

Ludacris "Stick 'em Up"

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Yeah, nigga, got that Ludacris
Got that UGK, that Disturbing The Peace click
An' you know what I'm tired of?
These flashin' ass, flossin' ass niggas
So if you see one you know what you do?

Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
Put ya hands up where I can see 'em, see 'em, see 'em
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Target niggas, wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em

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I want the money an' the power, they hittin' me every
hour
For the silt resin powder, chasin' them dirty dollars
I'm from Texas, nigga, it get hectic, nigga
People dependin' on me, I can't neglect it, niggas

'Cause the game is deeper than just workin' off the
beeper
If the paper ain't right then we callin' a sweeper
To clean up the problems an' straighten the mess
So nigga, come wit ya pistol an' nigga, come wit ya
vest

This ain't the east or the west, the 'Bama weed or the
stress
I'm Young Pimp from Port Arthur an' we done passed
the test
An' we smokin' the best, everywhere that we go
An' when our records come out, them bitches sell out
the sto'

Stayin' throat on the 'dro an' keep that thang on the flo'
Want my money up front when we come for the show
Y'all can play wit ya paper but I'm dyin' for mine
So while y'all buyin' them watches, I'ma stay on the
grind

Fuck, nigga

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Hallow laid, hollow sprayed, I'm the Hollow Man
I get to the hollow point wit my hollow plan
Hollow bullets, I pull it, I'm about to live in vain
An' then I drill 'em, refill 'em, make sure they feel the
pain

It's mighty strange how your peephole is my fuckin'
gauge
Catch you in concert an' then wipe you off the fuckin'
stage
I feel a ghetto rage, let's turn the ghetto page
My bitch will stick you wit ghetto metal stilleto thangs

An' I got a ghetto aim with diamond 'bezeled rangs
So while my index is workin', my pinky's blindin' thangs
I hit 'em at close range, I spit 'em at most brains
You think you real rich, nigga, we gonna make some
chump change

You think it's a fuckin' game you think it's a blood sport
You gaspin' for breath an' I'm puffin' on one of these
Newports
An' I see a red dot aimed at yo' head
Then bright lights, oh, no, po'-po' an' guess what they
said
They said

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Say nigga, you think it's a joke? Trill niggas be goin' for
broke

Twist this whistle, loc an' them mothafuckin' pistols
smoke
An' it's just a matter of time before you labeled a busta
Adjust the nigga that couldn't catch up an' cut the
mustard

Now I got confidence, I don't need no condiments
All I need is common sense to see through your
incompetence
Nigga, keep your compliments they don't flatter me
You fuckin' with me? An' that'll be the day, bitch
We don't play, you know where the gat'll be

Right on the side of me, right where it's 'posed to be
Bitch, niggas die for me just for gettin' too close to me
So kiss your rosary beads an' sing a silent one
'Cause I promise if you get it it's gone be a violent one

Coroner catchin' his breath like he's got asthma
When they cut on the blue light an' see all that fuckin'
plasma
Millenium Murda Master, nigga, I ain't new to this
So when you see that Bun-B, Young Pimp or that
Ludacris
You just

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ATL, the PAT, UGK an' DTP
I wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em
Shawn Drey, I 20, Ludacris an' Fake Fees
I wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em

Down South, how we do it? Pimp C an' Bun-B
I wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em
Roll trees, ride Ds, make cheese an' shake fleas
I wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em

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