

# 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