

Lotto King Karl Fischering Roh

"New York Carjack"

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* single released as Trigga but he has since changed his name

[Intro: Triggnomm]

Yeah, yeah

Yeah I died but I went out like Scarface!

Yeah, yeah

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[Triggnomm]

I was a smooth criminal, gangsta, lyrical lynch

Creepin up on you inch by inch

And I'm sure this routine you been heard of

It's a stick-up, dont make it a murder

Off with the jewelry, hands on the hood

Reach for your nine, yeah I wish you would

Tell your man to lay back and play mute

Cuz I'm loaded and I'm ready to shoot

Money on the floor, take off the link

You afraid? Haha I aint!

Take out the benzy and put it by the tire

And ayo, tell that bitch to be quiet

Pass the keys and assume the position

Ayo B, start up the ignition

Kill them lights, I dont wanna be seen

And yo ho, take off those earrings

This is silk? Take off those clothes

And yo gimme that shit in your nose!

Next thing you know, bitch started to shout

5-0, yo B, it's time to bail out

I put two in his man and I dropped him

He kept coming so I hit him again

Grabbed the ho and I threw her in the back

Gotta admit she was bad, fuck the bodybag

Strokin and strokin and strokin

5-0 dead in the back cold scopin

I let off in the ho and I wrecked it

Threw her off at the nearest exit

5-0 gettin close to the rear

Yo what the fuck, we got the precinct out here?

Stairwell Ave, yeah this is us

Ayo Body make a right, and watch the bus
Turn the corner and the 5-0 was layin
So I rolled down the side and started sprayin
Yeah this is the type of shit I like
Cuz most of these mu'fuckas is white
I caught about 8 or 9 at first
Till I made a left turn, right dead on search
Two cars in the back, one car on the right
Aight, time to light the dynamite
Car number 22 began to fire
It wasnt too long until he hit my tires
Ayo body, pull close to they car
So they could see who the fuck we are
I broke out the oo-wop and I started drillin holes
And their car cold flew off the road
Threw on my vest and loaded up the clips
B, stop the car, I'm tired of this bullshit
Jumped out the car and ran in the chicken store
Let out some shots, and everybody's on the floor
Flipped up the table, preparing my gun
5-0 coming in and I aint about to run
Lettin off shots while 5-0 coming in the door
Shot down 1-2-3-4
Smoke in the air, no fear cuz I'm a winner
Huh, and I aint about to surrender
Scared as shit, Body just got hit
I got a machine, so I'm still a team
Lettin off strong and I was hittin like the hard base
Yeah I died, but I went out like Scarface!
This routine I'm sure you been heard of
Just for a stickup, me and my man got murdered

[Outro: TriggnoMM]
You know what I'm sayin?
Coney Island gangsta shit
'95 all the way live
Big Triggga in the motherfucking house
DJ Body Rocker on the wheels of steel
Bam Bam the bad man
Lil Sha, Itchy Fingers Sha, 3rd Rail
Knah'mean?
Big Sha the gunslinger
That thing y'all, that C.I. thing y'all
That Wu-Tang thing y'all
It's all good in your neighborhood
All out for the cash, niggas' here to last...

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