

Rob And Vic

Onyx

It's a story about two brothers, Rob and Vic
Grew up in the world alone
God forgot about them, hmm
Forced to fend for themselves
In the rotten apples of New York City
This story takes place, in 1993

How many nigs did we get so far?
I couldn't care to count
Just snatch 'em up quick
If he scream, I'ma put him out
I put the heat to his face to shut him up
So I can dig him out
Went in his pockets and got the cash in some big amounts
I looked him dead cold in his eyes, without carin'
If money speak, that explain the voices I've been hearin'
You ain't really have to kill him
Yo god he moved, but I lied
Damn, there's our sick stick-up turned homicide
So? that's the way our momma died
Is you with me I'ma slide

So we slid, had to get our game plan together
'cause this little bit of stickup loot ain't lastin' us forever
Desperate, on the edge with no place to go
We can't go back to the hood we stuck up everyone we know

For the love of money, people will rob from each other
For the love of money, people will steal from their mother
For the love of money, people will kill their own brother

Now every time I hear a fuckin' siren, my heart skip a beat
I'm paranoid, every face I see I think he after me
Supposedly we was supposed to be gettin' work from this large cat
But since we know where he rest at- we goin' bogart!
Son frontin so hard
Heard he had a hundred g's alone on his gold card
His crab wife showed me mad cash in her blouse
She said he the mad stash at the house
Couldn't pass up a jooks like this anyday
Anyway on our way there, I'm feelin' bad vibes
Yo kid don't say that
That's when we bumped heads
With vicks that we stuck from way back, up on atlantic
The way them niggas lookin' god they drivin' mad frantic
Yo don't panic, trust me
What?
I jump back and bust 'em
Shots through they windshield, they ain't wearin' shield
Hit the kid behind the steering wheel it's the way I feel
In a state to kill I want to watch him die!
Wait and chill
We got bigger fish to fry, two l's later
In a bed-stuy elevator, got off the fifth floor
Water hit the skull, ready, kick the door!
Off the hinges
Bust shots right

Only thing I saw was a nigga four-four
His gun jammed
He tried to run and, reach for a knife
Shot him in the leg
So think about your life
And tell me where the loot's at
He said, "I'll tell you just don't shoot black!"
With the sight of fear, dragged him down six flight of stairs
To the basement, and in someway, he had a trap door in the pavement
Smacked him with the gun, kicked him out the way
Had to be at least 500 k
Now hear come the bitch, talkin' bout her share of the wealth
So we put her and the husband out
And we went for self

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Yo, we fuckin' came off!
Word, the plan was splendid
'cept we got all this money, and can't even spend it
Shh, let's disappear
Yea yea
And be outta this place
So much dirt and shit we did it's hard to show our face
So we bounced out of town and went down to miami
'cause most those cats we crabbed was like family
Now me and you beefin', nah it can't be true
It all started when all we had was just me and you
Now a whole different person is what I'm startin' to see in you
'member when we had the new lex
With the two techs, rollin'' to the duplex, drinkin' stout
Thinkin' bout, what we gonna do next, we used to work tight
Half-assed cars, down to dirt bikes
Hopin everything will go right, with the snow white
And in number spots that flow all night
Up to this day it was all tight
Man, fuck that!
You my little brother and we came out the same pussy
But I'ma kill you, you dummy, you fucked up my money!
Nah, the money fucked you! up
Tryin' to say the money changed me?
What you think, I'm your brother, you got a gun in my face see
What?!
How can one tiny mistake, make you wanna erase me
Fuck that! you cut a side deal, that's why they raided the block
Now how the fuck I'm 'sposed to know the undercover was a cop
Son you been fuckin' with them niggas!
Look just put down the gun and let this bullshit slide
Nigga I ain't puttin' down shit
I'm tellin you let's just chill man
Fuck that nigga!
It don't gotta be this way man
What nigga? it gotta be this way!
It don't gotta be like this man!
It gotta be nigga!
Then go ahead and pull the trigger!
Think I won't? fuck you!
You know you ain't gon' do it!
Fuck you!