

Boys Beastie

"Stick Em Up"

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Stick 'Em Up

Face down don't turn around

listen to the bass pound

from all type of angles

this ain't no star spangled banner

more juice than tropicana

Rock from New York to Savannah

Cause it's Macka Framma?

When I go to a show

Some run some come plenty have fun

To watch a nig get dumb

the right way, the hype way, the tight way

You're fucking right that I might say...

Chorus

Fronters get confronted while stunts get stunted

And my homies get blunted while the rats get hunted

so if you want it here it is so put em up or shut em up

Smack'em down and I'll yell pick'em up so get'em up

word em up, as I fuck it up I tear it up

so listen up and don't move just play the groove

Don't dime when I crime cause kid that's

Fessin' up but when I pull out my mag

Just raise em up

Chorus

One to the Three to the motherfuckin' two

and you don't know what I'ma do

that's because you're new but

I got the kaya ta make you feel higher

so say what you want you motherfuckin' liar

Don't mean to boast I don't mean to brag but I got the
grab bag

Of funky shit you wish you had

But It's the pace that we gotta pick up so stickem up

hands high reach for the sky

but don't try to get fly cause it's easy to die

Just like a blink of an eye when the shots rang

Boom bang rat ta tat tat

watch your back cause I'm coming black

kill that yig yag put the money in the bag

Pass the zags with the Billboard Mag

But freeze feel the breeze if ya sneeze than you're shot

Now ya gotta run what'cha got

Chorus

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