

Saukrates F/ Common Sense

"Robbery"

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[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

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