

Black Rob "Spanish Fly"

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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, I'ma destroy my
next challenger
B. Rob high post MC, quick to spray Raid on the roach
MC
So don't be approachin' 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 don't care
I'll take 'em there

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

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, it's 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, I'm 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

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

I hit a [unverified] 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, uh, 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 don't 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, 1999 it's on
And I'm just gettin' warm

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