

## Tec-9

### "Another Robbery"

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f/ Bigg Ramp, Junie B, Lil' Tee

First Verse (Tec-9):

My eyes is open and focused,

Ready to do ya and dump ya,

Don't make me get the Mausberg,

Leave the chamber and pump ya,

My eyes is open and focused,

Ready to do ya and dump ya,

Don't make me get the Mausberg,

Leave the chamber and pump ya,

Regulators, mount up, we bout to go down to your field,

Too many niggas plottin', too many niggas wanna kill  
me,

Would you be down to go to war for me?

Down to take a scar for me?

Am I my brother's keeper?

Will I be next to meet the reaper?

Leave ya low down and dirty,

Another notch on my thirty,

Dollar signs in my eyes,

Black ski mask my disguise,

I be the prize, fuck what you pay,  
I'm knockin' you down to a smaller size,  
Get my crew to hit the heist,  
We want nothin' but ice,  
We sellin' this shit wholesale,  
For one price and one night,  
Flip the cash and I'm gone,  
But it's the same old song,  
One of these fools, not puttin' the money to fast,  
I'll blast in that ass,  
To trash that ass,  
I'm dangerous like a chamber of gas,  
Ain't no picture choosin' on who I'm crusin' by twos,  
And I'm losin',  
Never movin',  
I done sparked a confusion,  
Spin the bin with the choppers,  
Break'em off somethin' proper,  
The heart stopper, ready to pop ya,  
Hit the head shot and I got'cha

Second Verse (Junie B):

I'm bustin' back on ya with the knapsack,  
As I creep through the Mac,  
I put the car up in reverse and throw that bitch to the  
back,  
I'm on the mission to get the cheddar now you best  
believe that,

See I got beef with many hoes, but I'm about to freeze that,

But anyway I got that K, it's loaded up while I ride,

And I my side is his lil' cousin a.k.a. the Tec-9,

I'm spinnin' bins fuck the friends I light it up by myself,

If you a hoe I take your dough and whip your ass with a belt,

Look I'm known to bring the pain, I'm droppin' bullets like rain,

I play the role like I'm insane I'm beatin' bitches with chains,

See you gone feel me when I'm comin' and you better jump back,

You know I'm known for bustin' domes and I don't think you want that,

Pick up your issue, stop stuntin' cuz you know what I'm bout,

Crack the seal on the safe and get that gone in your mouth,

You gotta be up out the cheddar or you're bound to get blew,

But it's gone be somethin' with bezzle cuz I'm workin' with two

Third Verse (Lil' Tee):

You pussy muthafuckers must have lost y'all composure,

See the game has been cold, and it's only gettin' colder,

Muthafuckas better get real before they head get bust,

Haven't you heard that automatics is dangerous?

And it ain't no thang to us, the click-clackin' will get'cha ridin',

Got your dick up in the dust, bitch stop hatin' on us,  
And plus it's a must, when we bust we hit,  
Spot the target and unlock it, hit the spot and I drop it,  
It's a shame, but we profit from the heads that we crack,  
Wit'cha brain on display while we blazin' a sack,  
Some say we crazy, in fact, we might even be insane,  
Out the box and off the chain too fuckin' wild to be tamed,  
Place the blame on our parents for not raisin' us right,  
It's obvious because we feel that misbehavin' is right,  
We rowdy like Rod Piper, two psychotic type snipers,  
Look nigga we never liked ya, you talk shit like a diaper, what?

Fourth Verse (Bigg Ramp):

Runnin' to ya like you told me,  
Rider style, you break the code, I'll break ya back wootay,  
And let'cha down because I lay with the gat,  
Got too much guns and too much money, look, fuck that,  
Stay strapped cuz them haters, is out the bag,  
They hear ya got it and they comin' with the black masks,  
And I'ma tell your whole party how you looked retarded,  
Now since it's party, you fuck with my fetty, BITCH, your face get parted,  
You started this watch your back shit,

Should'a kept it real with a nigga, but now your ass  
split,

This water full of sharks, ya can't swim, don't be  
drownin',

Beaucoup funk on what'cha downin', cuz I be clownin',

Thinkin' I'm playin' laugh and on Amelnest they'll find  
ya,

While other niggas claim to down, look, we be downin',

Half-breed lame ass nigga deserve a poundin',

Lay it down and put in work, what'cha wanna do?

I'm from V.L. nigga, where it's all on U, what?

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