

# 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  
Committin Armed Robberies  
Committin Armed Robberies  
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