

Sweet Robbery, Pt. 2

Three 6 Mafia

But now my niggas talkin' about robbin', well
Jump into the chevy hit the dash board get the mask

But now my niggas talkin' about robbin', well
The devil control me to a sweet robbery

I cruise in my chevy, shakin' these late nights
And soon the killa within me will come out again to take another life
I'm tired of hidin' from 5-0 cause these fools scope me nightly
I'm changin' my identity and playin' more roles than that nigga Spike Lee
This shit ain't fake I gotta break
And get the fuck by from this murder case
For chill this shit is cool to rap about but see to me it ain't no fun when
it's real
Them cops can't roll to Triple Six so no lord can save'em
I try to least stay after but now I ask for another favor
One of my homies died, two of my niggas in the J.C
But now I ask of you, first power, bring them back to me
We ran a job off top, we had to pop some cops
Bust in some fools house made him lead us to his stash pizzot
Ski mask over my skull, papers in my mouth cause I'm grilled
Bitch it's a house call, Glock nine with no love, killas from the south gott
a peel
Caps and the make shells fall, but I will be the only one still leg Locked

Stay employed to this B, it's like a job to me to lay down you niggas, you b
itches
You snitches, smoke swishers and plan my sweet robberies

But now my niggas talkin' about robbin', well
Jump into the chevy hit the dash board get the mask
But now my niggas talkin' about robbin', well
The devil control me to a sweet robbery

This shit is on, I'm scopin' out this fool that I don't like
Who fucked me out some money
(What how I squash this shit)
Wait till the night
I'm gonna touch him with a gauge, gotta touch him with a gauge
Niggah think he fucked me gonna get his ass sprayed
First I hit the weed bomb
Fifth full of red rum
Nigga better give me some or I'll make your body numb
Bitch, I thought you knew it was on when you pulled that shit
Flodgin' ass niggah prepare for the triggah with no fuckin' heart

You gonna meet this sick killah don't step
Better watch your back, better watch your self
Watch out for the niggas you trust or take your last breath
When I put this tone up in your face it's gonna be a case without no trace

The robber had a mask on, tryin' to get his blast on
No evidence cause this shit will be erased
We're in Paul's chevy deep, with visions in your sleep
The Juice, Project Pat, Lil' Glock & S.O.G
Lord Infamous and Crunchy Black got them gats to your back
Another sweet robbery, another motherfuckin' jack

But now my niggas talkin' about robbin', well
Jump into the chevy hit the dash board get the mask
But now my niggas talkin' about robbin', well
The devil control me to a sweet robbery

The terror's in the air, yeah hopin that I find your soul ho
Straight Buddah Smoke
We robbin' ho, cause a niggah know leavin' them [?] sorrow
Thats why I'll never know the secrets of the many double quickly you'll be g
ivin up dividends
You get a ton of burn in the end by the Koopsta Knicca yo deadly friend
I'll take you for a ride, take you to the evil side, bitch I'd rather see yo
u dead than alive
Misery but I don't cry for one day, medical mistery kind
Cops caught the witness on me and my niggah [?] on many of hoes
So you triziks can witness the Triple Six click for them souls like robbery
pro's
Kurt rolled the windows so no slawness could get out or in
Paul caught two bitches in the den, commiting like ruff up in ten
Ten corpses dead with torches to the night into they brain
The pain didn't go away so we buried them bitches on another day
No heaven sin, no evidence man you can't fuck with this
For you niggas wo won't give up all of yo shit, you gon' be a dead bitch
You hear him and then a body droppin' in a ditch
They say I'm crazy though I'm really just a lunatic

But now my niggas talkin' about robbin', well
Jump into the chevy hit the dash board get the mask
But now my niggas talkin' about robbin', well
The devil control me to a sweet robbery