

Onyx "Rob And Vic"

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two gun shots

It's a story about two brothers, Rob and Vic
Grew up in the world alone
God forgot about them, hmm
Forced to fend for themselves
In the Rotten Apples of New York City
This story takes place, in 1993

How many nigs did we get so far?
I couldn't care to count
Just snatch em up quick
If he scream, I'ma put him out
I put the heat to his face to SHUT HIM UP
so I can dig him out
Went in his pockets and got the cash in some big
amounts
I looked him dead cold in his eyes, *blast* without
carin
If money speak, that explain the voices I've been hearin
You ain't really have to kill him
Yo God he moved -- but I lied
Damn, there's our sick stick-up turned homicide
So? That's the way our momma died
Is you with me I'ma slide

[both]

So we slid, had to get our gameplan together
Cause this little bit of stickup loot ain't lastin us forever
Desperate, on the edge with no place to go
We can't go back to the hood we stuck up everyone we
know

Chorus: *sung*

For the love of money, people will rob from each other
For the love of money, people will steal from their
mother
For the love of money, people will kill their own brother..

Now everytime I hear a fuckin siren, my heart skip a
beat

I'm paranoid, every face I see I think he after me
Supposedly
we was supposed to be gettin work from this large cat
But since we know where he rest at -- we goin Bogart!
Son frontin so hard
Heard he had a hundred G's alone on his Gold Card
His crab wife showed me mad cash in her blouse
She said he the mad stash at the house
Couldn't pass up a jooks like this anyday
Anyway
on our way there, I'm feelin bad vibes
Yo kid don't say that
That's when we bumped heads
with vicks that we stuck from way back, up on Atlantic
The way them niggaz lookin God they drivin mad
frantic
Yo don't panic, trust me
What?
I jump back and bust em
Shots through they windshield, they ain't wearin shield
Hit the kid behind the steering wheel *car horn* it's the
way I feel
In a state to kill I wanna watch him DIE
Wait and chill
We got bigger fish to fry, two L's later
in a Bed-Stuy elevator, got off the fifth floor
Water hit the skull, ready KICK THE DOOR
off the hinges
Bust shots right
Only thing I saw was a nigga four-four
His gun jammed
He tried to run and, reach for a knife
Shot him in the leg
So think about your life
and tell me where the loot's at
He said, "I'll tell you just don't shoot black!"
With the sight of fear, dragged him down six flight of
stairs
to the basement, and in someway, he had a trap door
in the pavement
Smacked him with the gun, kicked him out the way
Had to be at least 500 K
Now hear come the bitch, talkin bout her share of the
wealth
So we put her and the husband out
and we went for self

Chorus

Yo, we fuckin came off!
Word

The plan was splendid
'Cept we got all this money, and can't even spend it
Shh, let's disappear
Yea yea
And be outta this place
So much dirt and shit we did it's hard to show our face
So we bounced out of town and went down to Miami
Cause most those cats we crabbed was like family
Now me and you beefin, nah it can't be true
It all started when all we had was just me and you
Now a whole different person is what I'm startin to see
in you
'Member when we had the new Lex
with the two Techs, rollin to the duplex, drinkin Stout
Thinkin bout, what we gonna do next, we used to work
tight
Half-assed cars, down to dirt bikes
Hopin everything will go right, with the snow white
and in number spots that flow all night
Up to this day it was all tight
Man, FUCK THAT!
You my little brother and we came out the same pussy
but I'ma kill you, you dummy, you FUCKED UP MY
MONEY!
Nah, the money fucked YOU up
Tryin to say the money changed me?
What you think, I'm your brother, you got a gun in my
face see
What??!
How can one tiny mistake, make you wannaerase me
Fuck that! You cut a side deal, that's why they raided
the block
Now how the fuck I'm 'sposed to know the undercover
was a cop
Son you been fuckin with them niggaz!
Look just put down the gun and let this bullshit slide
Nigga I ain't puttin down SHIT
I'm tellin you let's just chill man
FUCK THAT NIGGA!
It don't gotta be this way man
WHAT NIGGA? IT GOTTA BE THIS WAY!
IT DON'T GOTTA BE LIKE THIS MAN!
IT GOTTA BE NIGGA!
THEN GO AHEAD AND PULL THE TRIGGER!!
THINK I WON'T? FUCK YOU!
YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T GON' DO IT!
FUCK YOU! *gun blasts*

Chorus cont. with - Don't let money change you.. -
before fade

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