

# Akinyele, The Robbery Song

hook

Niggas know we do robberies, we ain't running up in no crib for 2 G's  
We want about 50 Thou and 4 Ki's  
And maybe after that we just might breath  
But if you think it can't happen, nigga please  
We put you on your knees, like you was praying  
We ain't playing  
It's the O-FFI-CIAL, O-RIG-INAL, SEASON-AL, motherfucking CRIMI-NALS

You know the format, ringing your bell, standing on your doormat  
'Who Is It?' Thats your sentence  
Looking through the peephole with your eyes squinching  
Too late, we kicked the door off the hinges  
I heard you selling stacks of crack getting mad-tracked  
Thats why we in your place, throwing your face in the carpet  
With the rug rats, where the drugs at, FUCK THAT!  
I represent broke niggas who ain't no joke nigga  
Bullets rolled in Bamboo cause we here to smoke niggas  
And fuck them uppercuts, like we here to fight you up  
Man, we hang you from a chandalier and light you up  
We like free delivery cause we take niggas out  
Leaving you cracking like Daffy with duct tape on your mouth  
And roping you with strings and tessles squeezing your blood vessel  
Leaving your ass tied up like pretzels  
Ak to the Inye to the Le, rolling with real G's  
Doing these official robberies Yes!

hook

I'm on some Mike Tyson ex-wife shit kid  
Thats how I'm living  
Cause when I start robbing, you'd better start giving  
How else you think the money's supposed to come thats why  
When I need bread I grab the toaster and stick niggas for they crumbs  
I extort as you get stuck for bucks  
Whether its in airplanes or airports cause I don't give a flying fuck  
I drop it like an incinerator was the topic  
Cause I'll be damned if you ain't  
I'll empty in your pockets  
Shake you like Gelatin, and for all you good semaritans playing hero  
Akinyele put one in your belly  
And leave your stomachs looking like the number 0  
As a rob like work cause I need mad dinero  
Cream, like Vaseline put you in Intensive Care  
With the Tech 9 backing you up like spines  
Taking your materialistic things like rings  
Like your hoe, your doe, gold and diamonds  
I turned this art into art-tillery  
With guns that bark to keep them from killing me  
On point, like a sword cause I always stay on board  
Ready to clap a stinking victim like a fucking applause  
Anywhere, anyplace  
Even if you got condoms in your wallet  
That don't mean your money's safe  
So act like you not having it when I start grabbing it  
Guns in your face (gibberish) like you talk Arabic  
Holding a Mac that I pimp like a mack  
But some of you macks, never find a Mac  
Ever since you lost that job at McDonalds  
But I know that I'll Mork your ass like Nanu-Nanu  
By putting one shell in your head like a rhino  
Or I'll do to 2 to your head  
Before I damn wanted to let you know that you ain't who's hot  
And you niggas not making it home in the fucking morning

BECAUSE.....

hook