

Cromok

"B.B.P"

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[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
Like I'm at a drive a wagon, like you flyin' his rug
Up in cabin, smoke trees in the jacuzzi tub, what
Niggas front, you get uzzi slugs, you be a who-he-was
We ain't never really give a fuck, son, who he was
+Business Before Pleasure+ forever
I got tracks road for all winters, I'm clever
I'm not ya everyday stereotype
I'm more like one of those Hebrew-Israelites, that rock
mics
Boogie in jails, startin' up riots and fights
First convict to come home, we be thinkin' a like
Sex for ice, nowadays love got a price
I'm used to have more than one wife, singin' me
paradise
I'm pretty shinin' tight, home Friday night
Burn til she hitchhike, we Dick Van Dykes

[Chorus 3X]

[Bambue]

Aiyo, I'm sick of these fake thugs
Sick of these fake grimeys sellin' drugs
I'm sick of these fake thugs bustin' slugs
Sick of them fake bastards that be after my dough
I'm sick of the +Fake MC's+ who claim they mastered
the flow
Sick of the fake producers, sick of the fake fiends who
claim they boosters
Sick of the fake niggas who didn't choose us
Sick of the fake labels, sick of the A&R's
Sick of the fake rappers that they be claimin' stars
Sick of the fake beats, sick of these fake talkers
claimin' peace
Sick of the West Coast, sick of the East
Sick of the fat fatties, takin' so long to blow up
So sick of this bullshit, that I'm bout to throw up

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