

La The Darkman, Heist Of The Century

(Killa Sin)

Ski masked, the First National for a half a mil
It's real, f**k rational
Your armored truck stuck like dustheads for my collatorell
Certified criminal, gun smugglin villain who be fillin clips
Fuller than cups swellin your genitals

(La the Darkman)

Specialist, cat burgular, stocking cap murder
Uzi click insterer, you got cheese, I heard of ya
You dirty rat, manuevered through traps and torched doors
Plastic explosives, bags of C-4

(Killa Sin)

Yo, flash a cannon, deliver these clowns in understandin
That Cash Rules, don't nuttin move kid, five-hundred grand an'
The raw son, makin assault when armor wait till the gold lock
F**k the ?wreck?, fumbled up the wrong time

(La the Darkman)

Yo, I clip the phone lines, cut the alarm, the pipe bomb
Detonation, seven minutes the first task, we in it
Lace the tear gas, put on your mask
Check the Wu for the jake, I'mma climb the gate last

(Killa Sin)

Scan the internet, copy the floppy shut the drive off
Sinerate the whole data bank before we slide off
Time check--twenty-four hundred and still wasting
The minutes keep racing, let's blow this foundation

(La the Darkman)

Keep patient, I got the whole dough administration
On CD-ROM, smugglin firearms
And the date to attempt assassinate Farrakhan
>From his Middle East trips and buildin wit Sadaam
Yo hold the laptop

Chorus 2x

Chorus (Together)

Yo it's the Heist of the Century kid we execute right
We goin down in history, get the loot and live life how's it's meant to be
A stolen Legacy, live Egyptian mystery

(Killa Sin)

(Word up)

We on the way out (stolen Legacy), the future laid out
Our brain scramblin, Arnez break a cold sweat but never panickin
Shooked up, two officers lookin up, we spot em
Pull the heat out, and have both they asses red-dotted

(La the Darkman)

Don't move, we got the bank money not yours
Stickin your kids and calmly, lay on the floor
Put your hands high, dunn get they guns
Then break em, slap one wit the barrell

Make em bleed then tape em

(Killa Sin)

It's like commander and ten left, we playin wit death
And I can hear the bomb tick
Sweat drip on the back my palm grip
Final mission, completed all bank funds depleted
Hit the turnpike, bounce to the stash, let's split it even

(La the Darkman)

Yo, the blueprint went excellent, wisdom gods seconds for the dynamite
On the next flight before daylight
Exit through the back entrance, jump the fence
Then slide in the Rover wit the triple black tints
We hit the government
Word up dunn, we hit the government, knawl'msayin