



Any card any problem I'ma hit your squad  
Eyes on the shapar when I twisted God You 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 bald So 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 that Now 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 pause Black Rob, we are  
Black Rob, uh, uh  
Black Rob, we are  
Black Rob, uh uh Black Rob, we are  
Black Rob, uh, uh  
Black Rob, we are  
Black Rob, uh uh B.R.  
B.R. Bad boy, nigga, Harlem underworld  
Alumni, the one guy  
The gun die, day one  
Life Stories, Black 99 Life 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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