

How To Rob With Rob

Murs

Now, I never been a crook
Grew up in the hood off the Av. Meadowbrook
Had always been shook when it came to the gun play
Tried to stay up out the way until one day
The homie showed up on the porch
Reached in his pants, in his hands had a torch
The heater, the burner, the chop - let me stop
A taped up Chrome .38, not a Glock
Put his finger on the trigger, put it to my head and pulled it
I flinched, nothing happened cause he didn't have no bullets
I punched him in the chest, I said "you play too much"
It was the homie Killer Robbie, didn't say too much
He said he had to put me on to this lick we could hit
Do it real quick and we can split with a grip
Usually, he would've never fucking brought this to me
He knew I was a square but he knew I needed money
I'd been saving for these Tech 1200's and this new mark mixer that he knew I
really wanted
Confronted with this opportunity, what to do?
All I needed was a couple more hundreds, I was cool
So it's off to the strip well-known as Melrose
Every single bone in my body saying "hell no"
We mobbing on foot, no whip
When we got to Beverly I was shook as shit
Now I'm thinking, "maybe I should turn back"
I could work with my moms at the cleaners, earn that"
Now I'm in the alley, standing with a hoodie on
Rob saying I should feel lucky that he put me on
Name ain't Robber but we all call him Rob
Cause he rob motherfuckers like a full time job
So I probably wasn't as nervous as I should've been
Walked to the door of the store and he pushed me in
Grin on his face, like he was at ease
Pointed a gun at the clerk, told him get down on his knees
Didn't see him as he quickly went and grabbed the twelve gauge
'Till he turned around and jammed it into my motherfucking face
Rob pulled the trigger and the gun went click
Jig is up, now we sitting there holding our dicks
Young, dumb, full of cum and ready to run
For my life but he said "hold tight 'till the cops come"
Fuck outta here, made a right doing light speed
Hid behind a dumpster in the alley, was a tight squeeze
Heard the cops say "freeze" and heard some shots
Then I thought about Rob and I thought "probably not"
I hid in the alley for like four more hours
When I finally walked home, I was feeling like a coward
Took a shower, passed out, face covered in tears
It was so surreal, everything felt weird
If not for God's grace, I'd be a dead motherfucker
Woke up the next morning, went to work with my mother
Earned enough for my turntable set that summer
And I put Rob on my first mixtape cover
Ah!