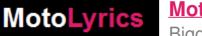
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UGK

"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 Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up 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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