

D.b.s

"Stick Em Up"

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Stick 'Em Up

Face down don't turn around
listen to the bass pound
from all type of angles
this ain't no star spangled banner
more juice than tropicana
Rock from New York to Savannah
Cause it's Macka Framma?
When I go to a show
Some run some come plenty have fun
To watch a nig get dumb
the right way, the hype way, the tight way
You're fucking right that I might say...

Chorus

Fronters get confronted while stunts get stunted
And my homies get blunted while the rats get hunted
so if you want it here it is so put em up or shut em up
Smack'em down and I'll yell pick'em up so get'em up
word em up, as I fuck it up I tear it up
so listen up and don't move just play the groove
Don't dime when I crime cause kid that's
Fessin' up but when I pull out my mag
Just raise em up

Chorus

One to the Three to the motherfuckin' two
and you don't know what I'ma do
that's because you're new but
I got the kaya ta make you feel higher
so say what you want you motherfuckin' liar
Don't mean to boast I don't mean to brag but I got the
grab bag
Of funky shit you wish you had
But It's the pace that we gotta pick up so stickem up

hands high reach for the sky
but don't try to get fly cause it's easy to die

Just like a blink of an eye when the shots rang
Boom bang rat ta tat tat
watch your back cause I'm coming black
kill that yig yag put the money in the bag
Pass the zags with the Billboard Mag
But freeze feel the breeze if ya sneeze than you're shot
Now ya gotta run what'cha got

Chorus

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