

Aggravated Robbery

Project Pat

Stick 'em up, Stick 'em up
Raise 'em up, Raise 'em up

Buck 'em down, 'buck em down (Now that should be fun)
I'm Psycho- pathic, behind the trig-ga
I needed loot so, I had to rob ya
But face steel cause ya, a coward to me
I grab the pop ya, before ya do me
Ya high cap-pin friend, flex-in in my hood
I'm out here star-vin, you live-in real good
As long as I got, a toll I stay paid
You keep sell-in dope, there's cheese to be made
Pull up on the track, niggas start to bell-in
I pulled out my gat, that's my dope y'all sell-in
So check on in boy, break yo self on down
You got 10 dollars, that's more than I have
Could be petish thangs, bet-ter than noth-ang
Even you roll fools, go get me some-thang
Don't get your-self hurt, slaught-ered like a hog
I'm out on these streets, crawl-in like a dog

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Open seas-ame, the safe in the floor
What I told the clerk, at the cor-ner store
A mask on my face, for cam-ras to see
A glock to his dome, bitch don't play with me
Ya don't know the code, his eyes I see fear
Cause it's bout to get ugly up in here
The boy blew my high, the gun blew his ass
Right off with his man-ager in the back
Ball-in off the lot, no cheese mad as fuck
Half-way down the street, some hoes from the club
Pulled up at the light, in benzo with rims
Now im act-in like, im holler-in at them
Wussup with y'all? What y'all doin out this late
Girls: Shit! Just leaving the club. What's the business
Let me get y'all number
And them rings, and that purse
All that mother-fucking shit around yo neck!!
Bitch!! Let me get this shit hoe
Drop it all!!!! Shut up bitch!!! Shut up bitch

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Buck 'em down, 'buck em down (Now that should be fun) Robbers we hang, in ho
ods where they clean
Jack-in any-one, from creature to fiend
Addicted to this, just like it was crack
You sniff in the stream, my tones to your back
I'm out on the lake, while you on a date
Your bitch looking good, you clean so I hate
You take-in your time, to wine and to dine
But times on my side, so I'm goin goin hide

In bushes your house, pull up we jump out
With mask-is and gun, then duct tape your mouth
The girl you was with, gave us the info
That you was a head big nig-ga with doe
A kidnap can turn into a murd-er
Now where is the stash, 45 will serve-ya
We take-in the loot, never think-in twice
Either it's the cheese, or either your life

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