

Somebody Got Robbed (feat. Mr. Yellow)

Redman

The economy down, you ain't know?
Niggas is starving
Blacks can't set up shop
Boy I love my hood but my finger on the trigger
It be warning niggas saying keep your head up doc
I got robbed before, I could spot the tension
I could spot the car riding slow with tensin
His peripherals he sees a victim
My peripherals I see them slipping
Never catch me boy, plans gone wrong
The streets taught me how to post them bare arms
My shotgun pump I call me along
They drill them like ary bonz nigga
But still the right stickup kid rob your whole fam
Shoot your knee cap until you get the program
Where the safe, where the drugs, where the gold, mane?
I can't make you but I bet the 44 can
Stop the blood clot crying
Gimme what I need take it easy and I ain't mad lying
My boys outside is waiting on a signal
And next rick niggas chains is on the menu
So when you hear these words
Give it up nigga
It's a 80% chance that nigga gorilla
That he got your jeweler all on the floor
That nigga fucked, he just got robbed!
Now up in brick city somebody got robbed
And out in NY somebody got robbed
And right about now somebody getting robbed
That's why I keep a heater when it's cold outside
Out in Chitown somebody got robbed
And out in Chilla Callie somebody got robbed
And all around the world everybody getting robbed
Keep the gun under cause the bricks get wild I got a younger brother that did 12 joints
For robbery, attempted murder and assault
So believe me boy when it comes to getting robbed
I got a team my niggas hungry for the job
Jersey niggas, don't sleep on the state
From Cadison to Camden, we increase the rate

Hey young bro, why don't you explain
How you rolled upon a nigga make them come out they trade
Grab a stolen car, load up slow
No mask on cause I'm thinking high mode
Let you see my face in the shine of the chrome
It's home invasion when I'm raiding y'all folks
Cop back the hammer and tell them what it is
Gimme all your fortune, everybody lives
I rob you and Miki drop 2 for a dollar
I'm like Kang, nigga you tryina kick knowledge
I want dope, coke, money, jewels
I love this, shit I was born to be a goon
When it's a full moon it's the yellow gone change
Like take off my chain and put off your chain
What you do?
Fuck that chain, I sell it to another nigga
Then what?
Stack that bread then go stick another nigga
That's why Mr. Yellow's on the job
And right about now somebody's getting robbed
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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