

Robbery

2 Pistols

[Intro]

Geah

Young boss of the city, nigga

I ain't gon' bullshit, keep the bow with you, nigga

On some G shit, every nigga out here in the streets that be on the grind
That be gettin' some real muh'fuckin' money done been through some shit like this
They be frontin' or flossin' like they ain't been through it with a nigga, but
I'ma be a man 'bout mine, this exactly how it went down
They tried to rob me, them niggas tried to rob me

[Verse 1]

It was 'bout 11:30, heard a knock on my door (Yeah)

Good thing I just offed the blow (Yeah)

Looked out the peephole (Shit), my P-O?

Seen the chico (Fuck)

Must b? one of papi's people tryna drop off som'thin'

You know I got them quarter kis runnin' like water (Oh yeah), so I

Open the door up, "Pussy niggas, shop closed" (Fuck)

Took a blade to the ribcage, now I'm on the floor (Ah)

Goons runnin' all through my shit

Screamin', "Where's the bricks, fuck nigga, yeah, you know what this is"

"What (Haha), a so-called robbery?

You got a couple dollars in a Gucci wallet, bitch!"

[Chorus]

Who was that peepin' in my window? (Last night)

Who was that peepin' in my window? (Last night)

Who was that peepin' in my window? (Last night)

Black gloves, black mask with the flashlight

Who was that peepin' in my window? (Last night)

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They tried to rob me, them niggas tried to rob me

[Interlude]

Nah, we ain't tryna do shit, check me out, dog

Lay the fuck down, where the guns at?

I don't got none, my nigga

You been sellin' dope out this motherfucker, don't look look crazy now, pussy nigga

Ah, my nigga

Uh, know I'm sayin'? Pussy nigga, now ya leakin', yeah

Nigga, that—nigga, that shit was weak, nigga

Ayy, take me to that shit

Nigga, that shit was weak, nigga

Man, shut the fuck up
Nigga, that ain't shit, nigga, ain't nothin' but a couple dollars, nigga, that ain't shit to me, nigga
I said you was leakin'

Ain't even dust in that shit, nigga
Man, I said you was leakin', nigga
Yeah, gimme that shit, nigga, I'm outta here
Fuck nigga

[Verse 2]

I wake up (Uh), dream and all
Hands behind my head as I stare at the wall
I'm alive (Geah), yeah, it's beautiful, dog
Them niggas tried to put me in a funeral home
Ayy, Young Skee (Yeah), yeah, they ran up in my place
Took a couple hunnid, they ain't even get the safe
(Young boss) I go low for the dope, homie
Y'all niggas couldn't do what I did on parole, homie
(Oh yeah) Pockets stay swole, homie
Straight out the feds, y'all know who told on me
(Pussy ass Benny) Don't try to run up in my villa pad
I keep a chopper on me (Chop), like a helipad

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

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