

Raekwon

"Stick Up Muzic"

Visit "[Stick Up Muzic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Uncle Murda)

[Intro: Busta Rhymes]

It's Flipmode bitch! Categorize my word as gospel
YEAH!

[Verse 1: Busta Rhymes]

Yo! I offer niggas the encouragement
While I give you the nourishment I put niggas on
punishment
Y'all niggas is trash but I offer the streets the
supplements
Takin over the block now I'm tryin to control the
government
(SAY WHAT!) Got these niggas pissin they mattresses
The God is back nigga get the deliverin my packages!
Now I'm back from L.A. all access
It's that nigga back from the Oscars after fuckin some
actress-es
While I give you the seasonin and there recipes
Over the music they sound like Sticker from in the
seventies
While sippin 'nac that make niggas hiccup and spit for
centuries
Of course the ratchet they click up and my enemies
The way I flood the streets you know the flava good
I'm a stash some of the coke and cause a drought up in
the neighborhood
I'm only in the streets to feed a nigga
Regardless what you think the game will always need a
nigga
(Yeah! Might as well mortalize me into a statue nigga!)

[Verse 2: Raekwon]

Yeah, let's go love...
I wear a MEAAAN dark pair of shades
Janglin bats back in the days, I wore braids
Runnin with solicitors, grizzlies, monkey business
prisoners
Livin Uptown with scales inside wall ridges
Y'know we network our ass off

Slabs of salt, dynamite sticks from bricks, fiends gas
off
Blowin sellin dope, runnin to the vault pass off
Play with my paper, write your little ass off
Stylin 'cause I know how to dress
Learned it from Jamacians who stressed the building
lights and gallons of cess
We play rock star hard, every big bangle we mangle
(uh-huh)
Mad dog with the uzi named King Tango
Fishin for riches, mission is to dig bitches (yep)
Hide from the NARCs', Clarks on blue cases
You know we love you like cook food, matta fact
Cook cocaine, never drainin the good mood

[Bridge: Uncle Murda]

(Hold up! Hold up! Hold up!) Chill, chill nigga
Damn! (What's goin on? Y'all tryna make a song
WIT'OUT ME? !)
I ain't get enough fuckin wreck, man!
(I'm on this, GOBBS, what's goin on?)

[Verse 3: Uncle Murda]

I get that fatty, I got that hammer
I die for that bread man, that's word to my grandma
(GRANDMA!)
I kill for it too, that's word to my lil' man (Oh!)
I risk my freedom for him, send me to prison man
I gotta get it man (I do!), Look, by any means
necessary
Pop a nigga while I'm robbin him if it's necessary
(BANG!)
Yeah - gimme the loot, gimme the loot
He was like, "Aight Murda, don't shoot, don't shoot
(Don't MOVE!)
No head shots, please don't shoot me in my head
It ain't that serious, I ain't tryna die for that bread
(What? !)
I don't want no beef, man take my burna
I'm a put the word out, no more hatin on Murda (They
hatin)
You get weed on my block, all of dem man
I did it for 26, you can charge me 40 a grand (Aight, I
got it!)
I know what beef is and I don't want it, son
I'm serious, I don't care if I sound corny son" (You DO
doe!)
(Damn! My Philly cap gone!)

