B.R. (Featuring Cheri Dennis) [Explicit Version]

Black Rob

Black Rob, B.R.
Black Rob, B.R.I am about to set the record straight
(The world's famous)
It's 99 man
Time to let them know manYo aiyo, yo, yo, it's 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 touchDriving around with the toasty 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 dieOn 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 drawersOn the streets black good like all state, 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 serviceMy brother Curtis squeeze gats to celliums
I make it where you can't escape the parra bedlams
I tell some, live ya life like Puff did
I did enough biz, ask any body, I am rough kid
Black Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh, uh
Black Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh uhBlack Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh, uh
Black Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh uhYo, 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 jobDon'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, drunkOff 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 GodYou think you got it all together, get it ripped apart
Man you can't stand the heat, stay up outta the street
Nigga turn police 'cause they shot up his jeep
I subtract like mad, don't make me baldSo I want it all, fuck had, don't make me laugh
By all means, get this money, it's all green
It's all good and I wished that ya'll would
Man fuck that, security told ya to tuck thatNow up that, now that you see where lux at
I got the game by the balls and I get all calls
So if you play to much I put the shit on pauseBlack Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh, uh
Black Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh uhBlack Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh, uh
Black Rob, we are
Black Rob, uh uhB.R.
B.R.Bad boy, nigga, Harlem underworld
Alumni, the one guy
The gun die, day one
Life Stories, Black 99Life 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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