

## Ante Up

B2K

Take minks off, take things off  
Take chains off, take rings off  
Bracelets is yapped, Fame came off  
Ante up, everything off

Fool, what you want? We stifflin' fools  
Fool, what you want? Your life or your jewels?  
The rules, back 'em down, next thing, clap 'em down  
Respect mine, we Brooklyn bound now

Brownsville, home of the brave  
Put in work in the street like a slave  
Keep a rugged dress code, always in this stress mode  
That shit will send you to your grave, so?

You think, I don't know that? Blow  
Nigga hold that, blow, nigga hold that, blow,  
Nigga hold that  
From the street cousin, you know the drill  
I'm nine hundred and ninety nine thou short of a mil

Ante up, yap that fool  
Ante up, kidnap that fool  
It's the perfect timin', you see the man shinin'  
Get up off them God damn diamonds

Ante up, oh, yap that fool, oh  
Ante up, oh, kidnap that fool  
Get him, get him, hit him, hit him  
Yap him, zap him, yap him, zap him

Them thugs you know, ain't friendly  
Them jewels you rock, make 'em envy  
You thinkin' it's all good, you creep through a small hood  
Goons comin' up outta a cut for your goods and they all should

Ante up, yap that fool  
You want big money, kidnap that fool  
If you up in the club, back out your pistol money  
Catch them fools at the bar for that Crystal money

The '87 stick up kids, what you niggas sayin'?  
Get the fuck up, out that 740 shorty, I ain't playin'  
It's flash that thing time, bang, bang time  
Ante up, nigga, it's game time

Hand over the ring, take over the chain  
Gimme the fuckin' watch before I pop one in your brain  
Stop playin' these childish games with me  
Representin' 1-7-1-8, dangerously, nigga

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I'm a, street regulator, true player hater  
Get back down, make your ass a mac spray hater  
Things that we need, money, clothes, weed indeed  
Hats, food, booze, essentials, credentials

Code of the streets, owners who creep  
Slow when you sleep, holdin' the heat  
Put holes in your jeep, respect the streets  
It's the Lil' Fame

Yeah, nigga dance, gave you a chance  
'Cause I blazed your man, I'm in the wrong  
He said he was strong  
I had reason to believe he had some shit up his sleeve all along

So, fuck you, your honor, check my persona  
I'm strong enough for old gold and marijuana  
I'm a do what I wanna, quiet as kept  
Raise hell, til I was tired of stress, yes Lord

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The fuck, the fuck, the fuck  
Nigga, what the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck?  
What?  
First family, first family, Brooklyn, yeah