

## Soundtracks

### "Ante Up"

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Artist: M.O.P. (f/ FunkMaster Flex) Lyrics

Song: Ante Up (Robbin Hoodz Theory) Lyrics

[Lil Fame]

Take minks off! Take things off!

Take chains off! Take rings off!

Braclets is yapped, Fame came off!

[Ante Up!] Everything off!

Fool what you want, we stiflin 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 a 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 nine hundred and ninety nine thou short of a mil

[Chorus: M.O.P.]

Ante Up! Yap that fool!

Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!

It's the perfect timin, you see the man shinin

Get up off them god damn diamonds! Huh!

Ante Up! Oh! Yap that fool! Oh!

Ante Up! Oh! 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, aint friendly

Them jewels you rock, make 'em envy

You thinkin it's all good, you creep through a small

hood

Goons comin up outta a 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 out 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 up out that 740 shorty I ain't playin  
It's flash that thang time, [bang] bang time  
Ante Up! Nigga, it's game time  
Hand over the ring, take over the chain  
Gimme the in watch before I pop one in your brain  
Stop playin these childish games with me  
Representin 1-7-1-8, dangerously, nigga!

[Chorus] w/ variations

[Lil' Fame]

I'ma, street regulator, true playa hater  
Get back down, make your 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 the 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, I'm in the wrong  
He said he was strong  
I had reason to believe he had some shit up his sleeve  
all along  
[So?] 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!] Til I was tired of stress, yes lord!

[Chorus] w/ variations

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...  
Ha, what  
First Family, First Family...  
Brooklyn...  
Yeah!

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