

Timbo King, Armored Truck

(Intro: Timbo King)

Comin' to get this money, money
Knock, Knock nigga
Aiyo, aiyo..

(Timbo King)

I be where the dough at
and where the dough at, a ho at
I rhyme for real, y'all niggaz know that
'cuz slow money's better than no money
I keep a hustle, strong-arm block muscle
Hand me those things, what's poppin' my nigga?
Po-po watchin' again
Put the heat and the work in the stash, Fatty got us
I wish somebody would try to rob us
Ya bootleg CDs, two for five dollars
Advances, leather dansens
I'm gettin' my dick sucked by belly-dancers
All hood, yeah, pop got the gambling spot back
Roll up a wood, smoke berries
My team 'bout paper
At first you don't succeed, strive again
that Gin and Grapefruit, rockable blend it's grown B.I.
Brownsville, all the way to Portland, you know us
The ice don't melt but it felt like you know us
Yeah, you go under the ground
If you didn't know me then Pa, ya knowing me now
I been poppin' those
And them ho's been knocking those
Shows outta state, West bubble fuck
With big hummer trucks, gangsta life
Live big, that's my word to B.I.G.
I send shots to ya ribs
See if you can spot the red beam
I'm parked right infront of the spot inside a red Beam', nigga

(Interlude: Timbo King (Masta Killa))

(Yeah, yeah, we'll pass this off)
Yeah we got this pick up
After we pick this up everything gon' be good
(Watch yaself)
Yo watch those two cats over there
They funny facin' right now, they funny facin'
(I got that)

(Masta Killa)

I started out workin' a ho, moved up to a runner
Hustled for material wealth, put bullet-proof tires on the Hummer
Straight to ya gate I deliver, flow like the Kwantung River
Murdered for a few tails of silver
Code:Red, swingin' on ya head, it's all actual, the murder capital
Group emcee killers, masters, pros and villains
Mic snatchers, dark like a hatchet
Flash ya ratchet, whether steel or plastic
Check the regiment
Peace to Almighty Infinite from the Desert
What's the science Wu-alliance?
On the Ave, I heard son got stabbed up at the party
Never, the God too clever
He seen it comin', they thought he was slippin'
'cuz he's rockin' a drunken', hand on his gun and
eyes red ready to dead whatever movin'
It's the Armoured Truck, people that he moved wit'

(Interlude: Masta Killa (Timbo King))
Just make sure my money's right, how I move
(Yo the money's right)
The money there look easy, smooth and deadly

(Timbo King)
Out the plaze, high with her friends
She from Brazil, and she likes men with Indian skin
How, the fuck are rap niggaz goin' to trial?
It's that easy like burnin' an Owl or turnin' a dial
The body you do's, we body you dudes
We robbin' you, dealin' death and you outta ya shoes
Who's on first, now who's on second?
I'm on third, I'm not playin', them Ninas got 'em all prayin'
God please save me, them Brooklyn niggaz, they all crazy
Both eyes hazy, now who the fuck want it?
We gamblin' grands, me and my mans
We got the block on watch for them D's in them vans
Now that's my word, that's my word
Twenty a gram, fuck that, thirty a bird
Flip somethin', respect The Juks
This here's supposed to happen
Now who the fuck wanna start rappin'? Then start rappin'

(Outro: Timbo King)
Let's get this money
Divide it by the group
Divide by life niggaz
On the grind, block for block
Whatever, whatever
Fort Knox, Knock, Knock, nigga
Timbo King, my nigga Dev One on the track
Definite on the Internet
Definitely, yeah, yeah
Bring it back..