

Spice 1 "The Heist"

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(Spice1)

It's the muthafuckin heist so don't ring the alarm 'G',
It's the b-o-s-s and s-p-i-c-e,
So, put this glock in yo panties (right),
and we gon rob these muthafuckas for every nook and
crany,
My nigga g-n-u-t is up in side, he's strapped with the AK
that's how us eastbay
niggas ride, Playa,
Ima spray these cameras wit this paint and when I do,
Blow that old ass
security guard outta his shoes,

(Boss)

We'll ayo nigga gimmie the shit so boss can unload a
full clip a trigga happy
bitch screamin yall dying muthafuckas are making us
rich,
Creepin up slowly, 1 times on me they don't know me
'G',
Pullin licks to get rich wit 1-8-7 faculty,

(Spice1)(raggae)

Now we got to use the tech cause 5-0 bond the AK,
The 1-8-7 posse robbin the bank and away.

(Boss)

My nigga g-nut, What up?

(G-nut)

Nut up, cause we aint fena stop.

(Boss)

I'm goin kamakazi in the lobby before the robbery, pop,
I killed a cop,

(Spice1)

Like Bonnie and Clyde call it the muthafuckin stick up,
Pick up, 85 smooth'll make this uzi wanna hiccup.
So kick up the cash for I blast with this jason mask,
Quit tryna fuck wit a pyscho path,

(Chorus)

Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'

(Boss)

I'm running up out the bank bailin clean to the bucket,
You probably neva seen a bitch that's showing you
niggas a how to properly do
it, huh'
we blastd to the getaway, we spread away, niggas get
getaway then that loot is
gettin hid away,
Counting up the cash but pigs behind us just as we was
bailin,
I'm givin a signal to my muthafuckin niggas trailin,
And from behind a couple of pistols and some uzi's
and I'm fena do them niggas
for them muthafuckas do me in,
It's kinda simple, shootem in the temple straight to the
morgue I got mo'
niggas then the ??? in pyscho ward,

(Spice1)

Yo 'G' it's gettin deeper and deeper,
A muthafuckin flavor for the muthafuckin feva,
The feva for the flavor of a muthafuckin jack,
I look up in the bag 50 g's hundred stacks,
My trigga gots no heart and yo it aint no love bitch,
Nigga, talkin bout killin mutha fuckas dumpin'em in a
ditch,
I must survive 'g' they won't take me alive 'g',
peepin out these niggas up in the van who been trailin
me,
The coppers are comin deep as fuck just tryna catch a
thug,
The only way I'm fallin is slippin on one of these niggas
blood,
Not givin a fuck so yo what's up I hear a wild pitch,
Ima light this chronic and start some OK like coral shit,
fena get a clip and
kill this bitch and get my cash on,
That's how we do it in ninety three I get's my blast on,
I thought we ditched the coppers rolled up in the cut
'g',
I'm bout to kill these muthafuckas that been follow'n
me,
I'm pullin my gloc out hear the helicopters comin, Pigs
had us surrounded
dropped the loot and started runnin.

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