

Michael W. Smith

"Hollywood Bank Robbery"

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Intro: Daz & (Tray Deee) talking

Let's get paid Tray Deee
(Shit what else we gon' do?)
Hit this shit!
(Fuck it, we're gonna go thru wit it)
That's what I'm sayin!
(We're layin everybody in this motherfucker, Daz
That's when we gonna go after the cheese, ya ready?)
EVERYBODY LAY THE FUCK DOWN!!!!

Verse 1: Daz Dillinger

A nigga mash in the bank for loot
The robbery's committed and I'm prepared to shoot
blast em with the cops on pursuit
It's all about cheese, I got the nibblin like rats
Hop over da corner get them fillin up my sack
Pistol whip a couple and let them know I mean bidness
Niggas been tryin ta get in for years, I mean killin
to master a ride out, get ghost to hide out
Count my green, enforce my team
It ain't a small-time dream no mo'
What make the world go round? It's money, cars,
bitches and dough

Chorus: Daz

See we The Gang, we mash and blast to maintain
Weed, money, cocaine got us all insane
We The Gang, we mash to maintain
Weed, money, cocaine got us all insane

Verse 2: Tray Deee

Covered in armour, five seconds till we smuggle the
spot
First motherfucker reachin for the button get shot
Got the M-1-6 plus the clips to work
Six minutes to be in and get the chips and skirt
Scoot loot, one shot they holler and drop

Pop the duffle and shovel in dollars in knots
Got the whole room hostage, straight no nonsense
The object is stompin accomplished profits
And never had no mercy for the victim
Die, motherfucker, die if that's what it take to make me
richer

Chorus: Tray Deee

See we The Gang, we mash and blast to maintain
Weed, money, cocaine got us all insane
See we The Gang, we mash and blast to maintain
Weed, money, cocaine got us all insane
We The Gang!

Verse 3: Daz

G's forgotten that A is for Anybody killin in it
for them niggas, the G's we be gettin
Watch out when the 9 spit, blast irrapidly
Too late the cops at the bank and they got to me
Empty the bread out the safe, make I escape
Make a dumb move for the moves you make
KABOOM, let the drama unfold, blast, reload
\$70 million out the back door, y'know
me and Tray Deee hits deep, hear the *?'plaud?* and
the scherm is blood
Let's hit the store, start robbin for more
Checkin niggas, wreckin niggas right at they front door
Bangin niggas, gankin niggas for what that ain't yours
Hood operator and none too greater
with the infiltrator bustin on these gangsta haters
Stuck in the zone, havin papers, havin more zone
Finally puttin meat on my bones (At ease)

Chorus: Daz

See we The Gang, we mash and blast to maintain
Weed, money, cocaine got us all insane (Got us all
insane)
We The Gang, we mash to maintain
Weed, money, cocaine got us all insane

Verse 4: Snoop Doggy Dogg, Kurupt

See we're ridin, we're stealin, we're killin, we're dealin
and stickin up you bitch ass niggas
I say we ride Eastside, slide forever in a day
The DPG way!
Look here takin your shit is like taking your bitches
Quick as I spin this is as quick as she get

Nigga I'm a ridah and that's on this
We ain't gon' dip until we get them chips
We splits the shit up, what I folds
Got a army full of doggs and soldiers full of loccs
Two hundred spokes witta pocket full of notes
Banktellers *?shout?* wit my hand around the throat
Reach for my Colt but on another note
I gotta shake the spot, they just called the cops, hmm
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
I point my pistols at the pig, DIE MOTHERFUCKER DIE!!!

All the homeys saggin, unload the Magnum
E'rybody dashin, dippin wit the cash-in
The homeboys blastin, cop cars crashin
Got all smashin hearts of assassins
Hold up there's the cut (what?), duck
Cock back, soon as you look up, nigga dump
See the stick-up, my mind on a trip on tweak
and I'm dyin wit the homeys before they catch me
We're blastin!

Chorus x2

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