

## **DJ Dado & Simone Jay**

### **"Heist of the Century"**

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[Killa Sin]

Ski masked, the First National for a half a mill'  
It's real, fuck rational  
Your armored truck stuck like dustheads for my  
collateral  
Certified criminal, gun smugglin villain who be fillin  
clips  
Fuller than cum swellin your genitals

[La the Darkman]

Specialist, cat burglar, stockin cap murder  
Uzi clip inserterer, you got cheese, I heard of ya  
You dirty rat, maneuvered through traps and torched  
doors  
Plastic explosives, bags of C-4

[Killa Sin]

Yo, flash a cannon, deliver these clowns an  
understandin  
that Cash Rules, don't nuttin move kid, five-hundred  
grand an'  
The raw son, makin assault when armor wait till the  
gold lock  
Fuck the wreck, fumbled up the wrong time

[La the Darkman]

Yo, I clip the phone lines, cut the alarm, the pipe bomb  
Detonation, seven minutes the first task, we in it  
Lace the tear gas, put on your mask, load the bags  
Check the roof for the jake, I'ma climb the gate last

[Killa Sin]

Scan the internet, copy the floppy shut the drive off  
'cinerate the whole data bank before we slide off  
Time check: twenty-four hundred and still wastin  
The minutes keep racin, let's blow this foundation

[La the Darkman]

Keep patient, I got the whole Dole administration  
on CD-ROM, smugglin firearms  
And the date to attempt assassinate Farrakhan

From his Middle East trips and buildin wit Sadaam  
Yo hold the laptop

Chorus: Killa Sin and La the Darkman (repeat 2X)

Yo it's the Heist of the Century kid we execute right  
We goin down in history, get the loot and live life  
how it's meant to be  
A stolen legacy, live Egyptian mystery

[Killa Sin]

(Word up)

We on the way out (stolen Legacy), the future laid out  
Our brain scramblin, Arnez break a cold sweat but  
never panickin  
Shookin up, two officers lookin up, we spot em  
Pull the heat out, and have both they asses red-dotted

[La the Darkman]

Don't move, we got the bank money not yours  
Think of your kids and calmly lay on the floor  
Put your hands high, dunn get they guns  
Then break em, slap one wit the barrel  
Make em bleed then tape em

[Killa Sin]

It's like a minute and ten left, we playin wit death  
And I can hear the bomb tick  
Sweat drip on the back my palm grip  
Final mission, completed all bank funds depleted  
Hit the turnpike, bounce to the stash, let's split it even

[La the Darkman]

Yo, the blueprint went excellent, wisdom gods seconds  
for the dynamite  
On the next flight before daylight  
Exit through the back entrance, jump the fence  
Then slide in the Rover wit the triple black tints  
We hit the government  
Word up Dunn, we hit the government, knahmsayin?

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