

Robbery (Revelations Remix)

RZA

Yeah, yeah, it's live, it's live, it's going down
What?

This is a robbery, boy, come out your pockets
We hit the lottery, boy, it's in your wallets
This is a robbery, boy, gimme them dollars
Gimme them dollars, gimme them dollars

My third eye, never blind, deep behind assassins
Taurus is the sign, for the dimes that be asking
William Burk, with a mind that's advanced
And put in work, spread knowledge of outlasting
Sharpshooter with a luger, blasting at Lucifer
Asking the trooper of Earth to ride Jupiter
Medusa the ruler of wicked women and timid men
We killing cops til they free my nigga Killa Sin
And licking shots in the battle when the war begin
Wrath of the prominent, all hail the Gods again
Reign of the dominant, we looking for Osama Bin
Laden, plotting on the fall of evil rotten men
All my squad is wise as King Solomon
This all for one, and one for all, til the very end
Cause once I got a friend, I never forgot a friend
See I I'll blend, equal ten minus three

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We hit the lottery, boy, it's in your wallet

Nigga, whether welfare cheese or franks and beans
Or no frill can goods, you want it all from the hood
Fifty packs of Oodles and Noodles, dipsey doodles, cheese doodles
Next to the West Indian man who try to blow voodoo
On your most beloved, why I come down from regions undiscovered
I have you hovered over by black brothers in public, it's rugged
My fatal wound, you not immune, I'm departing like King Arthur
Open hand combat is unlimited, I'm the tomcat, word
The old war calling Maserati with the spoiler
Carry middle east oil and hot water boilers
Cop pull bars from NATO, eating fried green tomatoes
We will bake your head like it's Mr. Potato
Me and Reverend Burk is like Green Hornet and Kato
Godfather, the Clan man, don't you turn Fredo
Calm like sippin' top sake, northern Vodka Hanna
Train like Rocky defending Apollo Creed's honor
The Steels unbendable, it's not recommendable
To defend the rule, we come up, we finish you
Cause then the Liquid Sword will strike down, diminish you
Your fate like the bottom of an old worn tennis shoe
I'm just skinning you, not aiming for ending you
The multiple, the force of the pen could do

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