

# Aggravated Robbery

## Project Pat

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Stick 'em up, stick 'em up  
Raise 'em up, raise 'em up  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)I'm psychopathic, behind the tricca  
I needed loot so, I had to rob ya  
The fake steel 'cause ya, a coward to me  
I'd rather pop ya, before ya do meYa high cappin' friend, flexin' in my hood  
I'm out here starvin', you livin' real good  
As long as I got a toll I stay paid  
You keep sellin' dope, there's cheese to be madePull up on the track, niggas start to bellin'  
I pulled out my gat, that's my dope y'all sellin'  
So check on in boy, break yo self on down  
You got 10 dollars, that's more than I haveCould be petish thangs, better than nothang  
Even you broke fools, gone get me somethang  
Don't get yourself hurt, slaughtered like a hog  
I'm out on these streets, crawlin' like a dogStick 'em up, stick 'em up  
Raise 'em up, raise 'em up  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)Open seasame, the safe in the floor  
What I told the clerk at the corner store  
A mask on my face, for cameras to see  
A glock to his dome, bitch don't play with meYa don't know the code, his eyes I see fear

'Cause it's 'bout to get ugly up in here  
The boy blew my high, the gun blew his ass  
Right off with his manager in the backBallin' off the lot, no cheese mad as fuck  
Half-way down the street, some hoes from the club  
Pulled up at the light, in benzo with rims  
Now im actin' like, I'm hollerin' at themWussup with y'all? What y'all doin' out this late  
Shit, just leaving the club, what's the business  
Ey, look lemme get yo number  
And them rings and that purseAll that motherfucking shit around yo neck  
Bitch, let me get this shit hoe  
Drop it all, shut up bitch, shut up bitchStick 'em up, stick 'em up  
Raise 'em up, raise 'em up  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)Robbers we hang in hoods where they clean  
Jakin' anyone from preacher to fiend  
Addicted to this, just like it was crack  
You sniff in the street, my tones to your backI'm out on the lake, while you on a date  
Your bitch looking good, you clean so I hate  
You takin' your time to wine and to dine  
But times on my side, so I'm goin', goin' hideIn bushes your house, pull up we jump out  
With mask's and gun, then duct tape your mouth  
The girl you was with gave us the info  
That you was a head big nigga with doeA kidnap could turn into a murder  
Now where is the stash, 45 will serve ya  
We takein' the loot, never thinkin' twice  
Either it's the cheese or either your lifeStick 'em up, stick 'em up  
Raise 'em up, raise 'em up  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
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