

Black Rose Kartel

"B.V.B.N.Y"

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(Chorus) Goldie Mack

So put your blunt to your lips if you could relate to this
And if not, I want you to feel, how we're doing in the
Ville

Brooklyn be the borough man

I'm from a place where most of the niggas are
thorough man

Throw your hands in the sky if you're not afraid to die

And if not, I want you to ill, how my niggas ill

Brownsville be the hood man

I'm from a place where most of the niggas are no good

Keep it real with your man if he got the part of the
planning

And if not, I want you to do what you suppose to do

New York be the city man

I'm from a place where most of the women look pretty
man

[Goldie Mack]

I spit verbal with base banging down the track

Chinky eyes, handsome grill, with dreads hanging
down my back

Goldie homey on the throne from two G

While small hustlers spend all their doe for one coochie

And I make a mil from buying a pen, writing on new
sleeves

All I need is two sheets, you do you, I'll do what suits
me

Straight up, word to mother, but yo, but yo

Small minded petty niggas don't get too far

Talk shit about the Rose and I'ma hit you par

Tell bystanders forget about that shit you saw

Or these 12-gauge slugs will split your jaw

Yo my Kartel niggas be them by the fire 15 jail niggas

But the MACs at, south broad to Cat-shack

Tango, nine and half dope slash crack

Eager flash back of Rikers Island

Know we in clubs, uh-huh, blue lasers in his ass crack

Dime, thirst for tango, yo where cash at?

If you're a thug blast at or get blast at like the last cat

Up in the tunnel screaming where the ass at?

Now you get laughed at for your trash rap
Don't stash jack, you covered in ice, I'ma snatch that
D-O-N slash Mack, Brownsville slash gats
That's how we do in the Ville, you heard?
You ain't a gangster stop fronting; I put two in your grill
Got a few thou but right now I'm pursuing a mil
Step up a label just for you and the deal (straight up)

(Chorus) Goldie Mack

Throw your hands in the sky if you're not afraid to die
And if not, I want you to ill, how my niggas ill
Brownsville be the hood man
I'm from a place where most of the niggas are no good

[Goldie Mack]

It's always them coward niggas that be thinking they're
hard
Spit a few bars; get a deal and start thinking they're
large
Midtown Manhattan what nigga? Now you're drinking in
bars
Pop 'em in the head now he's thinking in cars
Ayo you from the ghetto I hear that?
That don't mean you're a thug
You got a gun then wear that, that don't mean you a
slug
When you go out leave your jewels 'cause we be
scheming in clubs
And that's fo'real, I ain't talking no rap shit
Perhaps it's seven guns under my mattress
And facts is a lil' over that, thirteen to be exact, shit
I like his shit, yo y'all niggas is hot
But when it come to thug shit, yo y'all niggas could stop
'Cause that's my word of video could deceive you
player
You might act tough, but my team don't believe you
player
Brooklyn be them thugs that'll leave you player
And if you ain't never been in jail
Don't talk about it unless you've been in
Besides me or Ike, we got niggas that's still in it
That's my word I'm telling you, you ain't ready for war
My whole team has shot somebody for some petty
before
I'm in the game now I'm ready to score, ya'heard?
Ayo, Sprewelling peep the mind of this three time felon
That shit you talked I ain't hearing and smelling
Ayo R leave 'em alone 'cause I heard them snitch
niggas be telling

(Chorus) Goldie Mack

So keep it real with your man if he got the part of the
planning
And if not, I want you to do what you suppose to do
New York be the city man
I'm from a place where most of the women look pretty
man

[Goldie Mack]

Yo I could go out bummy and shit looking like madness
And leave the club with the baddest bitch
So what's my statuses? Kill me? Come back to life like
St. Lazarus
And have niggas run in your crib like savages
Until I'm on the Island, build an empire that's for
leverages
Seven women just to one man without the marriages
Marriage? I average like seventeen chicks
But out of the seventeen, I'm only giving two of them
dick
Fifteen is celibate, plus I got 'em stuck mentally
If the world don't blow up, I'll have 'em for another
century
On the street or in jail, thorough niggas they'll mention
me
Cut wifey off 'cause she wasn't down for the cause
Now threw her frenzy hair about me in a time I flossed
Silly broad that I will stick around for the draws

(Chorus) Goldie Mack

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And if not, I want you to feel, how we're doing in the
Ville
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I'm from a place where most of the niggas are
thorough man
Throw your hands in the sky if you're not afraid to die
And if not, I want you to ill, how my niggas ill
Brownsville be the hood man
I'm from a place where most of the niggas are no good
Keep it real with your man if he got the part of the
planning
And if not, I want you to do what you suppose to do
New York be the city man
I'm from a place where most of the women look pretty
man
Pretty man, pretty man, pretty man

(Outro) Goldie Mack

Uh-huh it's not a game, word up, straight up
KGL, you heard, Brownsville shit
Straight up for my thug niggas,

youknowwhat!msaying? BK niggas
Straight up, NY representing, knahmean?
From the East to the West, you heard?
One love, you heard? My nigga Aristotle, you heard?
Tango and Cash, it's not a fucking game man

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