

Hush f/ Eminem, Swifty McVay, Kuniva

"Off to Tijuana"

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(sampled from Eminem's "Criminal")

Eminem whistling

[Teller] Hi

[Eminem] How you doin'?

[Teller] How can I help you?

[Eminem] Yeah, I need to make a withdrawal...

gun cocks Put the fucking money in the bag, bitch,
and I won't kill you

[Teller] What? Oh my God, don't kill me

[Eminem] I'm not gonna kill you, bitch. Quit fucking
around

[Teller] Don't kill me, I have two kids at home!

[Eminem] I said I'm not gonna fucking kill you!

[Teller] Don't kill me!

[Eminem] Hurry the fuck up! *gunshot* Thank you!

[Verse 1: Hush]

I gotta keep this engine running (I'll be back)

Pedal to the metal, Swifty better hurry up

'Cause I ain't going back to jail

I don't wanna see my face up in Newsweek

I'm sitting like a duck, like Tulley up in "Blue Streak"

What the fuck is taking so long?

(Hurry up, motherfucker, I'ma hit this gas and be
GONE!)

But I can't leave my homey (Hold up!) They all know me

I'm the Jeff Gord-on of this bitch, the cops can blow me

Fuck, who is that? Shit, I'm getting nervous

Staring out this dirty windshield for any persons

Damn, it's this bum, cleaning with a squeegee

(Here's a dollar, motherfucker, now scam before they
see me!)

I hope they didn't ring the alarm (Shit)

Swifty's gonna have to bomb, and then it fucks up the
job

But I don't care, as long as we flee this place

'Cause the last thing I need is a fucking police chase,
shit

Cool, here he comes, I hope he's got the stash

(Yo nigga, pull off! We heading to the bank for some
mo' cash!)

Yo, there better be enough for me to get that maid
back
(Hey yo, don't worry 'bout that, dog, the cash is in our
laps)

(Chorus: Eminem)

Put the money in the back, bitch, this is a stickup
Anybody who moves is getting picked up, off the
ground
This is the sound, this is how its going down
If I'm going down, then you're going down (down)
Now this is the plot: we pull this off, then we split the
pot
We get caught, I'm peeling off, the deal is off
But if we can pull this caper, then we can get this paper
Then I'm going, off to Tijuana
Come on, I'm ready if you are

[Verse 2: Swifty McVay]

??? while I sit in the car chiefing
In the mood to be thieving this season
Hey yo, Hush, I'ma snatch what they ???
Pull over and I'ma rob this bitch for a purpose
You can either read it or see it
(What you mean, "Read it or see it?")
It'll work, know what's worse?
It's better than having to beat a bitch up out of her
purse
I been pacing this bank, patiently waiting
For the day they get up in this motherfucker
So don't drive away (I'll be right here!)
Hey ('sup?) Nigga, pop the trunk so I can grab the AK
And then I'm headed to the safe
I'm at the counter in the teller's face
"Yo, if anybody move, I'ma make spaghetti out of your
wife!" (Don't shoot!)
I hopped a gate, shot a citizen
After he gave me the combination to open it
And there was nothing but Benjamins
Filled it back and jetted up, headed to the door
Hush is in the front, revving up (Motherfucker, come
on!)
I jumped over the security, while he on the floor
Trying to pull my feet, I shot him before he could draw
Hit the street and we swerve
No less than a hundred thousand in our back seat
(Now I'm peeling off the curb)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Kuniva]

I got some chips up my sleeve
I walked in a 7-11 and grabbed Aviv
And put the heat to his cheek
Don't even think about moving
Just gimme the loot and I'll be cruising
Along with my day and it won't be a shooting
(Mister, please don't hurt me! Here, have a Slurpee!)
Oh my God, Aviv, shut the fuck up, your voice irks me
All of this for three hundred seventy six dollars and
eight cents?
This robbery does not make sense
Come on out bitch (scream) Yeah, you, behind the chip
rack
Your little stank ass is on the verge of getting pimp
slapped
Gimme your paper, your jewels, and all of your
valuables
Serious about that scrilla, Kuniva an animal
Rushing out the front door, zigzagging and dodging
traffic
If it gets drastic, my automatic will start a blasting
That's how we do it where I'm from, me, Swift, and
Hush
We ducking off, contemplating which lick to rush

[Chorus]

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