

# Shabazz The Disciple, Thieves In Da Nite (Heist)

(Verse 1)

Uses to stalk like a hawk pon the sidewalk looking for my prey  
Sometimes I hit the subway, schemin to catch a jackpot  
Shit is hot too many cops, I think I'll run up in a crack spot  
I start on my mission and yo I'm scrambling  
Approach a group of shorties who were gambling  
I play it off and ask one of them a question  
Yo shorty I'm lost, yo help me out with some directions  
He stated kicking it and something kept shining  
I looked at his hand it was a ring full of diamonds  
Evil was my level of thinking  
Get all I can get and leave my victims dead and stinking  
I drew the guns from the holsters on my sides  
This is a stickup, don't make it a fucking homicide  
Give me the cash quick fast or my nine'll blast  
They gave it up and did the 100 yard dash  
I left shorty on the ground face down  
Shitting and pissing and under pressure from the 3 pound  
I cold stripped his ass, pistol whipped his ass  
Robbed him blind and left his head all gashed

Committing armed robberies, we be committing armed robberies  
Committing armed robberies  
Trying our best to live phat - fuck poverty!!!!!!

(Chorus: Killah Priest)

The shootouts over dice  
The sirens and the lights  
The late night heist  
The thieves in da nite

(Verse 2)

Continued on my mission, I went to the corner to the phone booth  
And called preme and the troops  
I told preme the plan and what to carry  
Cause where we going tonight yo it's kinda scary  
I told him bring grenades and extra drivers  
To pull this shit off right, we can't leave survivors  
We reached the scene of the crime got on the job  
Dressed to rob was the motherfucking mad mob  
We left the driver with the engine running  
Ran up in the building, on our way to make a killing  
Reached the floor, I rang the bell on the door  
Cocked the .44 ready to bring them brothers war  
I rang the bell once more a brother opened the door  
Bup! bup!, we put his brains on the floor  
We ran up in the spot letting off mad shots, until the last brother dropped  
And when he dropped, I realized it was Klein  
I said to myself, yeah this nigga ass is mine  
Slapped him with the magnum, knocked him out dragged him  
Tied him to a motherfucking chair and I gagged him  
Torture motherfuckers, preme you know how we do  
Cut off all his fingers and then drugged him with a needle  
When he recuperated then he cooperated  
He started singing where his drugs were being operated  
Buck to the chest, bang to the head  
Preme shot him in the ear to make sure he's dead  
The next thing on my mind yo it was leaving  
But first I gotta make sure no one else is breathing  
We dragged Klein down the fire escape  
Stripped him of his gun, then we grabbed the safe  
With help from Supreme and my cousin Pumpster  
We bagged him in a body bag and dumped him in a dumpster  
Left his ass in the garbage all smothered

Threw a grenade in the window and ran for cover  
We saw a witness on our way out the gutter  
My little cousin pump slit his throat with a box cutter  
While he was laying there gagging, I put the tool to his head  
And blew that shit up with lead  
Emptied the clip in my nine out  
Jumped in the bema with the safe, then we headed to the hideout  
I was thinking bout that fucking catastrophe  
We left at least 10 or more casualties  
Splattered around but naked  
The only means of identity was their motherfucking dental records

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(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Lil' Dap)

Yo I walk down the block, gun shots follow the block  
Mom dukes is a maid, I think this shit is a raid - check it out  
I'm living this low-budget violent lifetime  
Watch me break it down, start to kill these rhymes  
Lifting pockets was a sport just to get respect  
Little nigga little brother watch shorty with the tec  
Snatching weight across the land to kill the wicked man  
No one could hold me down, no one can even stop me  
Weight taped to my leg ready to see poppi  
Walking through the doors and I'm scared to death  
Trigger finger's on my right incase they tried to flex  
Seeing weight, cream and dream niggaz they start to skeem  
What's life after this, should we break shit down  
Let these brothers know around town that we do get down  
East New York style, hold me back one time  
Busting shots in the air, cause the world was mines  
Check it out...

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(Chorus) - 2X