

## Ja Rule "Robbery"

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[Intro: Killah Priest (Elephant Man)]

Man, I gotta get this damn money, man  
Nah, man I can't take this, this time, straight up man  
(Yup! Elephant Man, that's Killah Priest  
I dedicate this one for the thugs on the streets  
America, you know for the poor, we moan and me weep  
That's me, come on!) Cat gotta do what I gotta do  
Whatever way I could, youknowwhatImean? Yo

[Killah Priest]

Look, my cash nope, baby cryin'  
Had enough, I grabbed my iron  
Call up the crew, is what you do  
Be at my spot, around two  
Oh yeah, bring some guns, bring some ass  
I got a way, we can make some cash  
My woman beefin', my momma sick  
If I don't get it, look, I'mma flip  
The doorbell ring, exchange some slang  
We laughed a little, y'all got them things  
Okay thanks, now look here's the plan  
Hold up, Priest, yo, whose your man?  
Oh him? That's, my man Sharod  
Don't worry about him, that's the God  
He specializes in, gun firin'  
Pickin' locks and, ditchin' cops  
And robberies, goes on, robbin' sprees  
He's the, he's the man, here's the plan  
Remember the bank, we met at before  
Well, he headed back to make a withdrawel

[Chorus 2X: Savoy (Killah Priest)]

It's about to be a robbery (damn right, I'mma get it)  
It's about to be a robbery (damn right, I'mma get it)  
We about to catch a body (damn right, I'mma get it)  
We about to catch a body (damn right, I'mma get it)

[Elephant Man]

Take the cash, take the dough like my nigga Robin  
Hood  
Then me take the money, buy a big house in the

Hollywood

It's tally good, rob that nigga, be and say all good  
Give back to the project, cuz we should  
Eighteen, forty like, he met thee, only we make the  
money  
We pilot off, pilot off, been at the bank, we not the  
money  
We not bummy, roll 'em tree, I'm not funny  
We climb it, y'all no homey, give thanks  
Show me a car ruff, where we walk, the money that we  
make  
Man off the chauffeur, not until we gettin' it  
Know people, bilingual, we not to run we life, we wreck  
The only thing can top off, knowin' our thing is our debt  
And my friend, Killah Priest, don't own a private jet  
Because of friend, those and thousand  
Droop it, that told me write rhyme, me write check  
You not like, Killah Priest and the Elephant Man, come  
on!

[Chorus 2X]

[Killah Priest]

Told the teller, feel the bags  
Had the mack, pointin' at the glass  
Hurry up, you're movin' slow  
Time is money and I got to go  
Grab the bags, head for the door  
Backin' out, clutchin' the dog  
We heard sirens, dashed to the ride  
Any cop we see, open fire  
Cop car, swung around the block  
My man Rock, opened up shots  
My homey Lace, real nutty case  
Said let's get it on, fuck a chase  
Women screamin', grabbin' they kids  
My homey Lace, flashin' the shit  
Laughin' and shit, homey is sick  
Look at Sharod, said let's go  
Four desperadoes, holdin' the dough  
Make a left, yo, make a right  
Head straight, though, watch those lights  
We're in the hideout, laughin' it up  
Watchin' the news, about the bank we stuck (it's a  
robbery!)

[Chorus 2X]

[Elephant Man]

You know! You like an engineer warrior, laser beam  
carrier

We tear on any bank or done broke any barrier  
Nuclear taxin' like Whitney or Mariah  
We either come together, one that never ponder  
Any face the project loss and only cuz he get that  
Better you felt on the navy, you felt on the army, the  
undertaker  
Marine, agile list the, that this one, we be later  
Killah Priest, boy, I heft it on, yup!  
You rule it on them, them they know who we are  
Plus we get the paper, we ready for Jaguar  
Fly rim or swim, we drive me a car  
Either you done a movie, or you a movie star  
You can come again, or you can travel me again  
Hire like them and then I did it again

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