

Kelis, Cross The Border(Remix)

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

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