Statik Selektah & Action Bronson "The Stick Up"

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Motherfucker better have it

Quit the bullshit, it's a stick up

Better have my money, quit the bullshit

Check his motherfuckin' pockets man

Turn his shit inside out

Punch him in his fucking dick

The tangible goods, that's all I'm interested in

Bronsolini and I'm better than the best of them

With the power invested in me, '93 on the vest with the

ski

The watch spin perpetually

time for conversation

Bronson keep ounce of weed only three brews

Long jackets, curly hair like I'm Hebrew

Fabric with the green naked been the root of evil

Gotta get it on the late night, sun rise

Ain't never trynna see the look of sorrow in my son's

eves

With the refill of the ganja when the blunt dies

New Yorker Mangold see me playing on the front lines

Two sixty five eight,

the beard gumbo

Three pointers in the park for a clean hundo

Cream caddies,

hookers in the back of it

Spectacular shit

the resume immaculate

Quit the bullshit, it's a stick up

Quit the bullshit, it's a stick up

vicious chowder

Asian bitches sniffin' powder

Bronsolene catch me creepin' at the sicko hour

992 is scripted on the balance

but all we really love is valence

Laid in the palace like a sultan

Polo on my back cover the carhartt king

And that's for certain, I'm like a curtain

Pussies get the drapes

Motherfucker know you in the planet of the apes shit

Dusty bottles from a cellar in a foreign land

Dr.Lecter

digging in your sister's rectum

Sweetbreads and capers
, Martusciello to evade the danger
But I really wanna taste the paper
Golden bars from the treasury, spit cleverly
I'll leave it neverly,
lappin' in the Beverly
Deadly metally
matching on the pedally
You know my complexion but
I'm heavy on the celery

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