

# Aggravated Robbery

## Project Pat

Stick 'em up, stick 'em up  
Raise 'em up, raise 'em up  
Buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
(Now that should be fun)  
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I'm psychopathic, behind the trigga  
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 me  
Ya 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 made  
Pull 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 have  
Could 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 dog  
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Open sesame, 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 me  
Ya 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 back  
Ballin' 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 them  
Wussup 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 purse  
All that motherfucking shit around yo neck  
Bitch, let me get this shit hoe  
Drop it all, shut up bitch, shut up bitch  
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Robbers we hang in hoods where they clean  
Jackin' anyone from preacher to fiend  
Addicted to this, just like it was crack  
You sniff in the street, my tones to your back  
I'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' hide  
In 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 doe  
A 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 life  
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