

## James Bond Robber

Lil B

Yea, I know that you're slingin packs  
I'm gonna serve a lick and I'm thinkin bout takin that  
And I ain't gon lie, the plug damn near them  
Fiendin me the marijuana, shit the game no fun  
Rap came with the work man, I came with the gun  
He came with the gun but he left in the trunk  
Told him chill for a sec, let's roll up a blunt  
God based, I got cash so I know wutchu want  
Started talkin bout life, keepin shit up front  
Man the lighter, spark this up  
Man, this shit good, what the fuck man?  
Aye pass it to the boy and he hit that boy good  
Purple smoke kush, I urk and lean back  
And then I hit him with the bean Jackie lean back  
Couple watch the scene at  
Now I'm thinkin what the fuck, how I'm gonna do that?  
He take that, I guess I'll be cleaning that  
Kick dude up stackin, people still talkin  
I move the car, it's about 1 in the morning  
Look, what I started, I guess I'm so heartless  
The way I'm door to door, you would think that I'm on it  
Let's get back to the performance, put his body in the car  
Put the drugs in mine, drove it a couple miles  
I got some shit outside  
People waving at me, happy, ain't even trippin  
Parked the car on the street, left in limpin  
Like fuck that, catch a cab or something  
Gotta walk that trail, where the nearest gas station?  
I'm too thirsty, this '76 - that's straight for me  
No guilt on me cause the dope was free  
Like a priest's son asked if he can call me a cab  
I left my phone in my car, took the wallet and cash  
Pay him dude, now I'm waiting for the cab  
Cab driver pull up, I just gave him the cash  
Told him go fast and don't drag  
Police pass on the other side, for a homicide  
You pass by the car where the body died  
Somehow somebody CSI when I was ridin  
So we still drivin, getting a lil closer  
Police show up, my heart folded, stomach up in my chest  
I started sweatin, live camera, drive another stop  
Guns pulled on him in the fuckin drop  
One thing I ain't leave was the Mack in our buck  
Let them things out the window and I'm sprayin on shots  
Cab driver run out, I move up to the front and I ain't like this shit  
And I ain't never be done  
Once may spark the blunt - James Bond the Robber  
Smoking that bitch with a motherfuckin choppa

Lil Boss

Here you go  
Let them take the shots man  
Because we pulled into the fullest extend  
Fuck it, I'm going out the gang