

Black Rob, Espacio

Dangerous niggas
Uhh Black Rob shit
Y'all don't know?
Uhh Uhh
Danegerous niggas
Lil Kim and Black Rob yellowman
P Diddy , the moment you all been waitin for
Murder yeah , ha ha yeah

(Black Rob)

What y'all riffin about, hang em like they did in the South
Dead wit ya dick in ya mouth
Now what this shit is about, niggas sleepin
Like I won't slip in ya house, and put my dick in your spouse
Till you get home, I'm amped like a part of ya couch
Then sit on me, that's what I'ma spit filthy
Pretty swiftly, til them coppers come and get me
Tried to tell his coward ass it's real
Actin like I can't get through that Slomen Shield
I'm a veteran, I'll take leathers and furs in front of him
Safe cracker, moved from New York to Jers
Still sending ?kites with birds?
Nothin's heard, feds wanna tap my word
Take vehicles off curbs, tools off herbs, jewels off of all you nerds
You swerve, I splurge with all yall riches
Comin to joke and blind all yall bitches
Give respect where respect is due
Keep frontin, and I'ma put the tech to you
Coward

CHORUS: Lil Kim and Black Rob

Dame espacio
Man back up off me
Dame espacio
Can I get a minute to breathe?
Dame espacio
That means give me space
Dame espacio
Damn back up off me

(Black Rob)

Like I'm just talking like I never did these things
Snatch chains and rings, teddy bears from siblings
I did things some of yall cowards might not imagine
Like run in the stores, gun drawn, spasm
Press the button bitch I'm not havin
Or it'll your ?super? employee leave in a bag and
Black wagon, bait boy I'm not braggin
It's a promise, I'll take em to school like Nastradamus
It's my thing do what I do best
Want the treasure chest, and that dough in your girl breasts
How dare you try to stash yours in your drawls
What's mines is mines, what's yours aint yours
Get his whip, watch how quickly I paint yours
Watch poppi and them, hit it up with the paintballs
Coward niggas, got the gall, thinkin I won't lamp in the hall
Like New Year's and drop the ball, bitches!

CHORUS

(Lil' Kim)

Where I come from, we all got guns
Be a hundred of yall and we still won't run
Call the cops, they still won't come

We bang on niggas like we playin the drums
These cats think they know me Black
Well I hit em over the head and say "Homey don't play that"
Listen to they rhymes and say didn't I say that?
Damn, I'm the shit, it's like I'ma nigga they be bitin my dick
Get on some old school shit, bitch run your kicks
Go on y'all can have my flow
I extort y'all hoes for all yall dough
And by now I think all yall know
Who's the winner, still champ by T.K.O. WHAT

CHORUS