

Mike G

"Stick Up"

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

[Feat. Earl Sweatshirt]

[Verse 1:]

Hold up, it's a Westcoast stick up
Sly Tendancies is in with me, I'm tryna get my rich up
Talkin' 'bout raisin' Richie dawg, I'm tryna get my Rich
up
Good for you? Man I'll give you life like an elixir
He sick, huh? (Oh yes, it's a O.F. stick up, Mike
Tell this bitch to put the donuts in the bag quicker, right
Shit I strike, niggas bite, bitches wife, hit up Christ
It's a crisis, niggas hands up like it's a heist, Mike get
'em)
Hold up, who'd you say the winner was?
I bet I'll finish quick and eat you faster than your dinner
cause
They ask why they fly and crash, I say you gotta land
slow
I'm Cancer yo, but healthy though, raps new Rambo

[Hook:]

It's a stick up, it's a stick up
Put your hands in the air, it's a stick up

[Verse 2:]

Repeat, it's a stick up, out for greens, to get my Grinch
up
Listen bitch, get your kid and get down or get clipped
up
(You hatin'? Just stop, we gon' blow, just watch
Think not? Grind time, take your fuckin' wristwatch)
All their fuckin' vCards, just to prove that we hard
Get it? We hard, he bombards three broads
Then dip out on another mish them niggas on that
other shit
Word to mother bitch, we hot as Southern summers is
(I'm smooth like Travolta, say they want a face off?
I take off, I'm waitin' for the pay-off, how that go
I rap slow but factual, don't get mad
I'm rad fuckin' awesome, a pimp like Chad swag
High like kites, Cliche, where we stay

There's no such thing as replays, you live once
I just dump, like trash trucks, blast up, no blast off)
Bust the chops, then a nut, then adjust the cock, get
your ass off

[Hook:]

It's a stick up, it's a stick up
Put your hands in the air, it's a stick up

[Verse 3:]

Stepped in the door wavin' the 44
And shot it at three whores, they wouldn't get on the
floor
Now they petrified, I'm comin' for everythin' you got
Know you got a lot, why you think I'm runnin' up in your
spot
Said I don't play, bet I shoot this white girl and get away
Like O.J., this the life I live I'm talkin' everyday
Said I bust again, Sly said that I shouldn't
Said I should then a nigga looked at me like I wouldn't
So I let one off, shattered glass, went through his ass,
he extra soft
And now I'm on a rampage, my partner grabbed the 12
gauge
And threw it to me, started blastin', let three off, let
four off
Then I aimed at a nigga who wouldn't take off his
jewelry
Like you brave 'til you lose consciousness
But you dumb for fuckin' with niggas with guns and shit
They tried to calm me down, but I'm ready to leave a
nigga red
Taco stepped in the way and I shot him in his leg, fuck!

[Outro: Mike and Taco yell at each other after taco is
shot, Earl and Mike decide to ditch Taco at the crime
scene]

Visit [Mike G](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.