

# Killah Priest, Robbery

[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' sprees  
He's the, he's the man, here's the plan  
Remember the bank, we at before  
Well, he headed back to make a withdrawel

[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]