

Juvenile F/ Lil' Wayne

"Thieves in Da Nite"

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[Verse 1]

Uses to stalk like a hawk pon the sidewalk looking 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 a crack
spot
I start on my mission and yo I'm scrambling
Approach a group of shorties who were gambling
I play it off and ask one of them a question
Yo shorty I'm lost, yo help me out with some directions
He stated kicking it and something kept shining
I looked at his hand it was a ring full of diamonds
Evil was my level of thinking
Get all I can get and leave my victims dead and
stinking
I drew the guns from the holsters on my sides
This is a stickup, don't make it a fucking homicide
Give me the cash quick fast or my nine'll blast
They gave it up and did the 100 yard dash
I left shorty on the ground face down
Shitting and pissing and under pressure from the 3
pound
I cold stripped his ass, pistol whipped his ass
Robbed him blind and left his head all gashed

Committing armed robberies, we be committing armed
robberies

Committing armed robberies

Trying our best to live phat - fuck poverty!!!!!!

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

The shootouts over dice
The sirens and the lights
The late night heist
The thieves in da nite

[Verse 2]

Continued on my mission, I went to the corner to the
phone booth
And called preme and the troops
I told preme the plan and what to carry

Cause where we going 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
We reached the scene of the crime got on the job
Dressed to rob was the motherfucking mad mob
We left the driver with the engine running
Ran up in the building, on our way to make a killing
Reached the floor, I rang the bell on the door
Cocked the .44 ready to bring them brothers war
I rang the bell once more a brother opened the door
Bup! bup!, we put his brains on the floor
We ran up in the spot letting off mad shots, until the
last brother dropped
And when he dropped, I realized it was Klein
I said to myself, yeah this nigga ass is mine
Slapped him with the magnum, knocked him out
dragged him
Tied him to a motherfucking chair and I gagged him
Torture motherfuckers, preme you know how we do
Cut off all his fingers and then drugged him with a
needle
When he recuperated then he cooperated
He started singing where his drugs were being
operated
Buck to the chest, bang to the head
Preme shot him in the ear to make sure he's dead
The next thing on my mind yo it was leaving
But first I gotta make sure no one else is breathing
We dragged Klein down the fire escape
Stripped him of his gun, then we grabbed the safe
With help from Supreme and my cousin Pumpster
We bagged him in a body bag and dumped him in 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 pump slit his throat with a box cutter
While he was laying there gagging, I put the tool to his
head
And blew that shit up with lead
Emptied the clip in my nine out
Jumped in the bema with the safe, then we headed to
the hideout
I was thinking bout that fucking catastrophe
We left at least 10 or more casualties
Splattered around but naked
The only means of identity was their motherfucking
dental records

Committing armed robberies, we be committing armed
robberies

Committing armed robberies
Trying our best to live phat - fuck poverty!!!!!!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil' Dap]

Yo I walk down the block, gun shots follow the block
Mom dukes is a maid, I think this shit is a raid - check it
out

I'm living this low-budget violent lifetime
Watch me break it down, start to kill these rhymes
Lifting pockets was a sport just to get respect
Little nigga little brother watch shorty with the tec
Snatching weight across the land to kill the wicked man
No one could hold me down, no one can even stop me
Weight taped to my leg ready to see poppi
Walking through the doors and I'm scared to death
Trigger finger's on my right incase they tried to flex
Seeing weight, cream and dream niggaz they start to
skeem

What's life after this, should we break shit down
Let these brothers know around town that we do get
down

East New York style, hold me back one time
Busting shots in the air, cause the world was mines
Check it out...

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[Chorus] - 2X

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