

Robin Thicke, Shooter

Yea, yea, yea
Weezy baby y'all, don't get shot
rapid fire, what you know about it
I brought my homie along for the ride
He strapped, he can't wait to come out the barrel

I heard some shouts like "Down on the floor"
Then even louder we got shooters, shooter
I turn around, I was starin' at chrome
Shotgun watches door, got security good
Jumped right over counter
Pointed gun at winking teller
I'm your shooter, shooter, shooter

My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter
My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter

I think they want me to surrender

But no, I can't do it
I think they want me to surrender
But no, I can't do it

So many doubt 'cause I come from the South
But when I open up my mouth, all bullets come out
Bang! Die bitch nigga die I hope you bleed a lake
I'ma play x-ray, helpin' y'all see the fake
I'm just tryin' to be the great, tryin' to get a piece of cake
Take it offa your plate, eat it right in your face
They got a whole lot to say but I don't listen
Call me automatic Weezy bitch I keep spittin', pow

With all these riches and, all these riches
But ain't no loaners around
They thinkin about shooters that-shooters that
Guns-Girls-Ladies that-Gunners that
Shoot shoot shoot shoot shooter

Put my hands up
They want me with my hands up