

Three 6 Mafia f/ Project Pat

"Get Ya Rob"

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[Intro]

Stick 'em up {*8X*}

[repeat 4X]

Stick 'em up, stick 'em up {*scratched: "raise 'em up"*}

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

All that flossin on the town'll (get, get-get you robbed)
You be splurgin all yo' cash'll (get, get-get you robbed)
Out here trickin with them broads'll (get, get-get you robbed)
Ain't breakin bread with yo' dawgs now that'll get you robbed

[Project Pat]

At the corner sto's, hangin with my young niggaz
Project Pat, in the base, where we squeeze on triggers
Real killers roll 'round here, lookin for some prey
Low key behind tinted windows with the blown face
Gold plates, dirty Ruger 9, catch one to the spine
He don't wanna come up off the wallet then I blow him fine
He done blew my high, so I had to blow his life away
Blew a few mo' lines just to send my conscience on its way
You probably on some crime, then I pulled up on the bank lot
She had a bag of money, snatched the bag, I let my gun pop
Skeeted off the lot, made a lick, thinkin it was love
Bag full of shredded checks, cold blooded, humbug

[Chorus]

{*phone rings*} Yeah what's happenin

[Verse Two]

I'm at this phone booth, tell me what you wanna do
Across the street from this dope house, I want the loot
And all the drugs, weed, rocks, quarter ki's or a juice

I'm 'bout to go in with them guns out, ready to shoot
The police ridin down the block, I told 'em hold up a
second
{*pause*} They just patrolin, I need to get 'em
The time is now I got my ski-mask a gauge and a pump
I'll call you back in 'bout an hour with lump in the trunk
I'm runnin 'cross the street street, I'm sweatin like a
beast beast
With chains on my hands hands, and shackles on my
feet feet
My second robbery-ery, my heartrate just increased
'creased
I'm kickin down the back do', {*gunshot*} {*flatline*}

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Now don't show it if you ain't gon' share it
Fuck around and get this pistol 'cross yo' head
You better look like the hood when you roll through it
Or find your monkey-ass leakin red like break fluid
They will do it, my dawgs meaner than them laws
We ain't settle for years, comin in our hood to fuck with
broad
Make his car alarm go off, soon as he step out
We comin from the side of the house with some pumps
out

[repeat 4X]

Stick 'em up, stick 'em up {*scratched: "raise 'em
up"*}

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