

Robbery (feat. Savoy)

Killah Priest

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yeah, you know I got to get this damn money, man

Nah, I can't take this this time

Everybody got the boy stressed, about to do somethin', you know

Trynna hold me back too long, try to get this money any way I could[Killah Priest]

Look, my cash nope, baby cryin'

Had enough, I grabbed my iron

Call up the crew, is what you do

Be in my spot, around two

Oh yeah, bring some guns, bring some mac's

I got a way, we can make some cash

My woman beefin', my momma sick

If I don't get it, look, I'mma flip

The doorbell ring, exchange some slang

We laughed a little, ya'll got them things

Okay thanks, now look here's the plan

Hold up, please, whose your man?

Oh him? That's, my man Sharod

Don't worry about him, that's the God

He specializes in gun firin'

Pickin' locks, ditchin' cops

And robberies, goes on, robbin' spree

He's the, he's the man, here's the plan

Remember the bank, we at before

Well, he headed back to make a withdrawal[Chorus 2X: Savoy (Killah Priest)]

It's about to be a robbery (damn right, I'mma get it)

It's about to be a robbery (damn right, I'mma get it)

We about to catch a body (damn right, I'mma get it)

We about to catch a body (damn right, I'mma get it)[Killah Priest]

Three in the back, two in the front

Loaded up the gats, while we pullin' up

Here's the spot, let's make it pop

Anything move, we make it hot

Doors open, we put our masks on

Our gats poked, it won't take that long

Anybody grab me, I whispered softly

Do what you got to do, to get them off me

Hands twitchin', gettin' feelings

Saw the security, might have to kill 'em

Walk through the door, damn it's crowded
Walked on the floor, then shouted
(It's a robbery!) Everybody down
Don't make a move, don't wanna hear a sound
Looked a Sharod, gave me the nod
Let me know, I did my job[Chorus 2X][Killah Priest]
Told the teller, feel the bags
Had the mack, pointin' at the glass
Hurry up, you're movin' slow
Time is money and I got to go
Grab the bags, head for the door
Backin' out, clutchin' the dog
We heard sirens, dashed to the ride
And cop we see, open fire
Cop car, swung around the block
My man Rock, opened up the shots
My homey Lace, real nutty case
Said let's get it on, fuck a chase
Women screamin', grabbin' they kids
My homey Lace, flashin' the shit
Laughin' and shit, homey is sick
Look at Sharod, said let's go
Four desperado's, holdin' the dough
Make a left, yo, make a right
Head straight, though, watch those lights
We're in the hideout, laughin' it up
Watchin' the news, about the bank we stuck[Chorus 2X]

Songwriters

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