

## **Garage Inc.**

### **"If I Have To"**

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[Mr. Lucci]

Aw dawg you shoulda seen it man  
20 G's in a duffel bag  
18 on his piece and chain  
14 on his piny ring  
All dis and a boss bitch  
Flawless big time mac  
4 Rolls nigga 4 Lacs  
Plus a Kimi Jag all on top of that  
Do you feel a jack

[Mr. Pookie]

Oh I feel a jack  
Playa do you have to ask that  
See I'm the type of crook nigga that'll run around  
And make ya money hand stack  
Lock and load I'm a mad cat  
Grab his ho where the stash at  
Man lemme call Munchie so I can let him about this  
cash stack

[Munchie]

Get yo ass back don't be playin nigga  
Fo da dolla green I'll kill a nigga  
Loced out dressed in all black  
Wit a stolen Lac and a feather trigger  
Wit my pockets broke and no where to go  
Clutchin up on this calico  
Give me a time and a destination  
No reason why we can't jack dis ho

[Mr. Lucci]

Don't say no mo now its on bro  
Gimme two days fo the info  
So I can find out where he spend dough  
And I can find out who his kinfolk  
Get his shit broke and get his shit tore  
If we pull it fast and we pull it slow  
Just play it cool and stick low  
Cause this here fixin kick though

Chorus

Now if I have to

I'm gon have to mash some niggaz

Now if I have to

I'm gon have to blast some niggaz

Now if I need to

I'm gon have to grasp some triggers and spalsh some  
spiggas

Just to make my cash get bigger

Now if I have to

I'm gon have to bang some doors

Now if I have to

I'm gon have to stain some clothes

Now if I need to

I'm gon have to claim some souls endanger bows

Just to get some stranger's dough

[Mr. Pookie]

Time to get situated baby

Plan dis shit we anticipatin

So anxious gotta think this

Lucci where them niggaz been chillin lately

Who his friends we eliminatin

[Mr. Lucci]

Well I know its Dave and I know its Payton

[Mr. Pookie]

How the hell they communicatin

Will they play shit in the mist of takin

Maybe they just some niggaz fakin

[Mr. Lucci]

We'll find out if its handshakin

I don't give a fuck cause I'm still breakin

And I'm boilin hot like I'm sittin wit Satan

[Mr. Pookie]

Now yo heart racin and you tired of waitin

But slow yo roll lets plan this shit

Get the getaway car and a route to leave

Grab the guns and the gas to leave

Move swiftly and quickly

Rush the place get what we need

[Munchie]

All thats fine and dandy my nigga

Just let me know what time is we

Gon hit the lick grab the cash and flee

7:30 is the time to ride ok

meet me at the crib I'm gon grab the K

[Mr. Lucci]

Do you need all that heat

[Munchie]

Naw just in case

[Mr. Lucci]

Can't leave no traces gotta work and move  
duck and hide while we out on the side  
Scramble and look for the finest prize  
If they say this in crook then we organized

[Munchie]

Lets ride out now scope the place  
If the shit look safe then take the place  
Grab the K nigga shoot to kill  
If they move too fast nigga blood'll spill

Chorus

[Mr. Lucci]

No backin down now its on fool  
Grab the black mask and the chrome tools  
I done peeped the leave he home alone fool  
Lets gon ahead and start stormin through

[Mr. Pookie]

I'm bombin whoever try to leave  
I'm gon blast the gat and make they body freeze  
Got his wide open like he can't believe  
I want the money, dope, and the pounds of weed

[Mr.Lucci]

Through the back door we creep slow  
Wit our mind on mo  
Treadin silently but so steady  
Tryin to see where the most chedda at

[Mr. Pookie]

Betta be on playa I see him in there  
Tryin to reach for his tool  
But he hit the flo when he see the big gun I tote  
Bitch don't make a move

[Munchie]

No time to lose we done infiltrated the room  
So we gotta move quick  
Grab the bags watch a quick nigga flip  
Cocked and aimed so you betta not trip  
What the fuck is this this ain't no damn cheese

So open ya mouth get up on ya knees

[Mr. Lucci]

Man save ya breath let me please  
Mmmmph bitch now gimme what I need

[Munchie]

Don't fuck wit me don't play no games  
Get yo neck broke and yo heart stained  
Fo dis fuckin bag wit dis money in it  
I'll kill yo ass bitch

[Mr. Lucci]

Where its at bitch where it is  
What you think this a fuckin game  
Take one from the head boy to the black vase on the  
nightstand  
And I ain't stoppin till I see his blood drain  
Whole body on hull man  
Skull drug from the bathroom to the bedroom to the  
damn sink

[Mr.Pookie]

Lets check this place have you looked around  
Cause I'm hearin sounds like his homeboys  
From the second floor where they came from  
We all bent in so we can't run

[Munchie]

Crooks load guns we on ad now  
We done blew the safe got the cash now  
I'm behind the door tryin to blast the four  
Got the red dot right up on his throat  
Thats three mo don't worry hey you can laugh it off  
Cause I got the K ready to blast these fools away  
Like a tube of raid we straight now

Chorus

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