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## White Zombie "Clock Work"

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Yeah doe

Names was changed to protect the guilty

They say that will power is the shield of our lives To defense us in this world, as I'm waitin on the coup d'etat

Machine gun in my hand, every thought is unholy Sold my soul several times for this mighty dollar Now here I stand again in the same predicament Finna hit the system where it hurts Pull off this high-powered shit like clock work First victim make a move, ride in a hearse Word up, for bank robbery you gotta have big nuts But that ain't enough, you must have brains The penitentiary is full of the fools who tried to take that risk

Only vets live to rob the game, and I'm one of the chosen few

Who ain't scared to get they fetti, but smart enough to stick and move

Run in this bitch, gettin mani for the fuckin loot And when I get away, no clues, no proofs Desperado, I play a tune on my fully auto Conduct a symphony on the gestapo

They never take me alive

Drinkin orange juice and genocide

And down to die in this process of pullin a heist

If need be, I'm in the low with the turf O.G.'s

Who go about to link nationally

Go in it for the risk and for the money

But we all fiend for the green

It's like a pit, get his first taste of blood, he never be the same

Now that's realer than this gat in my hand

Or the grill on my main man

As he run back our plan

And all the savages listen, it sound easy

Like takin candy from a infant, a pieace of cake

But we all know it ain't that way

I know it's wrong, but I say a little prayer before I run up in this bank

'Holy Father, don't make a citizen misbehave Get brave, or I'ma have to down him with this cane And if the square behind the counter don't push the alarm

Then I swear I won't do no harm

And may my money not be laced with paint bombs

So I won't have to black out and spray some

And these dogs I'm with, they won't say nothin

But if they do, then let these snitch niggas die sufferin'

Amen, now let this hold-em-up shit begin

A couple of corners we bend

See the bank, hop out and blend in

Barge through the Savings & Loans do'

Bustin them choppers to let em know

When we say go

The security guard, he ain't no problemo

Cause for 4.25 he ain't tryin to die

And the people, they just wanna make it home

And not get dumped on, scared as hell they cry and moan

And even though the camera record I make a leap like Jordan

In a black ski mask

On the counter, "Square, fill up the bag

Do what I ask

Or feel the wrath of a fully blast

Come here, bitch"

That's when the lady said, "Mister, I just wanna live

I got a husband, two kids, a dog and a picket fence

And I'll do what you say, just don't empty the clip

She start fumblin with the keys

I'm like "Hoe, you wanna breathe?"

She said, "Oh, I got it", gate, she unlocked it

Safe was smooth open, damn near start slobbin

My peoples had the crowd face down on the ground

I'm in the vault grabbin hundreds in pounds

Fillin up my duffle bag with dinero

Stuffin it with mail, till it can't fit no mo'

Bounced outta there like 'come on'

But didn't know it was a undercover pig spread eagle on the flo'

Saw him reachin for his hideaway gat

That's when I blew his cap back

My crimeys, yeah, they follow my lead

Leave the bank lookin like Swiss cheese

Then we Audi, 500 g's

But not yet scott free

See, the hardest part is your retreat

Cause the rollers could be waitin outside least 50 cars deep

But we was greeted by the getaway car and got far

Further from the crime scene
Like some cowobys ridin on they trusty steed
Into the sunset, like we never did a thang
Check it out
You see, the moral of the story is: crime do pay
And with the fetti come the time you face
And every nigga hollerin "hog!" ain't on the same page
Sucker get his pennies pulled, he start namin names
And with the judge handin out all day
It ain't no tellin what your homey'll say
Peep the real, punk, this ain't no game
They givin niggas 30 years and some change
But my hogs must eat, so we hit them banks
Peep the muthafuckin heist

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