

Black Rob

"B. R."

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Black rob, BR
Black rob, BR

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

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Black Rob uh-uh
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Black Rob uh-uh
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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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