

Rakim f/ Chuck D**"Stick Em Up"**

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"Yeh I seen him come through here a couple of times...
I didn't think nothing of him, you know... You know what
I'm saying?
Then that shit jumped off there man...
That shit shocked everybody..."

[Chorus]

Put the money in the bag bitch before I blow your head
off
Get your ass on the floor nigga, think a motherfucker
playing wit y'all?
This right here came from Mr. Charles and naw, it ain't
got serials on it
Anytime I got a personal problem its the only homeboy I
call

[Verse 1]

I wonder how many thought about Petey Pab
When I was in the pen
Rapping in the penitentiary yard
Buying any weed outta canteens
Smoking on my roll ups
Stroking on my love meat (Ha ha)
Waiting for the day where they turn me free
So I can get outta here, make Momma proud of me
Do the right thing
Run up on the right man
Pull on the right strings
Put them where they s'posed to be
Had to get a jacket with a game of coke
When the motherfucker slammed they door
"Oh no "
"Hell no! "
"Say what?!"
"Get lost"
"Hold up! Wait a minute, dogg"
"Sorry, Charlie."
Fucked around one night when I was in New York
Met one of the brothers up in ?
Ever since then, money been a real long end
That about ceases it all (Come on)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Oh this? It's just something I carry with me all the time
Just in case one of these motherfuckers lose they mind
And run up on me like I ain't gon hold it down for mine
I can show you better than trying to tell you about it
See once upon a time, I think it was in county
When a nigga used to run up and armed and robbing
And what's this little boy by the name of Mosey
Had to run home to keep from getting his jewelry
stolen
Till one day niggaz caught a hold to him
Did what they wanted to him
Stole my little Gucci coat
"Oh no"
"Hell no!"
"Shit, yeh they did"
"What you do about it?"
"What the fuck you think I did...?"
Told Grandma, Grandma told Grandpa
Grandpa took the grandson in the back yard (Here boy)
Gave me something, 'sposed take the pressure off
And said he would teach me how to shoot at them all
(Awwwwe!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

(I'ma get up, got 'em!)

It ain't certified till the nigga ran up in the house
Put the thang in they mouth and blow everything they
think out
Running around acting like bitches (Talking about
everybody)
You're gonna make me lose it all, (I swear to God)
Run with it, talk about it
but godammit this motherfucker bout to piss me off
(HMMMMM!)

And this dick-riding, radio-station-ass
motherfucking nigga down here in ?
I don't give a fat bitch, big titty,
fat one of y'all motherfuckers play my shit (My nigga)
And a couple of spins that y'all sons
hat ya did with me came with my mans and them
(Devious!)

Man fuck that church boy grab and look
Come on motherfucker roll with us (Crush your
homeboy)
And if I said anything that ain't supposed to be said

put it in the air and buck (HA HA!)

[Chorus 2X until fade]

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