The Heist (Instrumental)

Jaylib

Aight now I'm tryin to get this money man
We gotta, get this plan, we gotta make this shit happen right man
Knahmsayin? Don't fuck shit up

Right? AIGHT?! God damn!{After the heist takes place}Oh shit man~! All because of cash

Fuck, now I'm mashin on the gas

Left a nigga with a gash

This is worse than the last

Man still chasin rainbows now I'm in the 8th position

Feelin mad stressed, stuck up on a mission wishin

I took a different route, drinkin on Guinness Stout

(Man the cops is comin we 'bout to go to jail!)

Fuck that, I gotta be out

No time to chicken out, all I want to see's my clout

Then I go diggin out my honey, celebratin 'til she out{But back to reality!}I got a fatality and this bitch 'bout to

rat on me

Plus I got this gat on me

Blood all splat on me, I fucked up his anatomy

This bitch is 'bout to rat on me, plus I got this gat on me

(Ay! Somebody's home! Ay)

(Ay somebody told me Miss Johnson ratted you better split) Knew it, knew it, knew shit wouldn't work Fuck out this motherfucker Chasin rainbows, adrenaline pumpin

Pimpin, drug dealin, gun runnin plus body dumpin

Hebron pumpin in my arm for the next heist

But I gotta pop lips, even though she looks nice

Or else I'mma pay the price, gotta get an alibi

Chasin rainbows, where the rain in my hair flows

Hell if I, get taken out by some chickenhead, honeydip

Over some dough and some Gucci, watch money flip

Honey slip, I'mma lie, and say, it was Slick

And if not Slick then it was probably Eric

{Cause that nigga psycho too!} That's what I'm gon' have to do

And that's word on my crew, but if she don't fall for it

I'mma go Chuck Norris and be out with Horace

Before the cops come for us - run, Forrest

Forrest, run, hurry, try! Haul ass nigga

Fuck

Songwriters

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