

Kill The Rich

Terror Reid

I was going back and forth today
Take my time choosing what to say
Now I'm getting thrown like a tantrum
Waiting for these drugs to kick in like a bass drum
Now I'm finding it hard to breathe

If you bumping this track then I'm sure ya wanna know
The absolute easiest way to stack dough
You prolly workin day jobs or cleaning someone else's mess
So much stress ya got pain in ya chest
Well sit and take notes I got knowledge to throw
The only way to get by is stealing from the rich folk
They got the nice cars and ice they pay the highest price just to gloat
Don't feel bad they got a boat
First thing ya do is find a ballin ass crib
Ya gotta lotta options take ya time get it in
Ya betta do some diggin and try to find a spot that's not hot
With limited security an what not
Find out when they leave and when they come back
Rich fucks always got a tight schedule and all that
Now jack a cheap ass car that you can use for the boost
Better yet a set of stolen plates will do
Head to the gun shop and use all the cash ya got
Once u got the heat stash it under the seat
To be sure they ain't home give the front door a knock
It's a rich dudes spot so ya can't pick the lock
Instead of that head to the back and find a window
Now put ya gloves on and punch it out like a trick hoe
Next thing ya know ya on the inside
But ya gotta be quick
Set a timer for 5 and look alive

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Now scope out the first floor look for nice shit
Wallets, keys, a watch anything you can get
Check the house for false floors cameras and trap doors
Everything u see here tonight is now yours
Find out where they sleep, and check the sheets and flip the bed
Check the closets anywhere u think they keep bread
But keep ya hand on the heat in case they come back
Don't be afraid to blast em up or stab em in the back
Cause they only thing standing between
U and the cash is a bitch ass rich rat who can't even act
Eventually you'll find more cheese than u can spend
Escape the way u came in and watch the robbery end
Now ya gotta act quick and ditch the evidence
Dispose of ya all clothes n shit and blow up the whip
Figure out an alibi maybe you was with a bitch
And she sucked ya dick so good ya passed out and didn't do shit
Or maybe u was driving down the street and fell asleep
Cause ya dick head boss make ya work all week
Whatever it is stick w that shit til it end

Sand don't tell anybody not even ya closest friends
You'd be surprised how quick ya homies hang ya out to dry
They lie cause they ain't get they piece of the pie
Well fuck all that you earned every cent in the sac
Just go home and count ya stacks and never look back
Its Reid

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