

## Hell Razah

# "B.B.P. (Business B4 Pleasure) (feat. 7th Ambassador, Bamboo)"

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feat. 7th Ambassador, Bambue  
[Intro: Hell Razah (Bambue) {7th Ambassador}]  
B.B.P., in the Bronx, B.B.P. (Yo, uh) {what, what}  
[7th Ambassador]  
My commitee of six'll sick in the flip  
Switch in the nines, and pull out knives  
Hit the five boroughs at one time  
We really never like being confined  
That's why we speak about trees in our rhyme  
That type of shit, eases our mind  
In a everyday struggle, in the jungle  
Hash was a hustle and niggas be bad to touch you  
If you don't have the muscle in this modern day, cash  
or trouble  
You heard Biggie's ass rebuttal, the Mo the Money, the  
Mo the Problems  
More ways for me to solve 'em, more gats keep  
revolvin'  
So what you talkin'?, you ain't doin' nothin' but offerin'  
My little shorties a coffin, claimin' you a master of a  
world you lost in  
Down the mean streets, BX to Compton  
Who you crossin', dunn get caught walkin'  
On the wrong side of the margin, when shit spray  
Like somethin' they made for dodgin'  
It's all big rims, you mean to floss it  
[Chorus 2.5X: Hell Razah (Bambue)]  
Bitches come, bitches go  
Never trust a ho  
Business Before Pleasure, cuz they out to get ya dough  
(Niggas come, niggas go, fuck all ya dough  
If I'm a bitch and I'm a ho  
Then I'mma go and get my own)  
[Hell Razah]  
On the block, crack spot watch in front of the cops  
He made careers outta corners for his Rolex watch  
Up in clubs, straight lick-up, past bitches and sons  
Every Sunday at the Tunnel takin' pictures wit thugs  
  
Shorty lookin' in my face like she fallin' in love  
Yea, I eat meat, close it 'for the chew in the cut -a

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