

# Youngstown Heist

## Ghostface Killah

For the city, to get this money, Vegas, yo, yeah

Here's the rundown, Mustafa's getting money out in Youngstown

Get some goons together, a driver and bring them guns down

Heard he had his hands in some bricks, plus a few pounds

Hang with some wild Haitians, settle shop in the dude lounge

Niggas is migrating, he came from Cue Gardens

With a live situation, got it in preparation

When you get there, pick up the whip with the navigation

And follow all the clowns til you get to your destination

(We here Tone, got our masks on, we bout to run up in

I know you ain't talking bout the house, with the broken henge

65 Alpine Drive, it's looking shady

So I hopped out, pulled the glock out, plus the 3-18

Hit the living room, I've seen a ripped up sofa, a shattered coffee table

Broken lamps, and a flipped up stroller

The place was ransacked from front to back)

Yo, Trife, what you talking, black?

(Yo, Starks, cut the bullshit and tell me, where the office at)

Take a left and head, down the hallway steps

Pass the painting on the wall, the third door on the left

The safe is on the wall above the fireplace near the decks

Look inside the top drawer, and get the key out the chest

Damn son, aiyo what's taking this nigga Trife so long (I don't know)

Oh shit, yo Bull, get down, get down, get down

Look at Stark pulling up, son (aw man)

I'm a try to kill this nigga

Aiyo, hurry up I see a car pulling up, windows tinted

Can't really tell who's in it, but, I know it's a rented

Down south plates, Atlanta or, one of them states (yo the cameras on)

Man, I wanna see what's up in those crates

Should I pop off, take his top off, before he get to you

Bully like (Yo, chill, chill, this is what we gon' do) aight

(Go ask for directions, right, I'm a go around the back

Wait for them to come inside, I'll hit these niggas with the mack)

OK, before it even get to that, let me see where Trife is at

Hopefully he on his way, and no one gotta die today (bang bang)

Two shots go off (Homey trapped inside, quick put the mask on, Sheek)

Fuck it, Bully, let's ride

Shooting out the sunroof, missing and shit

I was too high, still think my Dutchie was lit

Trife running out the building, busting, cussing

Blood everywhere, you had to see this shit (disgusting)

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