

# 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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