

# Payback Is a Grandmother

## Common

Yo, I don't know what was on y'all niggas birds  
To go up to the boat, and start robbing old folks  
Now see you done messed with the wrong old lady  
You done went wild, yo, check it There was a Hardy Boy mystery I tried to solve again  
Dude that broke in my crib, it wasn't involving him  
Four in the morning, my phone ringing  
I'm thinking, "Who the fuck is this," on the other line screaming  
Told em, "Keep down," but they was breathing hard  
It was my grandmother telling me that she had been robbed  
I told her hold (hold) tight (tight), I'd be right over  
Freezing but this situation made the night colder  
Knew this was the night (that what?) that she played poker  
With some friends in a club at the boat getting bub'  
Said she seen these thugs on the boat for a while  
Not gambling but every now and then they'd smile  
Then blow! They had Mag's  
And told everybody, "Put your shit in the bag"  
Made people strip naked, quicker than a Luke record (what?)  
Had the place took in a minute and some seconds  
Asked her how many of it was em? (How many of it was em?)  
Said she couldn't remember  
She was spooked and buzzing, couldn't describe em  
Cause it happened too fast (what?) said they looked like me  
With they pants hanging off they ass  
Got her some water, and begin to think  
How these niggas take her wig, her bracelet and her mink?  
Somebody round the crib know the deal  
Whoever did it better have Blue Shield for real  
Cause yo, it's the big payback Later that day I went to the 'shop, to see what was up  
Them niggas probably knew something plus I needed a cut  
Walked in they was playing Jigga  
Discussing how Da Brat titties done got bigger  
These niggas next to me, was talking bout the heist  
Whoever did it even got Jordan for his ice  
Said that it was done so precise the cops ain't know nothing  
Had to use all my might not to ask no questions  
Put down the magazine, went to the pop machine  
Noticing these cats, had the Bling Bling  
They wouldn't be talking if they did it, it could be they team

A week ago neither one of these niggas had a ring  
This Hype came in, selling CD's, said the BD's  
Was bragging bout robbery they had done  
By now, I'm thinking bout my gun if I see gramps bracelet  
I'ma play racist (and what?) and make niggas run  
It's the big payback My imagination roamed as I got in the chair  
Thinking when shit went down, I was I was there  
Fucking with fam' who you are, I don't care  
Have your guys pouring liquor witch'ya name in they swear  
These chicks claim they was there, knew the niggas who done it  
Said it was Smoke and them from the Wild 100's  
Eight million stories got me running in place, it's getting tricky  
(like who?) like dude, that do drum'n'bass  
There was a air in the place, that made me suspicious  
Normally, they'd be talkin like bitches  
My barber cut me with a quickness (what?)  
Asked him where he got the new bracelet  
He said it was his sister's, I knew then  
What made it official, he gave me my change  
The money clip had gramp's initials (c'mon)  
As I, whooped his ass up, six niggas masked up  
Pulled up in a Cadillac truck

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