

The Heist Revisited

Big L

Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah-yeah
Uhh, this goes out to all the wolves
Hah, in the streets and in jail
Yeah, yo it's your man big L
139, danger zone

I got my man Tommy Gibbs and Corleone with me
Check it out, uhh, bust itAiyyo I just left the studio and it's about two in the morn'
Just finished doin' a song, now I'm ready for sleep
But first I want spaghetti to eat
And it's a good Italian restaurant right up the street
So I jumped in the jeep, stash the heat under the seat
Then I got a beep, my voice is hoarse, barely can speak
I called back on the cell, it's Corle', mad as hell
Told me to listen well as he started to yell"I just seen Mike and Ben with your wife and a friend
And they just got a room at the Holiday Inn"
"It's my wife, you sure?", "Yeah I'm sure
I saw the whore soon as she walked through the door"
"Say no more, which one?"
"The one in Jersey son, right over the bridge"
"We goin' hurt those hoes"
"And hurt both of them kids"Now I'm in the range
Switchin' lanes, doin' a buck 'n change
I can't wait to buck them lames and them fuckin' dames
I reach the destination
Grab the heat without no hesitation
These niggaz fuckin' up my reputation
I saw Corleone holdin' the chrome

Ice-grill, lookin' like he had a license to killAnd he had somebody else with 'em playin' the cup
Lookin' like he can't wait to start sprayin' shit up
"Yo, who that in the background?" "It's Tommy Gibbs"
"Oh, I didn't recognize you with your hat down"
Son you ready? We got this whole shit mapped out
I hope you ain't scared, it's no time to back out
We gon' take the back route, pull the gats out, throw the mask on
We ain't leavin' 'til everyone's dead, and all the cash goneWe gon' get our laugh on when we through
But right now we got a job to do" "So let's do it"
I stepped to the desk clerk, put the gat to her dress-shirt
Told her listen up before she get hurt

"They just walked in, party of four, two chicks, two males
What room they got?" She paused and said, "212"
I took the steps now I'm out of breath, I gotta stop smokin'
Them cigarettes gon' be the 'cause of my deathMy heart beatin' fast now, 'cause it's about to pop off
Saw the door, let the glock off, tore the lock off
Took a deep breath, then ran inside at a quick pace
I felt disgraced, I shoulda shot that bitch in the face
Then my other two niggaz ran in, each had a cannon
Ready to take care what we been plannin'
These two crab cats, we know they hustle upstate
We know they got stacks
'Cause they don't fuck with nothin' but weightWe got the cuffs and the duct tape and put it to use
Then told 'em when this is over we'll be lettin' 'em loose
And then I kicked mike in his face to watch his head jerk back
"You wanna live then tell my nigga where you stash the work at"
He gave me the address then I ran outside
But first I took the keys to his van outside
And when I got there, I found 50 ki's in a stash
A hundred pounds of grass and two million in cash
I was dumb glad, the shit didn't fit in one bagSo I got three, filled 'em all up to the teeth
Then put the bags in the van, then I locked the truck
When I got back, Corle' done popped them punks
"Aiyyo fuck it l, we might as well pop these studs"
Now that's four bodies, two outta-towners and two hotties
And after that we ain't sleep for three days
We hit the PJ's, split the money three ways
Now we all laughin' hard, gettin' nice and weeded
Celebratin' nigga, heist completed

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