

# Robbery (ft 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

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