The Robbery Song

Akinyele

Hook
Niggas know we do robberies, we ain't running up in no crib for 2 g's
We want about 50 thou and 4 ki's
And maybe after that we just might breath
But if you think it can't happen, nigga please
We put you on your knees, like you was praying
We ain't playing
It's the o-ffi-cial, o-rig-inal, season-al, motherfucking crimi-nalsYou know the format, ringing your bell, standing on your doormat
'who is it? " thats your sentence
Looking through the peephole with your eyes squinching
Too late, we kicked the door off the hinges
I heard you selling stacks of crack getting mad-tracked
Thats why we in your place, throwing your face in the carpet
With the rug rats, where the drugs at, fuck that!
I represent broke niggas who ain't no joke nigga
Bullets rolled in bamboo cause we here to smoke niggas
And fuck them uppercuts, like we here to fight you up
Man, we hang you from a chandalier and light you up
We like free delivery cause we take niggas out
Leaving you cracking like daffy with duct tape on your mouth
And roping you with strings and tessles squeezing your blood vessel
Leaving your ass tied up like pretzels
Ak to the inye to the le, rolling with real g's
Doing these official robberies yes!HookI'm on some mike tyson ex-wife shit kid
Thats how I'm living
Cause when I start robbing, you'd better start giving
How else you think the money's supposed to come thats why
When I need bread I grab the toaster and stick niggas for they crumbs
I extort as you get stuck for bucks
Whether it's in airplanes or airports cause I don't give a flying fuck
I drop it like an incinerator was the topic
Cause I'll be damned if you ain't
I'll empty in your pockets
Shake you like gelatin, and for all you good semaritans playing hero
Akinyele put one in your belly
And leave your stomachs looking like the number 0
As a rob like work cause I need mad dinero
Cream, like vaseline put you in intensive care

With the tech 9 backing you up like spines
Taking your materialistic things like rings
Like your hoe, your doe, gold and diamonds
I turned this art into art-tillery
With guns that bark to keep them from killing me
On point, like a sword cause I always stay on board
Ready to clap a stinking victim like a fucking applause
Anywhere, anyplace
Even if you got condoms in your wallet
That don't mean your money's safe
So act like you not having it when I start grabbing it
Guns in your face (gibberish) like you talk arabic
Holding a mac that I pimp like a mack
But some of you macks, never find a mac
Ever since you lost that job at mcdonalds
But I know that I'll mork your ass like nanu-nanu
By putting one shell in your head like a rhino
Or I'll do to 2 to your head
Before I damn wanted to let you know that you ain't who's hot
And you niggas not making it home in the fucking morning
Because.....

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/