

# The Heist Revisited

## Big L

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah-yeah  
Uhh, this goes out to all the wolves  
Hah, in the streets and in jail  
Yeah, yo it's your man big L  
139, danger zone  
I got my man Tommy Gibbs and Corleone with me  
Check it out, uhh, bust it Ayyo I just left the studio and it's about two in the morn'  
Just finished doin' a song, now I'm ready for sleep  
But first I want spaghetti to eat  
And it's a good Italian restaurant right up the street  
So I jumped in the jeep, stash the heat under the seat  
Then I got a beep, my voice is hoarse, barely can speak  
I called back on the cell, it's Corle', mad as hell  
Told me to listen well as he started to yell "I just seen Mike and Ben with your wife and a friend  
And they just got a room at the Holiday Inn"  
"It's my wife, you sure?", "Yeah I'm sure  
I saw the whore soon as she walked through the door"  
"Say no more, which one?"  
"The one in Jersey son, right over the bridge"  
"We goin' hurt those hoes"  
"And hurt both of them kids" Now I'm in the range  
Switchin' lanes, doin' a buck 'n change  
I can't wait to buck them lames and them fuckin' dames  
I reach the destination  
Grab the heat without no hesitation  
These niggaz fuckin' up my reputation  
I saw Corleone holdin' the chrome  
Ice-grill, lookin' like he had a license to kill And he had somebody else with 'em playin' the cup  
Lookin' like he can't wait to start sprayin' shit up  
"Yo, who that in the background?" "It's Tommy Gibbs"  
"Oh, I didn't recognize you with your hat down"

Son you ready? We got this whole shit mapped out  
I hope you ain't scared, it's no time to back out  
We gon' take the back route, pull the gats out, throw the mask on  
We ain't leavin' 'til everyone's dead, and all the cash gone  
We gon' get our laugh on when we through  
But right now we got a job to do" "So let's do it"  
I stepped to the desk clerk, put the gat to her dress-shirt  
Told her listen up before she get hurt  
"They just walked in, party of four, two chicks, two males  
What room they got?" She paused and said, "212"  
I took the steps now I'm out of breath, I gotta stop smokin'  
Them cigarettes gon' be the 'cause of my death  
My heart beatin' fast now, 'cause it's about to pop off  
Saw the door, let the glock off, tore the lock off  
Took a deep breath, then ran inside at a quick pace  
I felt disgraced, I shoulda shot that bitch in the face  
Then my other two niggaz ran in, each had a cannon  
Ready to take care what we been plannin'  
These two crab cats, we know they hustle upstate  
We know they got stacks  
'Cause they don't fuck with nothin' but weight  
We got the cuffs and the duct tape and put it to use  
Then told 'em when this is over we'll be lettin' 'em loose  
And then I kicked mike in his face to watch his head jerk back  
"You wanna live then tell my nigga where you stash the work at"  
He gave me the address then I ran outside  
But first I took the keys to his van outside  
And when I got there, I found 50 ki's in a stash  
A hundred pounds of grass and two million in cash  
I was dumb glad, the shit didn't fit in one bag  
So I got three, filled 'em all up to the teeth  
Then put the bags in the van, then I locked the truck  
When I got back, Corle' done popped them punks  
"Aiyyo fuck it l, we might as well pop these studs"  
Now that's four bodies, two outta-towners and two hotties  
And after that we ain't sleep for three days  
We hit the PJ's, split the money three ways  
Now we all laughin' hard, gettin' nice and weeded  
Celebratin' nigga, heist completed

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