I Love You Baby (feat. Puff Daddy)

Black Rob

(feat. Puff Daddy)Verse one: black robI met her uptown on dikeland, to heighten
Talkin that, how she only dealt with businessmen
Niggaz baggin joints, money off and on the books
The ones who stand firm like ain't, nuttin shook
About them, I doubt them cats waitin for me
You know them niggaz, them big dudes across the street
She say, 'yeah, they from over on mayfair'
Bullets from out of nowhere, told her to stay there and duck down
I hit the ground but managed to pull a piece out
This bitch over them with them pointin the chief out
They want beef out here, they gon' get it
In the worst way, i'ma show em how black play
Roll the dice, fuckin with me is like snake eyes
I break guys, sit back and watch my cake rise
It's all about the benjamins, true that be the motto
Ran out of ammo and started, throwin bottles
Runnin, and I ain't lookin back for shit
Crooked ass bitch, today I get you back for this
(I'll get you back)
Chorus: repeat 2xI love you baby no you don't
You drive me crazy that's right
I'll never betray thee uhh
I love you baby c'monVerse two: black rob (starts rapping during the chorus)Yo since the last altercation I been goin to street
Seein honey at the club ery week and I speak
I'ma rock that ass to sleep before I strike
I ain't know the real deal until last night
How, one of them brothers was locked with bankroll
Used to call my crib to see seventy-four
Kick rhymes over the phone for hours he had the dac
Babe bro told him, 'you wanna get money, see black
When you get home', we never had chance to get up
And wouldn't have, if his gun had left me hit up
He'd explain how his whole crew was slappin honey
Besides all that, she owed them cats a lot of money
Funny how it's a small world, baby girl
Youse about to get, fucked with no jail
I'ma sit back and watch this cake finish bakin
And plan your extermination, word
ChorusVerse three: puff daddyIt took a while to peep your style, miss i-be-in-workin
Low profile single, house in staten island
And manhattan while, them same cats

You sent to get me boo, is on they to get you
Fuckin witchu, that small time crack dealin nigga
He a bitch too, they gon' bust his shit too
Shit's real, you think you gonna set me up
And get away scot free without some type of injury
Nah kill it, i'ma flip the script on you
Same thing you did to me, i'ma do it to you
Who knew she was the female rambo
Fill one of they chest with four soon as he came in the door
Life is out, snuffed all they mans in
In the end, she had to be the last bitch standin
Not for long the buck the forty-four strong
Just like that she was gone, now it's over
Assumin I'll go back to my everyday life
Of a rich millionaire just rockin the mic
Gotta pause, and think about honey no doubt
And admire how the chick went outChorus: repeat to fade
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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