

How To Rob A Rapper

YG

Stick up, stick up, stick up, stick up
This for all my broke, real niggas
Who squeeze triggers, but they don't pay you to be active
Peep game, I'ma teach you how to rob a rapper
Catch a nigga lackin', he slackin' on IG live
He gon' show his whereabouts on accident, he be high
He gon' show the jewels he wearin' and the car that he drive
Stupid nigga showed the same location three times
It seem like every Friday after eight
He flex Crustacean menus, he like to date
Sit it out in the front catch, him at the valet
Never mind, it's Beverly Hills, you don't wanna catch no case
Scratch that, bick back, he gon' slip up again
Gotta make it count, so you gotta score to win
Don't get frustrated, it's complicated, he always with his friends
Look, there he go, by himself, slippin', he in that Benz

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Aye, we gon' use a dummy page to hit his management
"I'ma need your artist on my album, what's the damages?"
I got the cameraman with me, let's shoot a movie too
Before I hung up on homie, told him, "It's bulletproof"
They on the way, call the gang and put 'em on the play
That watch alone, without the stones will go for 40k
Slide luxury under with Minnesota plates
Youngin' in the back lookin' sketchy, he never show his face
There they go in that 'Burban, let 'em through the the gate
Finna bounce out on him, till I told him, "Wait"
We gon' let him get bomfortable 'fore we strip his ass
Nah, nevermind, nigga, let's get this bag
What's happenin'?
Run them pieces concurrent, lil' nigga, gimme that
Or you gon' have to eat this fifty pack, yeah
Fuck the Cuban, they callin' to get the tennis back
Already sold it, ain't no gettin' it back, ah

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These rappers wanna come to the bricks and flash chips
In the hood we was trouble for robbin' and field trips
It was a Friday, the perfect time to hit a lick
You tryna use the hood for clout, whole time we plottin' on your shit

I see 'em pull up, I chuck the hood up, you know you good, blood
Sick the home girls on 'em, nigga, make 'em think it's hood love
And he ain't bang the gang, so you know that it's a stick up
You better pay the homies for you try to come flick up
Okay, it's time to make a move on this nigga
Give me all your shit or, bitch, I'm pullin' the trigger
I need that chain, the watch, and all the cash you got
Don't be thinkin' shit sweet when you pull up on my block
Took the jewelry to the plaza, turned the jewels to some guap
I could teach you how to rob, I could teach you how to flock
It's Bonnie on the watch and we ain't givin' no passes
If he move funny, better blast it

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