

# Robbery Part 4 - Tee Grizzley Lyrics

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## “Robbery Part 4”

[Intro]

**Ayy**

[Verse]

**If she told once, she'll do it twice, can't make no mistakes  
But she got me out, killin' her make me look like a snake  
Well, if I'm a snake and you a rat, bitch, you gon' get ate**

**Rules to this shit that you can't break, girl, that's the price you pay  
Tossed the body clean out the trunk, gun go in the lake  
Drive to the woods, burn the clothes, ain't no DNA  
Still got her phone, text her mama like, "I know it's late  
But I'm gon' be gone for a week, I'm headed to the A"  
Now when she don't hear from her, she ain't gon' think nothin'  
Her daughter love street niggas, she know she out here fuckin'  
And we don't speak on the dead, so we gon' switch the subject  
It's time to run a hundred miles per hour, to this money, nigga (Let's get  
it)**

**Now I'm focused, I just got off the joint  
A body ain't shit, they raise savages on Joy**

**I tossed my last strap, I gotta get another toy  
Wipe the phone down, toss it, man, stop playin', I'm on point  
I pull up on my people, who I know be havin' straps  
He walk up, he like, "Damn, nigga, when you get back?"  
I heard they gave you life and girlie turned to a rat**

I'm like, "Yeah, bro, but you know can't shit stop God's plan, but look  
Do you still got them blicks?" He like, "Shit, it is  
Two on my hip, another four in the whip  
I got pistols and sticks, bullets and extra clips  
Just say what you need, I'ma go get that shit off the crib"  
I'm like, "Somethin' small, so you can't see it when you wear the pistol  
And somethin' that can't shoot", he like, "Bro, you hear this nigga?  
Why you want a gun that can't shoot, you tryna scare a nigga?  
Known you for a minute, bro, you ain't the type to spare a nigga"  
I'm like, "Bro, you want the bread or not?", and he nodded  
He tossed two guns, he said, "That one right there a problem  
And it's compact, it's gon' go right in your pocket  
Or put it on your hip and niggas ain't gon' know you got it  
But the other one the firing pin  
ain't even in it  
If niggas get up on you and you up that, you finished  
It ain't gon' shoot, even if you got bullets in it  
That shit on the house, walk 'em home, handle your business"  
Why get a gun that don't shoot? I know y'all wanna know  
Learned a lot in prison, main thing, watch who you call your bro  
Give him the strap, count the check, see if he up the pole  
I got it as a trust test, but nigga, movin' on  
Before I got locked up, I had a crib  
My mama came through for me, she kept up on the bills  
I'm comfortable there, these niggas don't know where I live  
Gotta get some rest, freshen up, it's time to take it in  
Next day, I'm watchin' the news, Channel 7  
Waitin' on action, I'm tryna see who went to heaven  
They talkin' 'bout old girl who got hit in her head  
But what the fuck they mean "Wounded"? Nigga, she dead  
The next part they said, I got sicker as I listened  
This shit wicked, they just said this bitch in critical condition  
She still got her life, my nigga, I gotta end it  
I'm racin' to the 'spital, man, this bitch a known witness

Replayin' the event

in my head, how she alive?  
But real shit, if it ain't your time, it ain't your time  
I know niggas that got shot like twenty times and survived  
And niggas that caught one leg shot and end up dyin'  
I get to the 'spital, fake tears, like I'm hurtin'  
I hit the front desk like, "Where is Shila? I'm her brother"  
The nurse like, "She up the hall, you just missed y'all mother  
And since you her brother, you don't have to wait with the others"  
I go up the hall, she talkin' to a detective  
My whole heart drop, I get to clutchin' on my ratchet  
The cop turned around like, "Sir, give us a second"  
It's weird though, 'cause she lookin' at me and ain't panic  
I walk in, trigger finger start itchin' instantly  
Hope this cop ready for the shootout of the century  
The doctor walk in, I ain't trippin', I guess I'm killin' three  
Told her "She got brain damage, she lost all memory"

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