

Kemopetrol

"Ante Up"

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Huh (huh) huh (huh) huh (huh) huh (huh)
Yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)

Lil Fame:

Take minks off! Take things off!
Take chains off! Take rings off!
Bracelets is yapped, Fame came off!
(Ante Up!) Everything off!
Fool what you want? We stiflin them fools
Fool what you want? Your life or your jewels?
The rules, (back em down) next thing, (clap em down)
Respect mine we Brooklyn bound, (bound! now, (now!))

Billy Danze:

Brownsville, home of the brave
Put in work in the street like a slave
Keep rugged dress code
Always in this stress mode
(That shit will send you to your grave) So?
You think I don't know that? (BLOW!)
Nigga hold that! (BLOW!) Nigga hold that! (BLOW!)
Nigga hold that!
From the street cousin, you know the drill
I'm 900 and 99 thou short of a mill

Chorus:

Ante Up! Yap that fool!
Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!
It's the perfect timin, you see the man shinin
Get up of them god damn diamonds! Huh!
Ante Up! Yap that fool!
Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!
Get him (get him) get him! Hit him (hit him) hit him!
Yap him! (Zap him!) Yap him! (Zap him!)

Lil Fame:

Them thugs you know, ain't friendly
Them jewels you rock, make em envy
You thinkin it's all good, you creep through a small
hood
Goons comin up outta cut for your goods and they all

should
Ante Up! Yap that fool
You want big money, kidnap that fool!
If you up in the club, back at your pis-tal money
Catch them fools at the bar for that Cristal Money

Billy Danze:
The '87 stick up kids, (what you niggas sayin?)
Get the fuck up out that 740 shorty I ain't playin
It's fash that thang time, (bang) bang time
Ante Up! Nigga, it's game time
Hand over the ring, take over the chain
Gimme the fuckin watch before I pop one in your brain
Stop playin these childish games with me
Reprentin 1-7-1-8, dangerously, nigga

Chorus

Lil Fame:
I'm a street regulator, true playa hater
Get back doen make yo' ass a mack spraya hater
Things that we need, money, clothes, weed indeed
Hats, food, booze, essentials, credentials
Code of the streets, owners who creep
Slow when you sleep, holdin the heat
Put holes in your jeep, respect mine we streets
It's the L-I L-F A-M (M!) E (E!)

Billy Danze:
Yeah, nigga Danze, gave you a chance
Cuz I blazed your man, he said he was strong
I had reason to believe he had some shit up his sleeve
all along
(So?) Fuck you Your Honor! Check my persona!
I'm strong enough for Old Gold and marijuana!
I'ma do what I wanna, quiet as kept
(Raise hell!) Till I was tired of stress, yes lord!

Chorus

Outro:
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha...
The fuck, the fuck, the fuck...
Nigga!
What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck...
Ha, what
First Family, First Family...
Brooklyn...
Yeah

