

## Armand Van Helden Feat. Duane Harden "Spanish Fly"

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[Black Rob]

Yo look clown I come through bully down  
Keep thinkin that you hard take a look around  
I got soldiers stationed up to bring pain  
And when it go down my hoes do the same thing  
We all in the same game, we all willin to bang  
Ain't nobody going against the grain, so take aim  
B.R.'s evasive, cut all the faces, catch all the cases, this  
real  
You rather bet'cha life than face me  
I mean I got this rap game locked with more cake than  
Tastee  
Black the feindest, this title I hold I won't relinquish  
And this type shit you shouldn't sting wish  
And one phone call and I'll extinguish, I mean this you  
seen this  
Blue steel fo-fo the caliber, Excalibur, Im'a destroy my  
next challenger  
B. Rob high post MC, quick to spray Raid on the roach  
MC  
So don't be apporachin me without the cross and  
rosary  
Who this nigga 'pose to be, I blast him in the open beef  
Damn Black, how you do that der?  
'Cuz we..dont..care, I'll take 'em there

Chorus: Jennifer Lopez

Last night, I dreamed of some more dough  
Some crystal, sixty thousand, and ten dimes of 'dro (I'll  
take 'em there)  
Last night I realized I'm dreaming  
Too late now, guess I'll finish what I started baby

[Black Rob]

Y'all niggas heard the first verse no doubt shit bangin  
Verse two make sure none of y'all left hangin  
Got honies lovin this shit too, one wit'choo  
Long as you know my pants don't fit'choo  
Money good look, understand why he shook  
Shit I'm rich, face all up in the Guinness Book

Check, all the records I set, its major  
Check, that the sets I wreck with flavor  
Fuck that cajun, guns stay bond cock  
?Boiler on lock? hold shit down like Fort Knox  
Man, knock the rhyme unorthodox  
What'cha barely understand, shit I deal with the L.O.X.  
Give me the props, Im tryin set a mark this year  
And bring the equipment out to the parks this year  
So y'all could see how it used to be  
I'm lookin towards the future see  
Black here to stay, its time y'all got used to me  
Puff said Black ain't tryin to fit in  
Up and down the coast can't count the spots I've been  
in  
Put'cha bid in

Chours

[Black Rob]

I hit a ??? if my name was Teddy Bender  
hot beats and hot rhymes tossed in a blenda'  
I want ch'all to feel hardcore, nothin tenda'  
Blessed this mic for as long as I remember  
Y'all can't see the Rob, uh-uhh, y'all must be stupid  
If I owe Shawn Combs any money then I recouped it  
I looped it, this fly shit from ?Nebogada?  
Me and Yogi and Hard Pierre from You Dont Know Me  
I dare you to come against me, run against me  
Use your gun against me, you finito, finished  
I've seen wild cats diminished, foldin for, Bad Boy's  
known to ball  
Internationally, I'm sayin actually  
I have to be the next cat to go and sell a million records  
casually  
So, prepare yourself for the storm, Nineteen-nine-nine  
its on  
And I'm just gettin warm

Chorus

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