

Radney Foster

"Robbery"

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f/ Ice Water Inc.

[Intro: Polite (P.C.)]

{*whispering*

Eh yo.. eh yo.

{*speaking normally*

Ice Water (yeah yeah)

Don't get it twisted

We'll shoot yo' ass, nigga

Haha (P.C., nigga, P.C.)

Y'all mothafuckas got about fifteen seconds to live

[Stumic]

Yo it's a new year, bitch, and I'm takin' over

My whole crew here, bitch, and the game is over

Niggas, talkin' faces, soldier

If rap don't work, get back to that bakin' soda

On the strip tryin' to catch more cake than Oprah

I got clips that'll leave you with ya face on a poster

I talk slick and I'm sprayin' the toaster

Sparkin' shoot outs and start poppin' off shit the way

I'm supposed to

You the type to go up North straight scrappin' a sore

butt

And ain't nuttin' worse than gettin' shot as soon as you

woke up

You got work? I'll be rapin' ya dolja

I'm takin' his pack and breakin' his back and makin' him

throw up

Cuz the draft's like a bomb and I'm waitin' to blow up

I'll take cash on ya mom's and turn her frame into

donuts

[P.C.]

Yo.. yo.. yo.

Eh yo I'm blazin' hot, never haze or flop

Wanna battle? Name ya price, I'ma raise the pot

Put ya car on the line, I'ma take ya drop

Put ya jewels up, I'ma take ya chain and watch

It's like I hard ball and you, play soft

Just call me the Hitler when I spit about eight off (Adolf)

Shots'll rip ya face off, nigga ya heard me?
Beat you black and blue like a Hitman jersey
P.C. never been known to play games
I spray things that'll re-arrange ya brain
I cock and aim, miss you then pop ya dame
Only reason that I came through's to lock the game

[Chorus: Polite]

Yo it's time to die, who you gon' run to?
Who you gon' call when them dogs come confront you?
{*barking*
You stand firm or be the bitch that you is?
Would you grab the guns or run to the pigs, you
mothafucka, huh?
Yo it's time to die, who you gon' run to?
Who you gon' call when them dogs come confront you?
{*barking*
You stand firm or be the bitch that you is?
Would you grab the guns or run get yo' wiz, you
mothafucka, huh?

[Cigars]

Y'all niggas see me eatin' all of ya plate
Don't give a fuck about ya background shit about the
songs you make
And I know you see the draw on the waist
Lookin' stupid with a vest on, these bullets might draw
on ya face
They call me Alexander Sean the Great
Cuz ya bitch said she love the way the dick talk all in
the cake
I need this bank money, throw me the safe
All these killas involved, the cops'll fuck around and
chalk the place
Yo they wonder why we hang with crooks
Shit is take free, not used to money off the books
Broke faggot nigga caught in a juks
I'm a pirate in this rap shit, I leave you niggas off the
hook

[Polite]

What the fuck you gon' do when we run in ya crib?
Either we leavin' with the bricks or we gon' leave with
yo' kids
And we only got hours to live
So give up the ransom or find they ass up under the
bridge
'Lite never been afraid, so keep lookin' niggas
Cuz I'll rob yo' ass faster than some Brooklyn niggas
Yo this rap game twisted, everybody beefin
Everybody killas now and ain't nobody leakin

Smoke a lot of weed so I don't like to fight
But I might go upside ya fuckin' head with a pipe
Got a bulldog, not only do he bark he bite
Give a fuck about a hood, it ain't safe at night
You fucker!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Polite (Stumic)]

I'm tellin' you, man
Young motherfuckers, man
Y'all niggas is really fuckin' pissin' me off
Who you gon' run to?
Who you gon' fuckin' call when I put this motherfuckin
fo'-fo' long in yo' motherfuckin' mouth, boy?
Haha (Shot in yo' face)
Who the fuck you gon' call?
(Call the cops) Uh-uh, uh-uh

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