

Black Sheep, B.B.S.

(feat. Eimage)

[Dres]

Crumbs to the floor, bums off the wall
Stage landing, assured
I hit you all like a red ball
One to the two, 'D' to the 'R'
'E' to 'S' me, baby pah
Doing my thing with my peeps
Don't sleep

[Verse One]

I bounce around the city like I was a personal cheque, see
I'm only running with niggas catching dayroom wreck, B
Keeping it real with appeal, I gets filthy like I'm dirty
Straight up and down, you'll say that "them's the niggas, seven-thirty"
What now, bumba claat bwai like you got to say?
Me nah want no back chat, me nah come to play
So move it away, I say, before you can't move it away
Black Sheep, aight? Black Sheep, ayyyy!
liiii! Ohhh! Who? You, so
I'm rocking it on the regular, I pick it up like a 'fro
And your radio's fly when the Sheep's on the dial
We flaunt it, freak it and flip it freely with style
On top of the pile, funky laundry for Ron G
Crazy shout out to Poppi-pop and Conji
Keeping it tight, making a right since I left
Though it was never wrong, don't hate me cause I'm def
I'm just

[Chorus: Eimage]

Bubbling brown sugar, let me tell you what it's all about
Bubbling brown sugar, make you want to dance and shout
Bubbling brown sugar, with a little jazzy beat
Bubbling brown sugar, Dres and Lawng of Black Sheep

[Verse Two]

Plop-plop, fizz, fizz; oh, what a relief it is
To be the epitome of an emcee, getting biz 'E'
After 'R', 'R' after 'D'
'S' at the end, yes y'all it's me
No need to doubt it, New York's got my loyalty
Boogie Down, astounding sound, representing royalty
Oops-a-daisy, maybe, oops-a-daisy
Boots upside the head of niggas who played D
Embalming like fluid, I'm keeping bullets like you threw it
Tip-top hip-hop, Black Sheep, new shit
The brown bubbling down to rip it on the double and
It's been three joints, everybody thinks we're smuggling
Ahem ahem, yeah, well you know me
I put dope inside your vinyl, cassettes and CDs
A shoo-in when I kick it in the Bronx like Benny Blanco
My flows dodge trucks when I pickup like a Bronco

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I save the drama for my llama, karma for your comedy
With a condom for your momma when she's up on top of me
I call it jealousy and you can call me hoe
Cause I was hitting Barbizons that you're never gonna know
All's well that ends well, here's to welfare
And friends that confront and lovers that care
I get down uptown from dawn to dusk, b

Taking to walking streets like I was Billy McCluskie
Fuck retro! Nineties in Harlem? You'll get wet, bro
Get low or you might need assistance from your head ho
Dolo, wreaking havoc on your phono, the igniter
I'm smoking cheeba, sonny, I run with street fighters
And I'm not hearing your noise, fearing your boys playing with toys
I'm crashing with a passion, trashing and smashing decoys
Bright lights and action, y'alls, you'll beg my pardon
But you can't be a Harlem player unless you play in Harlem

[Chorus]