

Robbery Remix (feat. Elephant Man)

Killah Priest

(feat. Elephant Man)[Intro: Killah Priest (Elephant Man)]

Man, I gotta get this damn money, man
Nah, man I can't take this, this time, straight up man
(Yup! Elephant Man, that's Killah Priest
I dedicate this one for the thugs on the streets
America, you know for the poor, we moan and me weep
That's me, come on!) Cat gotta do what I gotta do
Whatever way I could, youknowwhatImean? Yo
[Killah Priest]

Look, my cash nope, baby cryin'
Had enough, I grabbed my iron
Call up the crew, is what you do
Be at my spot, around two

Oh yeah, bring some guns, bring some ass
I got a way, we can make some cash
My woman beefin', my momma sick
If I don't get it, look, I'mma flip
The doorbell ring, exchange some slang
We laughed a little, y'all got them things
Okay thanks, now look here's the plan
Hold up, Priest, yo, whose your man?
Oh him? That's, my man Sharod
Don't worry about him, that's the God
He specializes in, gun firin'
Pickin' locks and, ditchin' cops
And robberies, goes on, robbin' sprees
He's the, he's the man, here's the plan
Remember the bank, we met at before
Well, he headed back to make a withdrawel

[Chorus 2X: Savoy (Killah Priest)]

It's about to be a robbery (damn right, I'mma get it)
It's about to be a robbery (damn right, I'mma get it)
We about to catch a body (damn right, I'mma get it)

We about to catch a body (damn right, I'mma get it)[Elephant Man]

Take the cash, take the dough like my nigga Robin Hood
Then me take the money, buy a big house in the Hollywood
It's tally good, rob that nigga, be and say all good
Give back to the project, cuz we should
Eighteen, forty like, he met thee, only we make the money
We pilot off, pilot off, been at the bank, we not the money
We not bummy, roll 'em tree, I'm not funny
We climb it, y'all no homey, give thanks

Show me a car ruff, where we walk, the money that we make
 Man off the chauffeur, not until we gettin' it
 Know people, bilingual, we not to run we life, we wreck
 The only thing can top off, knowin' our thing is our debt
 And my friend, Killah Priest, don't own a private jet
 Because of friend, those and thousand
 Droop it, that told me write rhyme, me write check
 You not like, Killah Priest and the Elephant Man, come on! [Chorus 2X] [Killah Priest]

Told the teller, feel the bags
 Had the mack, pointin' at the glass
 Hurry up, you're movin' slow
 Time is money and I got to go
 Grab the bags, head for the door
 Backin' out, clutchin' the dog
 We heard sirens, dashed to the ride
 Any cop we see, open fire
 Cop car, swung around the block
 My man Rock, opened up shots
 My homey Lace, real nutty case
 Said let's get it on, fuck a chase
 Women screamin', grabbin' they kids
 My homey Lace, flashin' the shit
 Laughin' and shit, homey is sick
 Look at Sharod, said let's go
 Four desperadoes, holdin' the dough
 Make a left, yo, make a right
 Head straight, though, watch those lights
 We're in the hideout, laughin' it up

Watchin' the news, about the bank we stuck (it's a robbery!) [Chorus 2X] [Elephant Man]

You know! You like an engineer warrior, laser beam carrier
 We tear on any bank or done broke any barrier
 Nuclear taxin' like Whitney or Mariah
 We either come together, one that never ponder
 Any face the project loss and only cuz he get that
 Better you felt on the navy, you felt on the army, the undertaker
 Marine, agile list the, that this one, we be later
 Killah Priest, boy, I heft it on, yup!
 You rule it on them, them they know who we are
 Plus we get the paper, we ready for Jaguar
 Fly rim or swim, we drive me a car
 Either you done a movie, or you a movie star
 You can come again, or you can travel me again
 Hire like them and then I did it again

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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