

50 Cents "How To Rob"

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The art of getting robbed
This is how we do Brooklyn style, boy
You know what I'm saying?

R.I.P B.I.G, R.I.P P A C
R.I.P niggas that wanna OD
Aiyyo, the bottom line is I'ma crook with a deal
If my record don't sell, I'ma rob and steal

You better recognize, nigga, I'm straight from the street
These industry niggaz starting to look like something to eat
I'll snatch Kim and tell Puff, "You wanna see her again?"
Get your ass down to the nearest ATM

I have dreams of fucking an R an' B bitch
And I'll wake up early and bounce with all your shit
When I apply pressure, son, it ain't even funny
I'm about to stick Bobby for some of that Whitney money

Brian McKnight, I can get that nigga anytime
Have Keith sweating, staring down the barrel from my nine
Since these Harlem World niggaz seem to all be fam
I put the gun to Cardan tell him, "Tell your man
Mason Betha, haha, come up of that watch now
I mean right now"

The only excuse for being broke is being in jail
An entertainer can't make bail if he broke as hell
I'd rob O.D.B. but that'd be a waste of time
Probably have to clap him, run and toss the nine

I'd follow Fox in the drop for four blocks
Plotting to juice her for that rock Kurupt copped
What, Jigga just sold like 4 mil'?
He got something to live for
Don't want no nigga putting four thru that Bentley
Coupe door

I'll man handle Mariah like bitch, get on the ground
You ain't with Tommy no more, who gonna protect you
now?

I been scheming Tone and Poke since they found me
Steve know not to wear that platinum shit around me

I'm a klepto, nah, for real, son, I'm sick
I'm 'bout to stick Slick Rick for all that old school shit
Right now I'm bent and when I get like this, I don't think
About to make Stevie J take off that tight ass mink
I'll rob Pun without a gun, snatch his piece then run
This nigga weigh 400 pounds, how he gon' catch me,
son?

This ain't serious
Being broke can make you delirious
So we rob and steal so our ones can be bigger
50 Cent, how it feel to rob an industry nigga?

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I'll catch P and Silkk, The Shocker right after the
Grammies
And Will Smith and Jada ass down in Miami
Run up on Timberland and Missy with the pound
Like you gimme the cash and you put the hot dog down

I figured it out been robbing Joe before
That's why his ass don't wanna be a playa no more
Mad at you, I'm robbing J.D.
Fuck you, pay me

Had Da Brat with 'em, shoulda had his gat with him
DMX wanna get down, well, you tell, homey
I'm on that Treach shit, I do my 'Dirt All By My Lonely'
I should rob Clue, man, his shit did well
I wanna stick TQ but his shit ain't sell

I hit the studios, take shit and leave
Catch Rae Ghost and RZA for them funny ass rings
Tell Sticky, gimme the cash before I empty three
I'll beat your ass like that white boy on MTV

Canibus wanna battle while I'm sticking them up
Nigga get capped coroners picking him up
Heavy tried to hide his shit, nigga try to stall ya
He said "Why you robbing me

I got 'Nuttin But Love' for ya

Caught Juvenile for his Cash Money piece
Told him I want it all, he said, "Even my gold teeth?"
I caught Blackstreet on a back street in a black jeep
We at a time, get out and take off your
shine

Did you ever think that you would be this rich?
Did you ever think that you would have these hits?
Did you ever think that I'd flash the nine
And walk off with your shit like it's mine?

I'ma keep sticking niggas until I'm livid
I'll rob Boys II Men like I'm Michael Bivins
Catch Tyson for half that cash like Robyn Givens
I'm hungry for real, I'm' bout to stick Mister C
That nigga still eating off Big's first LP

I had Busta and the whole Flipmode on the floor
He asked me if I had enough, I told him 'Gimme Some
More'
Is you feeling this? Then wait for the sequel
I gotta get Kirk Franklin for robbing God's People

This ain't serious
Being broke can make you delirious
So we rob and steal so our ones can be bigger
50 Cent, how it feel to rob an industry nigga?

For real, yo, you know what I'm saying?
Niggas got to get stuck up, that's just how it goes down
It don't matter if you an industry nigga or a regular
nigga
It don't matter, if you got it and I need it I want it

50 Cents ain't fucking around
Track Masters ain't fucking around
Crazy Cat ain't fucking around
The Madd Rapper aint fucking around

So watch your backs, watch your pocket book
Watch your pockets, watch everybody on the train
Watch everybody on the bus
'Cause we gonna get you whether you like it or not

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