a part of ya couch

Then sit on me, that's what I'ma spit filthy

Pretty swiftly, til them coppers come and get me

Tried to tell his coward ass it's real

Actin like I can't get through that Slomen Shield

I'm a veteran, I'll take leathers and furs in front of him

Safe cracker, moved from New York to Jers

Still sending ?kites with birds?

Nothin's heard, feds wanna tap my word

Take vehicles off curbs, tools off herbs, jewels off of all
you nerds

You swerve, I splurge with all yall riches

Comin to joke and blind all yall bitches

Give respect where respect is due

Keep frontin, and I'ma put the tech to you

Coward

CHORUS: Lil Kim and Black Rob

Dame espacio

Man back up off me

Dame espacio

Can I get a minute to breathe?

Dame espacio

That means give me space

Dame espacio

Damn back up off me

[Black Rob]

Like I'm just talking like I never did these things

Snatch chains and rings, teddy bears from siblings

I did things some of yall cowards might not imagine

Like run in the stores, gun drawn, spasm

Press the button bitch I'm not havin

Or it'll your ?super? employee leave in a bag and

Black wagon, bait boy I'm not braggin

It's a promise, I'll take em to school like Nastradamus

It's my thing do what I do best

Want the treasure chest, and that dough in your girl
breasts

How dare you try to stash yours in your drawls

What's mines is mines, what's yours aint yours

Get his whip, watch how quickly I paint yours

Watch poppi and them, hit it up with the paintballs

Coward niggas, got the gall, thinkin I won't lamp in the
hall

Like New Year's and drop the ball, bitches!

CHORUS

[Lil' Kim]

Where I come from, we all got guns

Be a hundred of yall and we still won't run

Call the cops, they still won't come

We bang on niggas like we playin the drums

These cats think they know me Black

Well I hit em over the head and say "Homey don't play
that"

Listen to they rhymes and say didn't I say that?

Damn, I'm the shit, it's like I'ma nigga they be bitin my
dick

Get on some old school shit, bitch run your kicks

Go on y'all can have my flow

I extort y'all hoes for all yall dough

And by now I think all yall know

Who's the winner, still champ by T.K.O. WHAT

CHORUS

Visit [Rob Black](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.