

## Jackson Saints

### "Robbery"

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[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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