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]