

Drop It Off

Lil Wyte

Drop it off drop it off
Bitch I got a sawed off
Put that money in the bag
Hoe I'll blow yo ass off

It all started out cool and calm, we had it under control
We had blueprints to the bank from roof to floor
My nigga Paul had them yawks and bullet-proof vests
Juicy dropped off the 600 the get away the best
We had an in-sider that was working for Union Planners
She told us everyday at 6 o'clock they turn off the cameras
At 6 o five the guards go on break for milk and bananas
Six thirty guards come back from break and back on with the cameras
So that gives us twenty five minutes to get in and out
We gotta do this shit so quick and slick without a doubt
I got some folks that be down to ride all it takes a shout
And if its business they coming quicker that's what they bout
God as my witness we gonna get this one some way some how
With thirty million dollars in diamonds we cant miss out
The plans in action tomorrow we gonna case it out
Give me twenty four more hours and we gonna clean it out

It's going down five o'clock and we loading the trucks up
Get the 40's get the vests get the masks get the pump
Don't forget the smoke bombs to cloud them out when we get done
Man this shits about to get so hecked up under the sun
Six o'clock pulling up and we know surveillance off
Six o five guards are breaking and were waiting on the cough
That's the sign to come in and lay everyone on the ground
Units in faces of customers so they don't make a sound
Keep your guns up and your masks on till the cash gone
Now lets get this thirty million in diamonds and mash on
8 minutes left on the clock before the cameras click
Back into rotation on the bank and they scope out the shit
Got the jewelry got the loot, situations looking cool
All of a sudden a cop comes outta no where and he start to shoot
So many rounds is wizzin by me I don't see how I ain't dead
Smooth jumped in the way with a AK and shot the cop in his head

We got the diamonds in the stash spot, and 10 in he tank
But the police on our tail an officer down in the bank
So we hit the gas threw the masks, lost the vests and ditched the gats
Made a corner, hit it fast, man these folks all on our ass
Push the 600 to the limit, we doing a dance
Fraiser hit the brakes going 150 trying to make em crash
Trippin in the back seat cause I'm high up off that Mary Jane
Talking crazy, its over this time and it ain't funny man
Balling down Lamar dodging cars and we ain't trying to stop
My Rolley onion came off of a side street and smacked a cop
But they still coming, its seven of em, and they catchin quick
After Sunroof I through a smoke bomb and they got lost in it
Make a left a right a quick left, pulling to this driveway
Turn your tail lights off and just park and don't go no where just stay
Pokey off our trail hot as hell but we still gotta shoot
Back to headquarters to come forward separating the loot