

## G. Dep

### "B.R"

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Black Rob, B.R.

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I am about to set the record straight

(The world's famous)

It's 99 man

Time to let them know man

Yo aiyo, yo, yo, it's 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 toasty 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  
drawers

On the streets black good like all state, 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 bedlams

I tell some, live ya life like Puff did

I did enough biz, ask any body, I am rough kid

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, uh uh

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 police 'cause they shot up his jeep  
I subtract like mad, don't make me bald

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 you play to much I put the shit on pause

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Black Rob, uh, uh  
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B.R.

B.R.

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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