

# Gone In 60 Seconds

Drakeo The Ruler

(Mustard on the beat, ho)

A suit and tie, you know my disguise  
A buck-fifty on the HP like I don't have a mind  
And if they somehow catch up, I'ma tell 'em I was high  
Poured off a five, niggas tend to think I'm blind  
Mr. Mosely, Mr. Mosely, the foreign whip crasher  
Hangin' out the window, it's the 2Greedy bastards  
Grippin' on this TEC, and, Lord, I hope it don't jam  
Do whatever for the dough, you know me, Tommy Brown  
Think I need a dolly 'cause this stove is too heavy  
Whole brick in saran and the stench is kinda deadly  
I was in the town, had to thank Susan Lee  
Shawl over my head, I had to duck the Judases

I be gone  
In and out fast, knock, knock, ding-dong, get the cash  
I be gone in sixty seconds  
In and out fast, knock, knock, ding-dong, get the cash  
I be gone in sixty seconds  
We know, we know  
I be gone in sixty seconds  
We know, we know, we know

Back at it again, Mr. Big Bank Buddha  
Blow them bands, baby, bitches, tend to think I'm stupid  
On the road again like I'm singin' country music  
Willie, Willie, Willie, Willie, Willie, Willie Nelson  
I think he finna tell, and on top, the homie stealthin'  
He happy with the cash, but the money's in the grams  
I don't hear the box, but they must be on they phones  
Shit is kinda tricky, gotta leave this shit alone

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Sorry, granddad, it's a Stinc meter callin'  
In the back kickin' doors, tryna get all of my offer  
I was tryna hide, but this doggy keep maulin'  
Come here, boy, I think they hear or they callin' me  
Buddha ain't the only piece I brought up in this bitch  
'Cause this shit get too ugly, I'ma let off the extend  
Drakeo, calm down, don't bust, it's no problem  
Man, I know we out far, done seen way too many signings  
Thirty seconds left, there's no need for idle time  
Walkin' out with the safe, yeah, the deed, stocks, and bonds  
But I be off drugs, shit, I'm tryin' not to crash  
Wavin' his brick on the side of my face, I just laugh  
Don't crash  
Tossin' out the beam and a mask in the trash  
I know I might be sinnin', I'm just tryna get the cash

Before I hit the porch, money jumpin' out the bed  
On the road, on the road, Willie, tell 'em what you said

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