

I-20**"How The Hell"**

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[chorus]

How the hell you robbers gonna rob a robber? [x4]

[I-20]

All black, gloves black, mask, here we go again,
The traps goin' slow, so I'm kickin' niggas doors again,
Them pussy niggas soft, so the dealers goin' hard for
it,
I'm off in the truck, call up Buck, he got the hard for it,
I got scopes on the AR, make it easy to just pop at you,
The first talkin' dope boy, then we hit to rob at you,
Won't hesitate to pull it out, empty out a clip,
Heard your partner got the cannons, so I'm tryin' to hit
a lick,
I ain't got to contemplate it, see I'm down to
demonstrate it,
I'm a DTP nigga, G-Unit affiliated,
Got a clique full of street niggas, ready for the shit,
and
A crib full of thick hoes, down for the joint,
Tell them pretty niggas, here we come,
Lay it down, G it up,
Extra clips, extra round, pick a clown, hit 'em Buck
Hit 'em with that semi, or bust with that revolver,
How the hell you robbers, gonna rob a robber?

[chorus]

How the hell you robbers gonna rob a robber? [x8]

[Young Buck]

Snatch niggas out their Chevys, in traffic, I'm a savage,
The devil made me do it nigga, I gotta have it,
I'm hoppin' out this Escalade, chopper in my hand,
I catch the ones that I can, and start poppin' at they
man,
They say the hood wanna kill me, the police want me
locked up,
So I just take their jewelry, everytime I pop up,
My album went platinum, and yeah, the nigga still
jackin',
I ain't lyin' or actin', it's just that I love it with a passion,

You should these niggas faces with the .40's on they
shorties,
Have they ass breakin' up like this dope game ain't for
me (oh), so,
Come on pussy nigga, bring it if you that hard,
And watch when you come home, I'll be layin' in your
backyard,
Niggas turn to trackstars, runnin' when we comin',
See, them beepers see me do it, but they don't know
who done it,
Ay 20, make sure you tell that nigga Luda, I'm a
shoota',
So if he got a problem with them cowards, bring me
through there

[chorus]

How the hell you robbers gonna rob a robber? [x8]

[Ludacris]

.45 in the crevice of the Lac seat
Hummin, comin' right at ya,
These hollows will make you think you at a track meet,
Boys hit the back street,
I'm ridin shotgun, with a shotgun,
Pussy niggas hit the back seat,
Chickens wanna act sweet,
'Cause of my candy-coated paint and size 24 shoes,
I call 'em Shaq's feet,
Rollin' 20 Lacs deep,
Whoever want it, we done it,
At 2100 Jack-U street,
So hide ya-hide ya wallet-wallet,
tuck ya-tuck ya chain-chain,
I don't wanna, cock it-cock it,
chicka-chicka bang bang,
Ain't no way to try to stop it, or numb the pain-pain,
'Cause this ain't no muthafuckin videogame-game,
But I can empty the cartridge, while you bitchin' and
fussin',
Grab the sticks of extra clips and press the reset
button,
Put you on the front page of you the latest edition,
Tell the robbers I'm the greatest addition,
muthafuckaaa,

[chorus]

How the hell you robbers gonna rob a robber? [x8]

