

Hurricane

"Stick 'em Up"

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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

Frontiers 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

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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 stick 'em 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

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