

## Espacio

## Black Rob

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

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  
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 y'all riches

Comin' to joke and blind all y'all bitches  
Give respect where respect is due  
Keep frontin', and I'ma put the tech to you  
Coward

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

Like I'm just talking like I never did these things  
Snatch chains and rings, teddy bears from siblings  
I did things some of y'all cowards might not imagine  
Like run in the stores, gun drawn, spasm

Press the button bitch I'm not havin'  
Or it'll your 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 Nostradamus

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 ain't yours

Get his whip, watch how quickly I paint yours  
Watch poppi and them, hit it up with the paint balls  
Coward niggas, got the gall, thinkin' I won't lamp in the hall  
Like New Year's and drop the ball, bitches!

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Where I come from, we all got guns  
Be a hundred of y'all 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 y'all dough  
And by now I think all y'all know  
Who's the winner, still champ by T.K.O. WHAT

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