

# The Heist

## The Grave Mistakes

Straight up nigga, I'm a money nigga man  
You know what time it is with me, yo  
That's right  
Take the track, cut the heads off, split it down the middle man  
Take the bones out man for real  
Yeah all applepie, yeah  
Straight up, Flipmode BK King thing  
Aiyo, it was the best heist since ice  
Precise rituals  
Skated outta Jacob's wit the Fruit Loop jewels  
Holdin' a navy blue Uzi  
Krush Groovin' waves off the atlas  
Coolin', that's how we make movies  
Basketball gun brawlers, bounce  
Black down bill-a-head banks, Malibu colorful shanks  
That's the way we live, Staten Island kid  
Old dog in it, the thug vaccine with no pork in it  
Vivid imagination paper chasin'  
Dufflebag swollen, we holdin'  
Drink chocolate milk before we roll in  
It's like that ya'll, we gangstas  
Stickin' all you Bay Ridge Benzes  
I'm out to get erect, terrific shit be the diamond district  
Tiffany's, pretty Valentine brick is on the second floor balcony  
Gems is magnificent, diamonds is cryin'  
"Busta Rhymes take me, nevermind help!"  
Aiyo caught 'em at the ice pavilion, dressy, salad bar style Nestle  
Four white niggas covered in vest pieces think like a mob flick  
Guessin' like Patsy in the mask, piece bust  
Got aggravated, slapped the glass pieces  
One nigga beamin', fagot ass lay on the floor ya fuck!  
Tied his broken arm to his Hush Puppies  
Wrapped around trauma, everything realer than fuck  
Tajuana left my nigga niece live coma  
Three young Italians, suited down personal style  
I'm in valor white designin' on the 'dallions  
Felt like some crackers was in back of me  
Spit on the clerk, pass the Harry Winston set  
Ghost backin' me bust a shot, motored

Four male in paper work, Lord  
We get together once more before we blow this  
Murdered nobody  
Left 'em all baseball'd down, brotha  
Three wicked ass 6's, Gucci colors  
Money!  
Drop dead on the floor  
Nigga, pass the keys to the door  
Pass me all the cash in the drawer  
Or I promise you'll be payin' the price  
Feelin' like a nigga died twice  
Execute the world's greatest diamond heist  
Ya'll niggas know we out to get this money!  
(C'mon money! C'mon money! C'mon money!)  
Raekwon, Ghostface, Rocky Marce c'mon!  
(C'mon money! C'mon money! C'mon money! C'mon money!)  
Let's get this money nigga  
Yeah we near the mind out west  
Somewhere in Africa  
The Feds is after us, vest on my back  
Whippin' the Acuras, feel like a Mac bustin'  
A rug in Preston on percussion  
I'll bust in your gate, nigga it's nothin'  
A hail storm, ice rainin', mind containin'  
Info, nigga what you in for complainin'  
Sick bars deep in this language  
Did I tell you how my day's spent?  
Speakin' through the face of Ronald Reagan  
Iceberg history, calligraphy  
Kaleidescope colors, hollow head shells and flarin' gunmen  
Hate to see me comin' like gray skies on day of judgment  
Makes you wonder where the love went  
Hit a nigga, feed him to some buzzards  
Put up numbers, plus I'm one to push his mug in  
We duck in the safe, check what I'm huggin'  
Rocks the size of some shit, out in the Congo  
My arms full, let's get the fuck out, Busta I got you  
Aiyo we do great study on fossils and stones like archaeologists  
Gemologists, collect the most priceless ices anonymous  
Canary stones yellow like a pumpkin  
Dunkin' Donut precious size stones make me wanna cut the safe open  
Rae pass the blowtorch, ghost brought the dynamite stick  
Marciano brought a chisel with an ice pick  
Princess cuts, invisible settings  
Plannin' the world's greatest diamond heist

Playin' a tune by Otis Redding  
Icicle cones hang from the ceiling just like still?  
Time to throw on a skully and tying a rag tight  
Throwin' light went off and in the basket  
Grabbed the necklace from off the satin pillow while the glass casket  
Ice lay across the crushed burgundy velvet  
Up in the diamond slide-tray  
Gun in your face, slide it right away  
Roundtable with Habib, Mirishnokof, and the rest of them Jewish niggas  
We got them niggas drunk and talkin' foolish see  
You know the way we straight manipulated this shit  
We swindle them niggas for all their precious things  
Before we skated and shit, yeah, ya'll niggas know we skated early  
Disguised ourselves as the Cidic Jews and even left my sideburns curly  
Bounce to Mexico and spend some pesos  
And bury the diamonds on an island your never heard like Turks in Keikos  
Everytime we hit, we in and out quick  
Don't be surprised if we behind supplyin' niggas all the platinum and shit  
(Money! Money! Money! Money!)  
Yeah, the world's greatest jewel heist  
(Money! Money! Money! Money!)  
Thoroughly and successfully executed  
(Money! Money! Money! ! Money!)  
By none other than Ghostface Killah, Raekwon the Chef  
(Money! Money! Money! Money!)  
Rock Marciano and Busta Rhymes  
(Money!)  
A job well done fellas, very good piece of work

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