

Shabazz The Disciple, Surrender (Thieves In Da

(Chorus One)

When we hungry we be thieving
Be on some mask and black glove shit in the evening
My hustlers struggling on the block y'all know the reason
Son when the price of coke go up it's robbing season

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Son when the price of coke go up it's robbing season
Ya feeling me?

(Verse One)

Ain't no more money on the block, got 2 felonies and grams to measure
Been tryna move this coke for a while and get the treasure
In this hustling shit, we barely survive week to week
Ain't tryna starve in the street, nigga we robbing to eat
What the fuck you think all the guns are for
Whenever there's a coke drought
Everybody's kissing the fucking floor
When shit get hot at night niggaz will pick a lock
Run in and vick a spot, you flip we lick a shot
Gimme the yayo and the loot poppi (a nigga hungry)
Or catch a halo when we shoot poppi (don't try to starve me)
Only been home a minute and my lieutenant turned informant
D's be kicking my door in 6 in the morning with a warrant
My team be out of state rushing gates dressed like jake
Geisting cakes, leaving niggaz handcuffed to the fire escapes
Thieves in the nite, we on the run nigga we homeless
Quick to run up in ya crib with a wig and catch a bonus

(Chorus One)

Put the money in the bag nigga
Give up the goods and surrender!

(Chorus Two)

Thieves in the nite, sneaky like the rook
Face wrapped like a sheik, when it's time to do a jook
Got you looking down the barrel of the gun of a crook, from Red Hook
It's a jewel heist don't get ya life took
Put the gat to ya head, blow ya brains out the other side
Slide up in the getaway ride, then we hide
Hit the headquarters, then the goods we divide
Make you deep throat the magnum, here nigga open wide!

(Chorus One)

(Verse Two)

late at night we creep around in cabs looking for suspect
In my mind investing money I ain't touch yet
Pulling out fake badges on workers, we lust that
Strip 'em of their work and gat, so they don't bust back
When our ribs are touching, shit we find another crib to rush in
For that money, niggaz'll give ya fucking kids concussions
Niggaz get launched like rockets
Their shit slapped out the sockets
Don't empty that safe and them fucking pockets
Try to play hero, don't come up off tha dinero
Get a holey sombrero, shit ain't fair but I don't care yo
Us martyrs be on late night train robberies
Don't be that lucky winner in "BLOW OUT YA BRAIN LOTTERY"
And lose a major vein or artery
We tryna survive and feed a family

And balance the economy
Tuck in ya jewelry and ya valuables
When you see that hungry look on my face
Or you'll see what the double barrel do

(Chorus One)

Put the money in the bag nigga
Give up the goods and surrender!

(Chorus Two)

(Chorus One)

Give up the goods and surrender
Cause when I slap yo ass, you ain't gonna remember!