

La' Chat

"Yeah, I Rob"

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[Chorus x3]

Yea I rob Yea I steal
Yea I rob Yea I steal
Yea I put yo body in a field
Yea I put yo body in a field

Grab the ski mask load up the pump
I'm finna put this bitch in my trunk
Hoe get on in don't make no noise
You betta not fuck wit my funk
Ain't got no job I'm down to rob
Ain't barrin no bitch when I'm off
Gotta get that cheese stand on my feet
Everyday my problems are solved
Nigga have you ever in your life let a bitch pump lead
in yo head
Nigga brace yourself bra da pop pop you make one
move and your dead
Motherfucker try me if you want I'm strickly fuckin the
system
I'll tell the truth don't fuck me dude 'cause shoot your
family gone miss ya
I'm bout my cheese oh yes I need I hope you niggas
realize
If you a hoe show you some love at least let you pray
before you die
Gotta drop it off quick gotta drop it off fast gotta make
a smooth little dash
'cause if the po-po's come you can forget it they never
catchin Chat ass
A real true pro hoe, yean know a bitch that's out to get
mine
Don't fuck for free 'cause I got pimpin in my hips and
my thighs
So stay alert I ain't slippin La Chat scopin my nigga
Gotta keep my saw, you betta not run up I got my finger
on the trigger
[Chorus x3]
Yea I rob Yea I steal
Yea I rob Yea I steal
Yea I put yo body in a field

Yea I put yo body in a field

I'm bout myself I'll tuck that knife thing in the gut of a
nigga
My trigga finga kinda itchy to put a hole in yo liver
You wanna act like you so heavy now your shit I'm gone
take it
You can't escape it motherfucker end up dead while
your fakin
La Chat ain't broke but still I got a greedy need for that
cheese
You out here straight said that you lone but shit you
don't fuck with me
I need some 20's and you niggas just ain't talkin bout
shit
I guess that leaves me wit no choice but go rob me a
trick
See murder I spoke I choke nigga not off that dope
But off that blood where I have shuved my nine and
blew out your throat
I'll make it known to have it shown that I'm a bitch about
mine
Whatever problem to make a dime man I'm crossin the
line
A stick up bitch that's on a mission spit some game just
to hit ya
A rowdy bitch that's bout my bizness doin whatever just
to get ya
Now Yea I rob yea I steal put some bodies in fields
I work alone 'cause your partner set you up for the kill
still

[Chorus x3]

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