Robbery (feat Ice Water Inc)

Raekwon

[Intro: Polite (P.C.)]
{*whispering*}
Eh yo.. eh yo.
{*speaking normally*}
Ice Water (yeah yeah)
Don't get it twisted
We'll shoot yo' ass, nigga
Haha (P.C., nigga, P.C.)
Why'all mothafuckas got about fifteen seconds to live[Stumic]
Yo it's a new year, bitch, and I'm takin' over
My whole crew here, bitch, and the game is over
Niggas, talkin' faces, soldier
If rap don't work, get back to that bakin' soda
On the strip tryin' to catch more cake than Oprah
I got clips that'll leave you with ya face on a poster
I talk slick and I'm sprayin' the toaster
Sparkin' shoot outs and start poppin' off shit the way I'm supposed to
You the type to go up North straight scrappin' a sore butt
And ain't nuttin' worse than gettin' shot as soon as you woke up
You got work? I'll be rapin' ya dolja
I'm takin' his pack and breakin' his back and makin' him throw up
'cause the draft's like a bomb and I'm waitin' to blow up
I'll take cash on ya mom's and turn her frame into donuts[P.C.]
Yo.. yo.. yo.
Eh yo I'm blazin' hot, never haze or flop
Want to battle? Name ya price, I'ma raise the pot
Put ya car on the line, I'ma take ya drop
Put ya jewels up, I'ma take ya chain and watch
It's like I hard ball and you, play soft
Just call me the Hitler when I spit about eight off (Adolf)
Shots'll rip ya face off, nigga ya heard me?
Beat you black and blue like a Hitman jersey
P.C. never been known to play games
I spray things that'll re-arrange ya brain
I cock and aim, miss you then pop ya dame
Only reason that I came through's to lock the game[Chorus: Polite]
Yo it's time to die, who you gon' run to?
Who you gon' call when them dogs come confront you? {*barking*}
You stand firm or be the bitch that you is?

Would you grab the guns or run to the pigs, you mothafucka, huh?
Yo it's time to die, who you gon' run to?
Who you gon' call when them dogs come confront you? {*barking*}
You stand firm or be the bitch that you is?
Would you grab the guns or run get yo' wiz, you mothafucka, huh?[Cigars]
Why'all niggas see me eatin' all of ya plate
Don't give a fuck about ya background shit about the songs you make
And I know you see the draw on the waist
Lookin' stupid with a vest on, these bullets might draw on ya face
They call me Alexander Sean the Great
'cause ya bitch said she love the way the dick talk all in the cake
I need this bank money, throw me the safe
All these killas involved, the cops'll fuck around and chalk the place
Yo they wonder why we hang with crooks
Shit is take free, not used to money off the books
Broke faggot nigga caught in a juks
I'm a pirate in this rap shit, I leave you niggas off the hook[Polite]
What the fuck you gon' do when we run in ya crib?
Either we leavin' with the bricks or we gon' leave with yo' kids
And we only got hours to live
So give up the ransom or find they ass up under the bridge
'Lite never been afraid, so keep lookin' niggas
'cause I'll rob yo' ass faster than some Brooklyn niggas
Yo this rap game twisted, everybody beefin
Everybody killas now and ain't nobody leakin
Smoke a lot of weed so I don't like to fight
But I might go upside ya fuckin' head with a pipe
Got a bulldog, not only do he bark he bite
Give a fuck about a hood, it ain't safe at night
You fucker![Chorus]
[Outro: Polite (Stumic)]
I'm tellin' you, man
Young motherfuckers, man
Why'all niggas is really fuckin' pissin' me off
Who you gon' run to?
Who you gon' fuckin' call when I put this motherfuckin
Fo'-fo' long in yo' motherfuckin' mouth, boy?
Haha (Shot in yo' face)
Who the fuck you gon' call?
(Call the cops) Uh-uh, uh-uh

Songwriters
WOODS, COREY / , Y / BRATCHER, J. / MCCAIN, A. / MURPHY, J. / WILLIAMS, A.Published by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/