

Paradisio

"Aggravated Robbery"

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Stick 'em up, Stick 'em up
Raise 'em up, Raise 'em up

Buck 'em down, 'buck em down (Now that should be fun) (4X)

[Project Pat]

I'm psycho-pathic, behind the trig-ga
I needed loot so, I had to rob ya
The fake steel cause ya, a coward to me
I'd rather pop ya, before ya do me
Ya high cap-pin friend, flex-in in my hood
I'm out here star-vin, you live-in real good
As long as I got, a toll I stay paid
You keep sell-in dope, there's cheese to be made
Pull up on the track, niggas start to bell-in
I pulled out my gat, that's my dope y'all sell-in
So check on in boy, break yo self on down
You got 10 dollars, that's more than I have
Could be petish thangs, bet-ter than noth-ang
Even you broke fools, gone get me some-thang
Don't get your-self hurt, slaught-ered like a hog
I'm out on these streets, crawl-in like a dog

Stick 'em up, Stick 'em up
Raise 'em up, Raise 'em up

Buck 'em down, 'buck em down (Now that should be fun) (repeat 4X)

Open seas-ame, the safe in the floor
What I told the clerk, at the cor-ner store
A mask on my face, for cam-ras to see
A glock to his dome, bitch don't play with me
Ya don't know the code, his eyes I see fear
Cause it's bout to get ugly up in here
The boy blew my high, the gun blew his ass
Right off with his man-ager in the back
Ball-in off the lot, no cheese mad as fuck
Half-way down the street, some hoes from the club
Pulled up at the light, in benzo with rims

Now im act-in like, im holler-in at them
[Project Pat] Wussup with y'all? What y'all doin out this
late
Girls: Shit! Just leaving the club. What's the business
[Project Pat] Ey look lemme get yo number
And them rings, and that purse
All that mother-fucking shit around yo neck!!
Bitch!! Let me get this shit hoe
Drop it all!!! Shut up bitch!!! Shut up bitch

Stick 'em up, Stick 'em up
Raise 'em up, Raise 'em up

Buck 'em down, 'buck em down (Now that should be
fun) (repeat 2X)
Robbers we hang, in hoods where they clean
Jackin any-one, from preacher to fiend
Addicted to this, just like it was crack
You sniff in the street, my tones to your back
I'm out on the lake, while you on a date
Your bitch looking good, you clean so I hate
You take-in your time, to wine and to dine
But times on my side, so I'm goin goin hide
In bushes your house, pull up we jump out
With mask-is and gun, then duct tape your mouth
The girl you was with, gave us the info
That you was a head big nig-ga with doe
A kidnap could turn into a murd-er
Now where is the stash, 45 will serve-ya
We take-in the loot, never think-in twice
Either it's the cheese, or either your life

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