

Black Rob, I Dare You

(feat. Joe Hooker)

I dare you
(Uh, Harlem Underworld)
To come against me
(Harlem Underworld)
I dare you
(Black Rob)
To defeat me
(Watch the whole thing unfold)
I dare you
(From 100th street)
To come for me
(To 200th)
You won't win
(Manhattan)

Nigga's got me sittin' on the roof
Eye trained, on scope, blessin' 100 proof
Hand on toes, 'bout to roast
Some kids who flash like they assassins
Picked up my dough and b-ked this honey passin'
Got the spot on lock
Taking flicks around the corner
She made it where the spot ain't hot
Like a potato, she got five-oh on the payroll
They sniffin' yeyo, I don't know what to say, yo
There they go in front of the store
Dressed in black shit
Some like theys are meaner
If they be hustlin' back, we'll fuck 'em
Can't even do one thing, assassinate 'em
That's it, that's all, solo
Single, no more, no less, stocks rang, yo
Money caught one in his Kangol
D.O.A. as his man made his run for the door
Caught 'em in the 'gaitor shoes his girl probably bought 'em
Too bad, Black ain't get the chance to extort him
Cuz Nigga's like that don't deserve to live
Word the myth
And we ain't got no love to give
For these drop shots who wanna be down
Wanna be clowns, the fail ones
I like how all that good shit sounds
And I dare one

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I dare you
To conquer me
You won't win

Nigga, I sleigh, you pray, kill that ass uptown
Dump yo' bitch ass back around your way
When I'm in one of those moods I can give a fuck
I mean cool, run and bungie jump off the fuckin' roof
I hear voices calling me, givin' me fits
Singing tonight's the night Black Rob, let's write these hits
In the halls of death, you get left, I'm in the top 10
Even Rocky trainer and his wife said you can't win
Scream battle, but you never fought
That's like me sayin' I got five, never ran a full court

Stab the devil in his belly, took his Pelle Pelle
Blew the spot down and slid straight to the tele
I see envious eyes, envious guys, different states
Mad we seen 'em, different cake
Rob me, tear that asshole out of place
Cuz in the end I'm the head case you gotta face
And I dare one

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It feels good not to be dealin' with petty cash
Me and D-Dot all we seein' now is ready cash
And ready ass, splash in the Jacuzzi
Honey from the movies, south notch cutie
Used to go to Harrah with D after the homecomin'
On my way from Kakalaka
Me and Merse was gun running
Musta done something all conspicuous
Eye of the tiger, I know these cats are sick of this
Ridiculous sayin' these cats don't love Black
This is Bad Boy, I puttin' it where it 'posed to be at
Lemme know where to put your rosary at
My enemies, I let 'em get a load of me gat
Fine, you don't believe Black real official
Playa way, get your ma's cake, and kiss you
You leavin', wasn't part of this plan
Understand it's all about the Bengi's man
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