

# the heist (dj revolution remix)

## Big L

Bust it  
Hey yo, I just left the studio, and it's about 2 in the morn'  
I just finished doin a song  
Now I'm ready for sleep  
But first I want spaghetti to eat  
In this 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 harsh, barely can speak  
I called back on the cell  
It's Coley, mad as hell  
He 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 in the Holiday Inn"  
"It's my wife, you sure?"  
"Yeah I'm sure  
I saw the whore as soon she walked through the door"  
"Yo, 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 touch the lames and them fuckin dames  
Reach the destination, grab the heat without no hesitation  
These niggas fuckin up my reputation  
I saw Coleone holdin the chrome  
Ice-grill, lookin like he had a license to kill  
And 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 Giss"  
"Oh, I didn't recognise you with your hat down  
Son you ready, we got this whole shit mapped out"  
"Yeah, wo goin to take the backroute  
And pull our gats out and throw our mask on  
We ain't leavin till everyone's dead and all the cash gone"  
"We goin to get our laugh on when we're through  
But right now we got a job to do"

"So let's do it"  
Hey yo, I stepped to the deskclerk  
Put the gat to her dress-shirt  
Told her to 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"  
Took the steps now I'm out of breath  
I gotta stop smokin  
Them cigarettes goin be the cause of my death  
My 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 pase  
I felt disgraced, I should've shot the bitch in the face  
Then my other two niggas ran in  
Each had a cannon  
Ready to take care, how we done planned it  
"These two crab cats, we know they hustle upstate"  
We know they got stacks  
Cause they don't move with nothin but weight  
We got the cuffs and the ducktape and put it to use  
Then told 'em when this is over we be lettin 'em loose  
"Hey man, I kicked Mike in his face  
So I just had your back  
You want to live and tell my nigga where the stash 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 keys in a stash  
A 100 pound of grass, and 2 million in cash  
I was dumb glad  
The sit didn't fit in one bag  
So I got three, filled 'em all up to the teeth  
And put the bags in the van, then I locked the truck  
When I got back, Coley done popped them punks  
"Hey yo', fuck it L, we might as well pop these studs"  
Man 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 threeways  
Now we all laughin hard, gettin nice and weeded  
Celebratin nigga, heist completed

Songwriters

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