

Peter Andre

"Nobody Move"

Visit "[Nobody Move](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's midnight, dressed in all black
Me and Kay in a beige Cadillac
The seats maroon, system kickin a dope tune
Stars are bright, tonight's a full moon
The pistol's loaded, prepared to click
Armed and dangerous, lookin for somethin to stick
We creep through the block, not a cop to be seen
We hit the gamblin spot 2:13
Number book runners, kids known for scramblin
Thieves and drug chiefs are all inside gamblin
I'm takin mine straight off the top
Kick in the door and yell, "Bank stop!"
"Nobody move, Kay, pull the Uz
Prepare to buck any duck who refuse
Hands in the air, get against the wall
Empty your pockets, I'm takin it all
Cash, jewelry and drugs, even the keys to your ride
It's just a stick up, don't make it a homicide
No jokes or laughs, this is serious biz
Give up the money, you know what time it is
Nobody move"

[taking out the gambling spot]
Everybody on the floor, everybody on the floor!
- Yo man, I just won this!
Will you shut, we don't dispute, give up your money
- Y'all don't get no loot!
Shut up, punk
Takin everything

Hit the backdoor, made a clean getaway
Whoever said that crime don't pay?
No cops in sight, no sirens heard
Not a word on what had just occurred
We parked in the dark, counted out the g's
Mission accomplished, 40 thou and 2 ki's
Stepped to the bar, man, them girls was very hot
We picked the baddest two and got a room with a
marriot
The scene was fine, bubble bath and wine
Champagne, caviar, jaccuz - the whole nine

Stunted em out and played em both like trash
Left em stranded, then we cut out with the stash
Time for the next hit, get ammunition
Throw on the war gear, prepare for mission
Shoulder strap, nine, glove, mask and all
We went to the bank to make a big withdrawl
Nobody move

[preparing for the bank heist]
Hey yo check this out
This is how we gon' do this, gee
Yo Rigg, I want you to go around the corner two times,
gee
When you pull back around and we ain't out, just come
in shootin
- No question
Yo Kay, just follow my lead, man
Whatever I do, just cover my back
And the first that move, gee, just bust it
- Yo, what's up with them cameras?
Yo man, this is what the masks is for, man
We..
I got this mapped out, man
We gon' get all this dough, don't even worry 'bout it

Gagged the security, the crowd froze
I grabbed a teller, stuck my nine in her nose
"Fill up the bags quick, this ain't a joke
One false move and everybody smell gunsmoke"
We hurried up and grabbed the dough
Got outside and seen nothin but five-o
Pull back the trigger and start to bop
(*3 shots*) and three dropped
Puddles of blood, bullets flew like rain
People screamin, "This cop's got slained!"
The scene was hectic, mass hysteria
We found an escape route and left the area
But as we fleeced the beast was closin in
Licked a shot as I watched the barrel spin
Then in a instant Kay went down
Callin my name as he fell to the ground
Shot in the head, no chance of survival
He hit the concrete, dead on arrival
And still the beast was on my trail
Chasin now and facin life in jail
Petro, scared to death
Checked my gun, not one bullet left
What good is a pistol without no slugs?
I'm like a fiend with a pipe but no drugs
So I accept the fact I'm trapped off
Throw my hands in the air and prepare for up north

And now the rest of my life bein spent in
Comstock, Attica, [jail name] and Clinton
No dough, no hoe, no cars or gold
Just hard time and no chance for parole
But that's the price I gots to pay
For all the times when I used to say..
"Nobody move"

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

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