

## **Black Rebel Motorcycle Club "Love Burns"**

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I dare you  
(Uh, Harlem Underworld)  
To come against me  
(Harlem Underworld)  
I dare you  
(Black Rob)  
To defeat me  
(Watch the whole thing unfold)  
I dare you  
(From 100th street)  
To come for me  
(To 200th)  
You won't win  
(Manhattan)  
Nigga's got me sittin' on the roof  
Eye trained, on scope, blessin' 100 proof  
Hand on toes, 'bout to roast  
Some kids who flash like they assassins  
Picked up my dough and b-ked this honey passin'  
Got the spot on lock  
Taking flicks around the corner  
She made it where the spot ain't hot  
Like a potato, she got five-oh on the payroll  
They sniffin' yeyo, I don't know what to say, yo  
There they go in front of the store  
Dressed in black shit  
Some like theys are meaner  
If they be hustlin' back, we'll fuck 'em  
Can't even do one thing, assassinate 'em  
That's it, that's all, solo  
Single, no more, no less, stocks rang, yo  
Money caught one in his Kangol  
D.O.A. as his man made his run for the door  
Caught 'em in the 'gaitor shoes his girl probably bought  
'em  
Too bad, Black ain't get the chance to extort him  
Cuz Nigga's like that don't deserve to live  
Word the myth  
And we ain't got no love to give  
For these drop shots who wanna be down  
Wanna be clowns, the fail ones  
I like how all that good shit sounds

And I dare one  
I dare you  
To come against me  
I dare you  
To defeat me  
I dare you  
To conquer me  
You won't win  
Nigga, I sleigh, you pray, kill that ass uptown  
Dump yo' bitch ass back around your way  
When I'm in one of those moods I can give a fuck  
I mean cool, run and bu

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