

Armed Robbery

Sunz of Man

[sample]

You didn't have any guard downstairs?

You didn't have a look out? Huh?

Fifteen years, we never been hit, we changed apartments

We never used that one before, we thought we were okay

You thought, well your ass must have been thinking

Because now we're out 300,000 dollars, do you hear me good?

Do you hear me good? We're out 300,000 dollars

Now what do we do? Huh?

[Intro: Shabazz The Disciple]

Armed Robbery

[Supreme repeating this throughout the whole song]

Dirty ones, flamers, bastards, robbers

[Shabazz the Disciple]

I stalk like a hawk on the sidewalk

Lookin for my prey, sometimes I hit the subway

Schemin to catch a jackpot

Shit is hot, too many cops, I think I'll run up in the crack spot

I started learnin shit, no I'm scramblin

Approach a group of shorties who were gamblin

I play it off and ask one of them a question

"Yo shorty, I'm lost, yo help me out with some protection"

We started kickin, and somethin kept shinin

I looked at his hand, it was a ring full of diamonds

Evil is my level of thinkin

Get all I could get and leave niggas dead and stinkin

I drew my guns from a hoister on my side

This is a stickup, don't make it a f**kin homicide

Give me the gats, quick fast, so my nine will blast

And gave it up and did a hundred yard dash

I had shorty on the ground, face down

Shittin and pissin, another pressure from the 3 pound

I cold stripped his ass, pistol whipped his ass

Robbed him blind, left his ass all gashed

[Chorus: Shabazz the Disciple]

Committin Armed Robberies

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Tryin to best, but the fat f**k poverty

[Shabazz the Disciple]

Continued on my mission, I went to the corner

To the phone booth and called 'Preme and the troops

I told 'Preme to plan it with a carry

Cuz we're we goin tonight, yo it's kinda scary

I told him bring grenades and extra drivers

To pull this shit off right, we can't leave survivors

Reach the scene of the crime, got on the job

Dressed to rob was the muthaf**kin Mad Mob

We left the driver wit the engine runnin

Ran up in the buildin, on our way to make a killin

Reach the floor, rang the bell on the door

Cop my four-four, ready to ring them niggas raw

I rang the bell once more, and nigga opened the door
Bla, bla, I put his brains on the floor
We ran up in the spot, lettin off mad shots
Until the last nigga dropped
And when he dropped, I realized it was crime
I said to myself, "Yeah, this nigga ass is mine"
Slapped him with the magnum, wrapped him up, dragged him
Tied him to a muthaf**kin chair and I gagged him
Torture muthaf**kas, we, you know how we do
Cut off all his fingers and dwelt him wit a needle
When he recuperated, then he cooperated
He started singin where his drugs were being operated
Buck to the chest, bang to the head
Bream shot up in the ear to make sure he's dead
The next thing on my mind, yo it was leavin
But first I gotta make sure no one else is breathin
We took climb down the fire escape
Stripped him of his mon', and we took the safe
Dealt from Supreme and my cousin Pumpster
We packed him in a body bag, dumped him a dumpster
Left his ass in the garbage, all smothered
Threw a grenade in the window, and ran for cover
We saw a witness on our way out the gutter
My little cousin Pumps slit his throat wit a box cutter
While he was layin and gaggin, I put a two to his head
And blew that shit up wit lead
And peep the click and my nine out
Jumped in the Beamo, wit the safe and we headed for the hideout
I was thinkin about that floatin catastrophe
We left at least 10 or more casualties
Splattered around, butt naked
The only means of identity is there muthaf**kin dental records

[Chorus]

[Shabazz the Disciple]

So stay away from Armed Robbers
That's somethin ya don't know about
Use your brain before I blow it out
I'm leavin niggas in pieces, given 'em closed caskets
Even the f**kin priests
Stickin spots in churches, runnin around puttin devils in hearses
Livin in poverty bothers me
That's why I'm duckin 25, on homocidin on robbery