

## Donell Jones F/ Left-Eye

### "Espacio"

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Dangerous niggas  
Uhh Black Rob shit  
Y'all don't know?  
Uhh Uhh  
Danegorous niggas  
Lil Kim and Black Rob yelowman  
P Diddy , the moment you all been waitin for  
Murder yeah , ha ha yeah

[Black Rob]  
What y'all riffin about, hang em like they did in the  
South  
Dead wit ya dick in ya mouth  
Now what this shit is about, niggas sleepin  
Like I won't slip in ya house, and put my dick in your  
spouse  
Till you get home, I'm amped like a part of ya couch  
Then sit on me, that's what I'ma spit filthy  
Pretty swiftly, til them coppers come and get me  
Tried to tell his coward ass it's real  
Actin like I can't get through that Slomen Shield  
I'm a veteran, I'll take leathers and furs in front of him  
Safe cracker, moved from New York to Jers  
Still sending ?kites with birds?  
Nothin's heard, feds wanna tap my word  
Take vehicles off curbs, tools off herbs, jewels off of all  
you nerds  
You swerve, I splurge with all yall riches  
Comin to joke and blind all yall bitches  
Give respect where respect is due  
Keep frontin, and I'ma put the tech to you  
Coward

CHORUS: Lil Kim and Black Rob  
Dame espacio  
Man back up off me  
Dame espacio  
Can I get a minute to breathe?  
Dame espacio  
That means give me space  
Dame espacio

Damn back up off me

[Black Rob]

Like I'm just talking like I never did these things  
Snatch chains and rings, teddy bears from siblings  
I did things some of yall cowards might not imagine  
Like run in the stores, gun drawn, spasm  
Press the button bitch I'm not havin  
Or it'll your ?super? employee leave in a bag and  
Black wagon, bait boy I'm not braggin  
It's a promise, I'll take em to school like Nastradamus  
It's my thing do what I do best  
Want the treasure chest, and that dough in your girl  
breasts  
How dare you try to stash yours in your drawls  
What's mines is mines, what's yours aint yours  
Get his whip, watch how quickly I paint yours  
Watch poppi and them, hit it up with the paintballs  
Coward niggas, got the gall, thinkin I won't lamp in the  
hall  
Like New Year's and drop the ball, bitches!

CHORUS

[Lil' Kim]

Where I come from, we all got guns  
Be a hundred of yall and we still won't run  
Call the cops, they still won't come  
We bang on niggas like we playin the drums  
These cats think they know me Black  
Well I hit em over the head and say "Homey don't play  
that"  
Listen to they rhymes and say didn't I say that?  
Damn, I'm the shit, it's like I'ma nigga they be bitin my  
dick  
Get on some old school shit, bitch run your kicks  
Go on y'all can have my flow  
I extort y'all hoes for all yall dough  
And by now I think all yall know  
Who's the winner, still champ by T.K.O. WHAT

CHORUS

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