

Arjona Ricardo**"B.R"**

Visit "[B.R](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Black rob, BR
Black rob, BR

I am about to set the record straight (the world's famous)
Its 99 man time to let them know man

Verse One:

Yo aiyo yo yo
Its 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 toastly 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 draws
On the streets black good like allstate 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 bedlums
I tell some, live ya life like Puff did
I did enough biz ask any body I am rough kid

Chorus:

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

Verse Two: G-Dep

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 po-lice cause they shot up his jeep
I subtract like mad
Don't make me blad
So I want it all, fuck had
Don't make me laugh
By all means
Get this money its 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 u play to much I put the shit on pause

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

BR
BR
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

Visit [Arjona Ricardo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.