The Heist

The Autumnist

Straight up nigga, I'm a money nigga man
You know what time it is with me, yo
That's right
Take the track, cut the heads off, split it down the middle man
Take the bones out man for real
Yeah all applepie, yeah
Straight up, Flipmode BK King thing
Aiyo, it was the best heist since ice
Precise rituals
Skated outta Jacob's wit the Fruit Loop jewels
Holdin' a navy blue Uzi
Krush Groovin' waves off the atlas
Coolin', that's how we make movies
Basketball gun brawlers, bounce
Black down bill-a-head banks, Malibu colorful shanks
That's the way we live, Staten Island kid
Old dog in it, the thug vaccine with no pork in it
Vivid imagination paper chasin'
Dufflebag swollen, we holdin'
Drink chocolate milk before we roll in
It's like that ya'll, we gangstas
Stickin' all you Bay Ridge Benzes
I'm out to get erect, terrific shit be the diamond district
Tiffany's, pretty Valentine brick is on the second floor balcony
Gems is magnificent, diamonds is cryin'
"Busta Rhymes take me, nevermind help!"
Aiyo caught 'em at the ice pavilion, dressy, salad bar style Nestle
Four white niggas covered in vest pieces think like a mob flick
Guessin' like Patsy in the mask, piece bust
Got aggravated, slapped the glass pieces
One nigga beamin', fagot ass lay on the floor ya fuck!
Tied his broken arm to his Hush Puppies
Wrapped around trauma, everything realer than fuck
Tajuana left my nigga niece live coma
Three young Italians, suited down personal style
I'm in valor white designin' on the 'dallions
Felt like some crackers was in back of me
Spit on the clerk, pass the Harry Winston set
Ghost backin' me bust a shot, motored

Four male in paper work, Lord
We get together once more before we blow this
Murdered nobody
Left 'em all baseball'd down, brotha
Three wicked ass 6's, Gucci colors
Money!
Drop dead on the floor
Nigga, pass the keys to the door
Pass me all the cash in the drawer
Or I promise you'll be payin' the price
Feelin' like a nigga died twice
Execute the world's greatest diamond heist
Ya'll niggas know we out to get this money!
(C'mon money! C'mon money! C'mon money!)
Raekwon, Ghostface, Rocky Marce c'mon!
(C'mon money! C'mon money! C'mon money! C'mon money!)
Let's get this money nigga
Yeah we near the mind out west
Somewhere in Africa
The Feds is after us, vest on my back
Whippin' the Acuras, feel like a Mac bustin'
A rug in Preston on percussion
I'll bust in your gate, nigga it's nothin'
A hail storm, ice rainin', mind containin'
Info, nigga what you in for complainin'
Sick bars deep in this language
Did I tell you how my day's spent?
Speakin' through the face of Ronald Reagan
Iceberg history, calligraphy
Kaleidescope colors, hollow head shells and flarin' gunmen
Hate to see me comin' like gray skies on day of judgment
Makes you wonder where the love went
Hit a nigga, feed him to some buzzards
Put up numbers, plus I'm one to push his mug in
We duck in the safe, check what I'm huggin'
Rocks the size of some shit, out in the Congo
My arms full, let's get the fuck out, Busta I got you
Aiyo we do great study on fossils and stones like archaeologists
Gemologists, collect the most priceless ices anonymous
Canary stones yellow like a pumpkin
Dunkin' Donut precious size stones make me wanna cut the safe open
Rae pass the blowtorch, ghost brought the dynamite stick
Marciano brought a chisel with an ice pick
Princess cuts, invisible settings
Plannin' the world's greatest diamond heist

Playin' a tune by Otis Redding
Icicle cones hang from the ceiling just like still?
Time to throw on a skully and tying a rag tight
Throwin' light went off and in the basket
Grabbed the necklace from off the satin pillow while the glass casket
Ice lay across the crushed burgundy velvet
Up in the diamond slide-tray
Gun in your face, slide it right away
Roundtable with Habib, Mirishnokof, and the rest of them Jewish niggas
We got them niggas drunk and talkin' foolish see
You know the way we straight manipulated this shit
We swindle them niggas for all their precious things
Before we skated and shit, yeah, ya'll niggas know we skated early
Disguised ourselves as the Cidic Jews and even left my sideburns curly
Bounce to Mexico and spend some pesos
And bury the diamonds on an island your never heard like Turks in Keikos
Everytime we hit, we in and out quick
Don't be surprised if we behind supplyin' niggas all the platinum and shit
(Money! Money! Money! Money!)
Yeah, the world's greatest jewel heist
(Money! Money! Money! Money!)
Thoroughly and successfully executed
(Money! Money! Money! ! Money!)
By none other than Ghostface Killah, Raekwon the Chef
(Money! Money! Money! Money!)
Rock Marciano and Busta Rhymes
(Money!)
A job well done fellas, very good piece of work

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