

How To Rob

I don't know whatcha' heard about me
A label can't get a dollar outta' me
No Cadillac or M's will move me
Cause I'm a mutha' fukkin' K-I-N-G
I don't know whatcha' heard about me
A label can't get a dolla' outta' me
No Cadillac, no M's will move me
I won't sign my name on that L-I-L-I-N-E

Labels fly me out, they act like they don't know my numba'
But it's ok, cause you don't count to me unless you stunta'
That shit you offered was for slaves, you better add some commas
They read my ego, then divorced, yeah I used to love her

I'm in my own lane
Fuck you and your name
I know I'm bubbling, Imma' 'bout to burst
Labels stay home, while I been stealing first
I can drop any second and fuck up your whole third
Quarter

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Labels coming at me sideways as if I don't notice
Just stand correct and put the money up, I might approach it
I got some promises I need to keep, I need to oath shit
I see the car, I see the house, man I just need to own it

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You know I had to do P.I.M.P
What up 50!?

Fuck wit' me!

Yeah!

I can show you How to Rob

I can show you How to Rob

I can show you How to Rob

I can show you How to mutha' fukkin' Rob