

Mr. Lucci

"If I Have To"

Visit "[If I Have To](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

f/ Mr. Pookie, Munchie

* send corrections to the typist

[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

Visit [Mr. Lucci](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.