

## Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

### "B. R"

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Black rob, BR

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I am about to set the record straight (the world's famous)

Its 99 man time to let them know man

Verse One:

Yo aiyo yo yo

Its kill or be killed

My skillz leavin them chilled on ice

Like twice when I flash my steel

They can't touch

Won't touch

Never touch

Driving around with the toastly whip, never bust

Puffin dust like fiends

I mean I want green ya shifty

Cop the big eight fifty with the gleam

My team

Full of cut throats with 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 don't expect to die

On some humble shit

I am on some rumble shit

When it's 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 paid but fuck it I want some more cake

Ya faith, in my hand

Now ya nervous man and drive my brains quick fast at ya service

My brother Curtis squeeze gats to celliums

I make it where you can't escape the parra bedlums

I tell some, live ya life like Puff did

I did enough biz ask any body I am rough kid

Chorus:

Black Rob We Are  
Black Rob uh-uh  
Black Rob We Are  
Black Rob uh-uh  
Black Rob We Are  
Black Rob uh-uh  
Black Rob We Are  
Black Rob

Verse Two: G-Dep

Yo, yo  
I put a finger in the air  
For the hearing impaired  
If you're hearin this fear  
Than your hearing it cleared  
Man I fuck with bod, got put on the job  
Don't question it to stars, I'ma put'em in saw  
Straight gate  
I suggest you vacate  
When I shake, they feel earthquakes in eight states  
Oh trait, off the Richter, drunk  
Off the liquor  
Shot towards you mister  
Off course it hit you hard  
It gets hard, I pick the card  
Any card any problem I'ma hit your squad  
Eyes on the shapar when I twisted god  
You think you got it all together  
Get it ripped apart  
Man you can't stand the heat  
Stay up outta the street  
Nigga turn po-lice cause they shot up his jeep  
I subtract like mad  
Don't make me blad  
So I want it all, fuck had  
Don't make me laugh  
By all means  
Get this money it's all green  
It's all good  
And I wished that ya'll would  
Man fuck that, security told ya to tuck that  
Now up that, now that you see where lux at  
I got the game by the balls  
And I get all calls  
So if u play to much I put the shit on pause

Black Rob We Are  
Black Rob uh-uh  
Black Rob We Are  
Black Rob uh-uh

Black Rob We Are  
Black Rob uh-uh  
Black Rob We Are  
Black Rob

BR  
BR  
Bad Boy Nigga  
Harlem Underworld  
Alumni  
The one guy  
The gun die  
Day one  
Life Stories  
Black 99  
Life Stories  
I'm here 1999 baby it's on  
I think I'm about to feel something here  
We here baby  
Bad Boy  
Bad Boy

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