

# Shy Ronnie 2: Ronnie & Clyde

## The Lonely Island

Yeah, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
We at it again, everybody now  
Hands in the air, it's a stick up, stick up  
No funny business or you get lit up, lit up  
You test I (I), you gon' die (die)  
And at your funeral ya mama gon' cry  
So customers kiss the floor, floor  
And clerks open cash drawers slow, slow  
If you don't wanna end up dead  
You'll do everything Shy Ronnie says  
Tell 'em, Ronnie! No one in the bank can hear you  
Shy Ronnie, use your outside voice  
We don't have time for this  
Let's go So stay on the ground it's a stick up, stick up  
Your wallets and jewels we'll pick up, pick up  
Unload the cash (cash), move your ass (ass)  
We getting' money, tell 'em Shy Ronnie Please, please use your words  
Just imagine that everyone's naked  
Uh, oh!  
Boner alert. He really pictured them naked.  
The police are on their way  
(Come out with your hands up)  
Good luck, Shy Ronnie  
Bye, bye! Haa! Ronnie motherfucker and I'm back from the dead,  
Brain bored with the murder, so I shot my own leg  
Don't get the name twisted, cause I'm crazy as shit  
I hung a giant ass noose off my giant ass dick Aye! I forgot this money  
And also this guy  
Come on, we're gonna have sex  
Too-da-loo! And you can hang from it  
Cause you don't wanna see my real gun  
Shots to the sky but your face sound real fun!  
Ronnie!

Songwriters

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