

Gary Lewis & The Playboys**"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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