

Spice 1, The Heist

(Spice1)

It's the muthaf**kin heist so don't ring the alarm 'G',
It's the b-o-s-s and s-p-i-c-e,
So, put this glock in yo panties (right),
and we gon rob these muthaf**kas for every nook and crany,
My nigga g-n-u-t is up in side, he's strapped with the AK that's how us eastbay
niggas ride, Playa,
Ima spray these cameras wit this paint and when I do, Blow that old ass
security guard outta his shoes,

(Boss)

We'll ayo nigga gimmie the shit so boss can unload a full clip a trigga happy
bitch screamin yall dying muthaf**kas are making us rich,
Creepin up slowly, 1 times on me they don't know me 'G',
Pullin licks to get rich wit 1-8-7 faculty,

(Spice1)(raggae)

Now we got to use the tech cause 5-0 bond the AK,
The 1-8-7 posse robbin the bank and away.

(Boss)

My nigga g-nut, What up?

(G-nut)

Nut up, cause we aint fena stop.

(Boss)

I'm goin kamakazi in the lobby before the robbery, pop, I killed a cop,

(Spice1)

Like Bonnie and Clyde call it the muthaf**kin stick up,
Pick up, 85 smooth'll make this uzi wanna hiccup.
So kick up the cash for I blast with this jason mask,
Quit tryna f**k wit a pyscho path,

(Chorus)

Don't ring the alarm 'g'
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(Boss)

I'm running up out the bank bailin clean to the bucket,
You probably neva seen a bitch that's showing you niggas a how to properly do
it, huh'
we blastd to the getaway, we spread away, niggas get getaway then that loot is
gettin hid away,
Counting up the cash but pigs behind us just as we was bailin,
I'm givin a signal to my muthaf**kin niggas trailin,
And from behind a couple of pistols and some uzi's and I'm fena do them niggas
for them muthaf**kas do me in,
It's kinda simple, shootem in the temple straight to the morgue I got mo'
niggas then the ??? in pyscho ward,

(Spice1)

Yo 'G' it's gettin deeper and deeper,
A muthaf**kin flavor for the muthaf**kin feva,
The feva for the flavor of a muthaf**kin jack,
I look up in the bag 50 g's hundred stacks,
My trigga gots no heart and yo it aint no love bitch,
Nigga, talkin bout killin mutha f**kas dumpin'em in a ditch,
I must survive 'g' they won't take me alive 'g',
peepin out these niggas up in the van who been trailin me,
The coppers are comin deep as f**k just tryna catch a thug,

The only way I'm fallin is slippin on one of these niggas blood,
Not givin a f**k so yo what's up I hear a wild pitch,
Ima light this chronic and start some OK like coral shit, fena get a clip and
kill this bitch and get my cash on,
That's how we do it in ninety three I get's my blast on,
I thought we ditched the coppers rolled up in the cut 'g',
I'm bout to kill these muthaf**kas that been follow'n me,
I'm pullin my gloc out hear the helicopters comin, Pigs had us surrounded
dropped the loot and started runnin.

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