

Get Ya Rob

Three 6 Mafia

Stick 'em up
Raise 'em up

All that flashin' on the town
Get ya rob
You be spendin' all your cash up
Get ya rob
All that trickin' with them broads
Get ya rob
Breakin' bread with your dogs
Not that'll get ya rob

At the corner store hangin' with my young niggas
Project Pat, in the bank with them skis on triggers
Real killers roll round here, lookin for some prey
Low key behind tinted windows with the blow face
Gold plates, dirty rugger 9 kill a niggas spine
He don't want to come up out the wallet then I bluck 'em fine
He done blew my high so I had to blow his life away
Blew a couple lines just send my conscious on his way
Pouted on some crime then I pulled up on 'em blank block
She had a bag money snatched her bag, let my gun pop
Skeeted off the lot, made a lick, thinkin' it was love
Bag full shredded chase coke, blunt it

Yeah whats happening?
I'm at this phone booth tell me what you want to do
Across the street from this dope house, I want the loot
And all the drugs, weed, rocks, quarters, keys, or that juice
I'm about to go in with them guns out ready to shoot
The police rollin' down the block, pull up hold up a second
They just patrolin' I need to get 'em
The time is now I got my ski mask a K and a pump
I call you back in about an hour with some blocks in the trunk
I'm running across the street, I'm playin' it like a beast
With chains on my hands, shackles on my feet
My second robbery, my heart rate just increased
I'm kicking down the black door, put 'em up

Now don't show it if you ain't goin' share it
Fuck around and get your pistol across your head
You better look like the hood when you roll through it
Or find your monkey ass leaking red and gray fluid
They will do it, my dogs meaner then them laws
We ain't sellin', you ain't comin' in our hood to fuck with Paul
Make his car alarm go off as soon as he step out
We comin' from the side of the house with them pumps out

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