

## Sunstorm

### "Armed Robbery"

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[Sample]

You didn't have any guard downstairs?  
You didn't have a look out? Huh?  
Fifteen years, we never been hit, we changed  
apartments  
We never used that one before, we thought we were  
okay  
You thought, well your ass must have been thinking  
Because now we're out 300, 000 dollars, do you hear  
me good?  
Do you hear me good? We're out 300, 000 dollars  
Now what do we do? Huh?

[Intro: Shabazz The Disciple]

Armed Robbery

[Supreme repeating this throughout the whole song]

Dirty ones, flammers, bastards, robbers

[Shabazz the Disciple]

I stalk like a hawk on the sidewalk  
Lookin for my prey, sometimes I hit the subway  
Schemin to catch a jackpot  
Shit is hot, too many cops, I think I'll run up in the crack  
spot  
I started learnin shit, no I'm scramblin  
Approach a group of shorties who were gamblin  
I play it off and ask one of them a question  
"Yo shorty, I'm lost, yo help me out with some  
protection"  
We started kickin, and somethin kept shinin  
I looked at his hand, it was a ring full of diamonds  
Evil is my level of thinkin  
Get all I could get and leave niggas dead and stinkin  
I drew my guns from a hoister on my side  
This is a stickup, don't make it a fuckin homicide  
Give me the gats, quick fast, so my nine will blast  
And gave it up and did a hundred yard dash  
I had shorty on the ground, face down  
Shittin and pissin, another pressure from the 3 pound  
I cold stripped his ass, pistol whipped his ass

Robbed him blind, left his ass all gashed

[Chorus: Shabazz the Disciple]

Committin Armed Robberies

Committin Armed Robberies

Committin Armed Robberies

Tryin to best, but the fat fuck poverty

[Shabazz the Disciple]

Continued on my mission, I went to the corner

To the phone booth and called 'Preme and the troops

I told 'Preme to plan it with a carry

Cuz we're we goin tonight, yo it's kinda scary

I told him bring grenades and extra drivers

To pull this shit off right, we can't leave survivors

Reach the scene of the crime, got on the job

Dressed to rob was the muthafuckin Mad Mob

We left the driver wit the engine runnin

Ran up in the buildin, on our way to make a killin

Reach the floor, rang the bell on the door

Cop my four-four, ready to ring them niggas raw

I rang the bell once more, and nigga opened the door

Bla, bla, I put his brains on the floor

We ran up in the spot, lettin off mad shots

Until the last nigga dropped

And when he dropped, I realized it was crime

I said to myself, "Yeah, this nigga ass is mine"

Slapped him with the magnum, wrapped him up,

dragged him

Tied him to a muthafuckin chair and I gagged him

Torture muthafuckas, we, you know how we do

Cut off all his fingers and dwelt him wit a needle

When he recuperated, then he cooperated

He started singin where his drugs were being operated

Buck to the chest, bang to the head

Bream shot up in the ear to make sure he's dead

The next thing on my mind, yo it was leavin

But first I gotta make sure no one else is breathin

We took climb down the fire escape

Stripped him of his mon', and we took the safe

Dealt from Supreme and my cousin Pumpster

We packed him in a body bag, dumped him a

dumpster

Left his ass in the garbage, all smothered

Threw a grenade in the window, and ran for cover

We saw a witness on our way out the gutter

My little cousin Pumps slit his throat wit a box cutter

While he was layin and gaggin, I put a two to his head

And blew that shit up wit lead

And peep the click and my nine out

Jumped in the Beamo, wit the safe and we headed for  
the hideout  
I was thinkin about that floatin catastrophe  
We left at least 10 or more casualties  
Splattered around, butt naked  
The only means of identity is there muthafuckin dental  
records

[Chorus]

[Shabazz the Disciple]  
So stay away from Armed Robbers  
That's somethin ya don't know about  
Use your brain before I blow it out  
I'm leavin niggas in pieces, given 'em closed caskets  
Even the fuckin priests  
Stickin spots in churches, runnin around puttin devils in  
hearses  
Livin in poverty bothers me  
That's why I'm duckin 25, on homocidin on robbery

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