

# Aggravated Robbery

Project Pat

Stick 'em up, Stick 'em up  
Raise 'em up, Raise 'em up

Buck 'em down, 'buck em down (Now that should be fun)  
I'm Psycho- pathic, behind the trig-ga  
I needed loot so, I had to rob ya  
But face steel cause ya, a coward to me  
I grab the pop ya, before ya do me  
Ya high cap-pin friend, flex-in in my hood  
I'm out here star-vin, you live-in real good  
As long as I got, a toll I stay paid  
You keep sell-in dope, there's cheese to be made  
Pull up on the track, niggas start to bell-in  
I pulled out my gat, that's my dope y'all sell-in  
So check on in boy, break yo self on down  
You got 10 dollars, that's more than I have  
Could be petish thangs, bet-ter than noth-ang  
Even you roll fools, go get me some-thang  
Don't get your-self hurt, slaught-ered like a hog  
I'm out on these streets, crawl-in like a dog

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Open seas-ame, the safe in the floor  
What I told the clerk, at the cor-ner store  
A mask on my face, for cam-ras to see  
A glock to his dome, bitch don't play with me  
Ya don't know the code, his eyes I see fear  
Cause it's bout to get ugly up in here  
The boy blew my high, the gun blew his ass  
Right off with his man-ager in the back  
Ball-in off the lot, no cheese mad as fuck  
Half-way down the street, some hoes from the club  
Pulled up at the light, in benzo with rims  
Now im act-in like, im holler-in at them  
Wussup with y'all? What y'all doin out this late  
Girls: Shit! Just leaving the club. What's the business  
Let me get y'all number  
And them rings, and that purse  
All that mother-fucking shit around yo neck!!  
Bitch!! Let me get this shit hoe  
Drop it all!!! Shut up bitch!!! Shut up bitch

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Buck 'em down, 'buck em down (Now that should be fun) Robbers we hang, in ho  
ods where they clean  
Jack-in any-one, from creature to fiend  
Addicted to this, just like it was crack  
You sniff in the stream, my tones to your back  
I'm out on the lake, while you on a date  
Your bitch looking good, you clean so I hate  
You take-in your time, to wine and to dine  
But times on my side, so I'm goin goin hide

In bushes your house, pull up we jump out  
With mask-is and gun, then duct tape your mouth  
The girl you was with, gave us the info  
That you was a head big nig-ga with doe  
A kidnap can turn into a murd-er  
Now where is the stash, 45 will serve-ya  
We take-in the loot, never think-in twice  
Either it's the cheese, or either your life

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