

Soul Position

"Keys"

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You roll with a bunch of grimey street cats known for
packin gats and livin in dirt
They claim they got your backside, but the reality is
that they're quick to desert
Your money ain't right, and that's only half the reason
your feelings is hurt
You got robbed last night and found out one of your
own cats is stealin your work
And now you wanna kill this jerk, put him in an
ambulance quick with a nurse
Your picturin his body stiff sittin six feet deep layin cold
in a hurse
You want it so bad that you can taste it, and the
anticipation is only makin it worse
So you decide to follow him around, you see him in the
night club trickin on skirts
You got a dollar to your name and at least 30 more
days until the first
So while you're in the VIP spittin game you order a long
island to quench your thirst

Sit back take two sips, relaxed behind two chicks
Mad cause you gotta listen to these broads talk about
every Tom, Dick, and Harry with their loose lips
You only here for one thing thinkin 'bout the pay back,
waitin for this fool to dip
It's funny how things change, this is the same cat that
you went to high school with
Disrespectin you makin you flip, robbin you while he
owin you grip
And you can't believe this cat had the nerve to try to
sell it back to you on some brand new shit
You convinced he ain't got no sense and he did what
he did just to see you flip
Now you posted in a night club with a nine milli and two
clips
Payin attention to the people that he talks to, especially
the chick you see him foolin with
But not really givin a fuck if this chicken head got a

family and two kids
You see 'em leave together, so you tail him to the
parking lot to his new whip
Then you whistle to get his attention thinkin to yourself
this motherfucker's stupid
Didn't know what hit him till the first few clips, gun
clappin off and on to the music

The gun plays a murderous metronome, welcome to
the terrordome
He got caught while he was headin home, never
thought for a second you'd ever catch him alone
And now he's wonderin why he ever robbed you layin
on the concrete with lead in his dome
You standin there shakin like a little child with your
hands on the chrome
And everything is for the takin so you snatch his wallet
and yank off his hairy bone
You look around and hide the gun, see somebody
callin 9-1-1 on a cell phone
But you still got time to run, make a clean getaway,
and pray the truth will never be known

So you bail into the shadows and make sure that your
face is hard to see
But the chick that he was with in the club saw the whole
thing and starts to scream
Your only thought is to flee, so you bail into the parking
lot and head across the street
You get inside the ride, look in your pockets so you can
start the jeep
And then it hits you that in the middle of this robbery
and homicide you lost your keys
And then it hits you that you'll probably get the fuckin
chair cause you lost your keys

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