

Thicke, Oh Shooter

I heard some shouts like
Down on the floor
Then even louder we go shooters
I turned around I was starin' at chrome
Shotgun watches door got security good
Jumped right over counter
Pointed gun at winky teller
I'm your shooter

My hands up, My hands up,
They want me with my hands up
Oh Shooter
My hands up, My hands up,
They want me with my hands up
No Shooter

Theives flyin off at the mouth
Talkin bout dumpin and wettin me something
Now their attentions on me cause
I don't look scared enough
Their callin' my bluff
With all these riches and all these switches
But ain't no donoughts around

My hands up,
They want me with my hands up
Oh Shooter
My hands up- hands up,
They want me with my hands up
No Shooter

Lady walks into a shotgun surprise
Dropped to her knees saw her life 'fore her eyes
He said Bitch is gonna get it
Everybody gon' regret it
I'm your Shooter

My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh Shooter
My hands up, My hands up,
They want me with my hands up
No Shooter

They want me with my hands up
Oh Shooter
My hands up, My hands up,
They really really want it
Oh Shooter