

## Three 6 Mafia Feat. Project Pat "Get Ya Rob"

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Stick 'em up, stick 'em up  
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Stick 'em up, stick 'em up  
Raise 'em, raise 'em  
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Raise 'em up, raise 'em up  
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All the flossin' on the town'll get, get, get you robbed  
You be splurgin' all your cash'll get, get, get you  
robbed  
Out here trickin' with all them broads'll get, get, get you  
robbed  
Ain't breakin' bread with your dawgs, now that will get  
you robbed

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At the corner sto's, hangin' with my young niggaz  
Project Pat, in the base, where we squeeze on triggers  
Real killers roll 'round here, lookin' for some prey  
Low key behind tinted windows with the blown face

Gold plates, dirty Ruger 9, catch one to the spine

He don't wanna come up off the wallet then I blow him  
fine  
He done blew my high, so I had to blow his life away  
Blew a few mo' lines just to send my conscience on its  
way

You probably on some crime, then I pulled up on the  
bank lot  
She had a bag of money, snatched the bag, I let my  
gun pop  
Skeeted off the lot, made a lick, thinkin' it was love  
Bag full of shredded checks, cold blooded, humbug

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Yeah, what's happenin'  
I'm at this phone booth, tell me what you wanna do  
Across the street from this dope house, I want the loot  
And all the drugs, weed, rocks, quarter ki's or a juice  
I'm 'bout to go in with them guns out, ready to shoot

The police ridin' down the block, I told 'em hold up a  
second  
They just patrollin', I need to get 'em  
The time is now I got my ski-mask, a gauge and a  
pump  
I'll call you back in 'bout an hour with lump in the trunk

I'm runnin' 'cross the street, street, I'm sweatin' like a  
beast, beast  
With chains on my hands, hands and shackles on my  
feet, feet  
My second robbery my heart rate just increased,  
'creased  
I'm kickin down the back do'

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Now don't show it if you ain't gon' share it  
Fuck around and get this pistol 'cross yo' head  
You better look like the hood when you roll through it  
Or find your monkey ass leakin' red like break fluid

They will do it, my dawgs meaner than them laws  
We ain't settle for years, comin in our hood to fuck with  
broad  
Make his car alarm go off, soon as he step out  
We comin' from the side of the house with some pumps  
out

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