

Three 6 Mafia "Get Ya Rob"

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(feat. Project Pat)

[Chorus: Juicy]]

Stick'em up *[repeat]*, raise'em up *[repeat]*

All the flossin' on the town'll

(Get ya rob)

You be splurgin' all ya cash'll

(Get ya rob)

I heard trickin' with all them broads'll

(Get ya rob)

And breakin' bread with your dawgs, now that will

Get ya rob

[Repeat]

[Project Pat]

At the corner stores hangin' with my young niggas

Project Pat in the Bay, what we squeeze Chrome
triggers

Real killers role around here, lookin' for some prey

Low key behind tinted windows with the blowed face,
gold plates

Dirty Ruger 9 kill a suckaz spine

He don't wanna come up off the wallet, then I buck him
fine

He done blew off my hide, so I had to blow his life
away.

Blew a few more lines, just to send my conscious on its
way

Plotted on some crime, then I pulled up on a bank lot

She had a bag of money, snatched the bag, let my gun
pop

Skidded off the lot, made a lick, thinking it was

?? bag full of shredded checks, cold but it wasn't ??

[Juicy]]

I'm at this phone booth tell me what do you wanna do?

Across the street from this dope house, I want the loot

And all the drugs, weed, rocks, quarter keys, or a juice

I'm about to go in with them guns out, ready to shoot

The police ridin' down the block, hold up (hold up) a

second...

They're just patrolling, I need to get'em
The time is now, I got my ski mask, AK and a pump
I'll call you back in about an hour with one of them
locked in the trunk
I'm running across the street (street)
I'm sweating like a beast (beast)
With chains on my hands (hands)
And shackles on my feet (feet)
My second robbery ('ry)
My heart rate just increased ('creased)
I'm kickin' down the back door.....*[gun shots/dead phone
line]*

[Chorus]

[DJ Paul]

Now don't show it if ya ain't gonna share it
Fuck around and get this pistol across ya head
You better look like the 'hood when you roll through it
Or find your monkey ass leaking red like grape fluid
They will do it, my dawgs meaner than them laws
We said it, but ye ain't comin' in our hood to fuck a
brawl
Make his car alarm go off, as soon as he step out
We comin' from the side of the house with the pumps
out.

[Chorus]

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