

Rob Black

"Spanish Fly"

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Black Rob]

Yo look clown I come through bully down

Keep thinkin that you hard take a look around

I got soldiers stationed up to bring pain

And when it go down my hoes do the same thing

We all in the same game, we all willin to bang

Ain't nobody going against the grain, so take aim

B.R.'s evasive, cut all the faces, catch all the cases, this
real

You rather bet'cha life than face me

I mean I got this rap game locked with more cake than
Tastee

Black the feindest, this title I hold I won't relinquish

And this type shit you shouldn't sting wish

And one phone call and I'll extinguish, I mean this you
seen this

Blue steel fo-fo the caliber, Excalibur, Im'a destroy my
next challenger

B. Rob high post MC, quick to spray Raid on the roach
MC

So don't be apporachin me without the cross and
rosary

Who this nigga 'pose to be, I blast him in the open beef

Damn Black, how you do that der?

'Cuz we..dont..care, I'll take 'em there

Chorus: Jennifer Lopez

Last night, I dreamed of some more dough

Some crystal, sixty thousand, and ten dimes of 'dro (I'll take 'em there)

Last night I realized I'm dreaming

Too late now, guess I'll finish what I started baby

[Black Rob]

Y'all niggas heard the first verse no doubt shit bangin

Verse two make sure none of y'all left hangin

Got honies lovin this shit too, one wit'choo

Long as you know my pants don't fit'choo

Money good look, understand why he shook

Shit I'm rich, face all up in the Guinness Book

Check, all the records I set, its major

Check, that the sets I wreck with flavor

Fuck that cajun, guns stay bond cock

?Boiler on lock? hold shit down like Fort Knox

Man, knock the rhyme unorthodox

What'cha barely understand, shit I deal with the L.O.X.

Give me the props, Im tryin set a mark this year

And bring the equipment out to the parks this year

So y'all could see how it used to be

I'm lookin towards the future see

Black here to stay, its time y'all got used to me

Puff said Black ain't tryin to fit in

Up and down the coast can't count the spots I've been
in

Put'cha bid in

Chours

[Black Rob]

I hit a ??? if my name was Teddy Bender

hot beats and hot rhymes tossed in a blenda'

I want ch'all to feel hardcore, nothin tenda'

Blessed this mic for as long as I remember

Y'all can't see the Rob, uh-uhh, y'all must be stupid

If I owe Shawn Combs any money then I recouped it

I looped it, this fly shit from ?Nebogada?

Me and Yogi and Hard Pierre from You Dont Know Me

I dare you to come against me, run against me

Use your gun against me, you finito, finished

I've seen wild cats diminished, foldin for, Bad Boy's
known to ball

Internationally, I'm sayin actually

I have to be the next cat to go and sell a million records
casually

So, prepare yourself for the storm, Nineteen-nine-nine
its on

And I'm just gettin warm

Chorus

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