Timbo King, Armored Truck

(Intro: Timbo King) Comin' to get this money, money Knock, Knock nigga Aiyo, aiyo..

(Timbo King) Ì be where the dough at and where the dough at, a ho at I rhyme for real, y'all niggaz know that 'cuz slow money's better than no money I keep a hustle, strong-arm block muscle Hand me those things, what's poppin' my nigga? Po-po watchin' again Put the heat and the work in the stash, Fatty got us I wish somebody would try to rob us Ya bootleg CDs, two for five dollars Advances, leather dansens I'm gettin' my dick sucked by belly-dancers All hood, yeah, pop got the gambling spot back Roll up a wood, smoke berries My team 'bout paper At first you don't succeed, strive again that Gin and Grapefruit, rockable blend it's grown B.I. Brownsville, all the way to Portland, you know us The ice don't melt but it felt like you know us Yeah, you go under the ground If you didn't know me then Pa, ya knowing me now I been poppin' those And them ho's been knocking those Shows outta state, West bubble fuck With big hummer trucks, gangsta life Live big, that's my word to B.I.G. I send shots to ya ribs See if you can spot the red beam I'm parked right infront of the spot inside a red Beam', nigga (Interlude: Timbo King (Masta Killa)) (Yeah, yeah, we'll pass this off) Yeah we got this pick up After we pick this up everything gon' be good (Watch yaself) Yo watch those two cats over there They funny facin' right now, they funny facin' (I got that) (Masta Killa) I started out workin' a ho, moved up to a runner Hustled for material wealth, put bullet-proof tires on the Hummer Straight to ya gate I deliver, flow like the Kwantung River Murdered for a few tails of silver Code:Red, swingin' on ya head, i's all actual, the murder capital Group emcee killers, masters, pros and villains Mic snatchers, dark like a hatchet Flash ya ratchet, whether steel or plastic Check the regiment Peace to Almighty Infinite from the Desert What's the science Wu-alliance? On the Ave, I heard son got stabbed up at the party Never, the God too clever He seen it comin', they thought he was slippin' 'cuz he's rockin' a drunken', hand on his gun and eyes red ready to dead whatever movin' It's the Armoured Truck, people that he moved wit'

(Interlude: Masta Killa (Timbo King)) Just make sure my money's right, how I move (Yo the money's right) The money there look easy, smooth and deadly

(Timbo King) Out the plaze, high with her friends She from Brazil, and she likes men with Indian skin How, the fuck are rap niggaz goin' to trial? It's that easy like burnin' an Owl or turnin' a dial The body you do's, we body you dudes We robbin' you, dealin' death and you outta ya shoes Who's on first, now who's on second? I'm on third, I'm not playin', them Ninas got 'em all prayin' God please save me, them Brooklyn niggaz, they all crazy Both eyes hazy, now who the fuck want it? We gamblin' grands, me and my mans We got the block on watch for them D's in them vans Now that's my word, that's my word Twenty a gram, fuck that, thirty a bird Flip somethin', respect The Juks This here's supposed to happen Now who the fuck wanna start rappin'? Then start rappin'

(Outro: Timbo King) Let's get this money Divide it by the group Divide by life niggaz On the grind, block for block Whatever, whatever Fort Knox, Knock, Knock, nigga Timbo King, my nigga Dev One on the track Definite on the Internet Definitely, yeah, yeah Bring it back..