

Sticky Fingaz "Get It Up"

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

Damn, is y'all ready to go up in here?
Alright, pull the black mask down
We 'bout to rush the door
Ah shit, hide your jewelry
I told y'all we was coming
Yo everybody watch out, word up

Get it up, huh
The ice on ya wrist player, pick it up, huh
My killers in the cut coast, stick 'em up, huh
Ladies grab your shirts and lift 'em up, huh
Lemme see your ass baby, back it up, huh

My soldiers on the front line actin' up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh

Yo Sticky Fingaz, word out
I told y'all niggas, yo come on

Hennesied up, play the cut, lightin' it up
Rag on my head, eyes lookin' half way dead
Brought my thugs to the club, straight off the street
I'm iceburg to my feet about a third of the week

Relax baby, don't spazz 'cuz he touched your ass
I ain't say shit when your friend touched my dick
I see Brooklyn schemin', we all in the spot
But that's hip hop, we rap niggaz from off the block

Is it me or is it gettin' hot in here?
I think somebody 'bout to get shot in here
The nine mill guaranteed to clear the spot in here
And we ain't get searched kid, we got glocks in here

Somebody bring me to the hoe suckin' cocks in here
I think they trying to shut it down, I seen cops in here
I'm the hottest shit Universal got this year
And all my niggaz rockin' rocks in here, come on

Get it up, huh

The ice on ya wrist player, pick it up, huh
My killers in the cut coast, stick 'em up, huh
Ladies grab your shirts and lift 'em up, huh
Lemme see your ass, baby, back it up, huh

My soldiers on the front line actin' up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh

Black Trash, yo kick that old real shit
That Queens shit nigga

Fire marshall said it's too packed, nigga fuck the law
And the guest list, niggaz 'bout to rush the door
Got cats online in ties and suits
We come through VIP and button flies and boots

Everybody gettin' comped, I ain't paying no admission
Sticky Fingaz, I can't even pay attention
Love the freaks that tweek and be liftin' it up
Love the freaks that creep and be givin' it up

I got twelve inches, I'm well hung
Nine on my dick and three on my tongue
My manager, the bitch name is Helen Wate
Need a free show? Nigga go to hell and wait

And if God only helped those that help themselves
When I see somethin', I want 'em, I help myself
So unless you and me come to a understanding
You gonna be under, and I'ma be standin'

Get it up, huh
The ice on ya wrist player, pick it up, huh
My killers in the cut coast, stick 'em up, huh
Ladies grab your shirts and lift 'em up, huh
Lemme see your ass, baby, back it up, huh

My soldiers on the front line actin' up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh

Word up, we takin' all y'a money
We takin' all y'a bitches, what y'all thought it was?

I'm so hot to death, I'll probably get shot to death
Fuck who the cops arrest my killers is rough
Shoot up the club like Puff, niggaz'll duck
Chains tucked, Timbs get scuffed

I pull a four-four from out of the seat
Up out it and beat, picture me not ridin' with heat
Jump out of the Jeep, clear a nigga out of the street
Nobody can creep thirty deep nigga, I'm out of your reach

Ain't nothing but killers boastin' next to me
I'm prejudice, I hate every colors except for green
In the club, that's were my niggaz jewelry shop
When the hammer cock, we don't care who we box

So why you come to the club, what you livin' it up?
Why you fuckin' with that chicken, was she givin' it up?
Why you even cop jewels, what you can't get stuck?
Why you never say when, you ain't had enough?

Get it up, huh
The ice on ya wrist player pick it up, huh
My killers in the cut coast, stick 'em up, huh
Ladies grab your shirts and lift 'em up, huh
Lemme see your ass, baby, back it up, huh

My soldiers on the front line actin' up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh

Let's go, get it up

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