

Raekwon f/ Busta Rhymes, Uncle Murda

"Stick Up Music"

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[Intro: Busta Rhymes] It's Flipmode bitch! Categorize my word as gospel YEAH!! [Verse One: Busta Rhymes] Yo! I offer niggas the encouragement While I give you the nourishment I put niggas on punishment Y'all niggas is trash but I offer the streets the supplements Takin over the block now I'm tryin to control the government (SAY WHAT!!!!!!!!!!) Got these niggas pissin they mattresses The God is back nigga get the deliverin my packages!!! Now I'm back from L.A. all access It's that nigga back from the Oscars after fuckin some actress-es While I give you the seasonin and there recipes Over the music they sound like Sticker from in the seventies While sippin 'nac that make niggas hiccup and spit for centuries Of course the ratchet they click up and my enemies The way I flood the streets you know the flava good I'm a stash some of the coke and cause a drought up in the neighborhood I'm only in the streets to feed a nigga Regardless what you think the game will always need a nigga (Yeah! Might as well mortalize me into a statue nigga!!!!) [Verse Two: Raekwon] Yeah, let's go love.. I wear a MEAAAN dark pair of shades Janglin bats back in the days, I wore braids Runnin with solicitors, grizzlies, monkey business prisoners Livin Uptown with scales inside wall ridges Y'know we network our ass off Slabs of salt, dynamite sticks from bricks, fiends gas off Blowin sellin dope, runnin to the vault pass off Play wit my paper, write your little ass off Stylin 'cause I know how to dress Learned it from Jamacians who stressed the building lights and gallons of cess We play rock star hard, every big bangle we mangle (uh-huh) Mad dog wit the uzi named King Tango Fishin for riches, mission is to dig bitches (yep) Hide from the NARCs', Clarks on blue cases You know we love you like cook food, matta fact Cook cocaine, never drainin the good mood [Bridge: Uncle Murda] (Hold up! Hold up! Hold up!) Chill, chill nigga Damn! (What's goin on? Y'all tryna make a song WIT'OUT ME?!) I ain't get enough fuckin wreck, man! (I'm on this, GOBBS, what's goin on?) [Verse Three: Uncle Murda] I get that fatty, I got that hammer I die for that bread man, that's word to

my grandma (GRANDMA!) I kill for it too, that's word to
my lil' man (Oh!) I risk my freedom for him, send me to
prison man I gotta get it man (I do!), Look, by any
means necessary Pop a nigga while I'm robbin him if
it's necessary (BANG!) Yeah - gimme the loot, gimme
the loot He was like, "Aight Murda, don't shoot, don't
shoot (Don't MOVE!) No head shots, please don't shoot
me in my head It ain't that serious, I ain't tryna die for
that bread (What?!) I don't want no beef, man take my
burna I'ma put the word out, no more hatin on Murda
(They hatin) You get weed on my block, all of dem man
I did it for 26, you can charge me 40 a grand (Aight, I
got it!) I know what beef is and I don't want it, son I'm
serious, I don't care if I sound corny son" (You DO doe!)
(Damn! My Philly cap gone!)

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