

# Kelis, Cross The Border(Remix)

You want me to cross the border?  
Well come on baby  
YOu want me to cross the border?  
Well come on baby

They call me A.J., A.K.A. Ant Jones  
And aye, the AK tear bones, Homes  
Seldomely ever talk over cell phones  
Or chase dudes, I choke 'em like bass tubes  
Every whip, every bitch, every leather coat  
Since '88 to right now I was never broke  
Back then I was V'd up  
With a nut cup, problem with the price nigga? see Buck  
Never waitin' in line nigga, I bump  
Pay everybody shit just to get to the front  
Young, did I mention Twenty One?  
With more houses that sell than Century Twenty One  
Cops respect 'cause they know we big  
And ain't lock us up for bodies that they know we did  
That M shit clean you out like ammonia  
Imagine '89 fuckin' Appolonia.

Last name Robinson, first name Stacy  
I was gettin' Cagney high and gettin' head from Lacy  
'88 graffiti, chicks was still masin'  
I was a Millionaire when Rick James was freebasin'  
I paved the way, showed ballers how to ride today  
I chopped the roof off my ride that day  
Imagine all the hate I made?  
Used to have to pull my sun visor down for shade on cloudy days  
They would shoot up my cars  
I would just slide back through with new rims and a paint job  
Flamboyant like a gold One-Ninety  
With a side panel reading, I want you to find me  
C'mon, I sold that Night Rider, and it came with a Kit  
When you put the shit in the needle and hit it, that was it  
Ron..ahem...Heroin, excuse me ya'll  
I'm from Virginia where the Southern draw  
Don't mind me...

See, it's lil' Bucky, my jewels? husky  
Connects like broads, I fuck 'em but they don't fuck me  
Who owe me money in the streets? try to duck me  
Wigs get split like bananas, trust me  
Keep it butter, call me Land 'O Lakes  
Got more crack on the streets than Cali after earthquakes  
Southwest gon' vouch for this  
Our teams trade off nicks (Knicks) like Ewing and the draft pick  
Easy money, that was all in Eighty-Nine  
Locked down every block, made all gravy mine  
Gucci slides cost Three-Twenty-Five  
I, pulled up in the Three-Twenty-Five I  
And A.J. bought a Joe-Paul-Mary  
Silk shirts, his gators was Blueberry  
And this the shit OG's used to do  
Scoop every young boy and treat 'em to City Blue.

It's like ya'll don't know beatbox, I was O.T. at Twelve  
Given a half at Six, an O.Z. at Twelve  
Ain't nobody come near the minor  
That was runnin' spots in both North and South Carolina  
By Ninety I was already a crack legend  
Pullin' up a year early in a brown Ac Legend  
I ain't cop from Uptown, I re'd by the shores

And I could go a month straight in Fila Valores  
The way I used to equip with my features  
I was comin' to Junior High School in better whips than the teachers  
'Bout my paper, I ain't even think 'bout the chicks  
But I kept everything Gucci from my link to my kicks  
Beatbox Mike, I learned to cook as a child  
Got knocked for attempt, the best lawyers looked at my trial  
Got Five at Eighteen, I took it and smiled  
Came home in Ninety-Two and flooded Brooklyn with valves  
I'm back...

You want me to cross the border?  
Well come on baby  
You want me to cross the border?  
Well come on baby