

So Plush

"The Heist Revisited"

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[Big L]

Yeah, yeah

Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah, yeah yeah-yeah

UHH! This goes out to all the wolves (*ARF ARF
AROOOO*)

Hah, in the streets and in jail

Yeah, yo it's your man Big L

One-three-nine, Danger Zone

I got my man Tommy Gibbs and Corleone with me

Check it out, uhh - bust it

Aiyyo I just left the studio, and it's about two in the
morn'

Just finished doin a song

Now I'm ready for sleep

but first I want spaghetti to eat

and it's a good Italian restaurant right up the street

So I jumped in the Jeep, stash the heat under the seat

Then I got a beep; my voice is hoarse, barely can speak

I called back on the cell - it's Corle', mad as hell

Told me to listen well as he started to yell

"I just seen Mike and Ben with your wife and a friend

and they just got a room at the Holiday Inn"

"It's my wife, you sure?" "Yeah I'm sure

I saw the whore soon as she walked through the door"

"Say no more, which one?"

"The one in Jersey son, right over the bridge"

"We goin' hurt those hoes" "AND hurt both of them
kids"

Now I'm in the Range

Switchin lanes, doin a buck 'n change

I can't wait to buck them lames and them fuckin dames

I reach the destination

Grab the heat without no hesitation

These niggaz fuckin up my reputation

I saw Coleone holdin the chrome

Ice-grill, lookin like he had a license to kill

and he had somebody else with 'em playin the cup

Lookin like he can't wait to start sprayin shit up

"Yo, who that in the background?" "It's Tommy Gibbs"

"Oh, I didn't recognize you with your hat down

Son you ready? We got this whole shit mapped out
I hope you ain't scared, there's no time to back out
We gon' take the backroute
pull the gats out, throw the mask on
We ain't leavin til everyone's dead, and all the cash
gone
We gon' get our laugh on when we through
but right now we got a job to do" "So let's do it!"
I stepped to the deskclerk
Put the gat to her dress-shirt
Told her listen up before she get hurt
"They just walked in, party of four, two chicks, two
males
What room they got?" She paused and said "212"
I took the steps now I'm out of breath; I gotta stop
smokin
Them cigarettes gon' be the cause of my death
My heart beatin fast now, cause it's about to pop off
Saw the door, let the glock off, tore the lock off
Took a deep breath, then ran inside at a quick pace
I felt disgraced, I shoulda shot that bitch in the face
Then my other two niggaz ran in, each had a cannon
Ready to take care what we been plannin
These two crab cats, we know they hustle upstate
We know they got stacks
cause they don't fuck with nothin but weight
We got the cuffs and the duct tape and put it to use
Then told 'em when this is over we'll be lettin 'em loose
And then I kicked Mike in his face to watch his head jerk
back
"You wanna live then tell my nigga where you stash the
work at"
He gave me the address then I ran outside
but first I took the keys to his van outside
And when I got there, I found 50 ki's in a stash
a hundred pounds of grass, and two million in cash
I was dumb glad, the shit didn't fit in one bag
So I got three, filled 'em all up to the teeth
Then put the bags in the van, then I locked the truck
When I got back, Corle' done popped them punks
"Aiyyo fuck it L, we might as well pop these studs"
Now that's four bodies
Two outta-towners and two hotties
And after that we ain't sleep for three days
We hit the PJ's, split the money threeways
Now we all laughin hard, gettin nice and weeded
Celebratin nigga, heist completed

