

# 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!