

Dr. Ama f/ Blackk Money, Blackk Starr, Young G

"Stick Up Chronicles"

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[Blackk Money] (Black Starr) I got it laid out, some time these bird ass niggas got played out Blackk Stizzy and Blackk Money in the backseat smoked out Listen, I'm the brains, you the brawns Together we the boss, you hold the tail, smoking horses Inside job, nobody get caught I'mma bust off if the dreads try to creep something (That's word to me, I'mma flame the heat, give 'em third degree Tear the face off the bastard with the plastic ratchet Stash it, send the stone, these bastards closed casket Let them faggots know, we savage for the cabbage) Lay low, got a clean shot, then you blow If not, grab the gats, cash and hydro There's a stash under the dresser, in the back A half of ki of coke, he sent that on the low Hit the block, left the Tahoe double parked Thought to myself, we should of waited til dark Hit the door (shut the fuck up, get on the floor) Dred gave a look, like you been through this before (I snatched him up, he licking my gat, click the butt Open the safe) my man tie the nigga up (Crazy cheddar, gold 38, twin berettas In the back of the safe he had a bag full of bezzles) Stepped outside, jumped in the trunk, threw it in drive Leaned on the tint, and contemplated on the crime (Four lanes, flip the high beams, radar screens) On the B.Q.E. (doing a buck O 3) Snatch the heat from my side, threw it on safety (We in the field) counting the cheddar (big bill) Dr. Ama glanced up (said we conquer the mill) We on top, (my motto won't stop), don't stop (Running up on spots) pushing platinum drops (She rocking ice by they sock) freezing cold (whole squad) Bigger than gold [Dr. Ama] Closer to achieve our goal Listen as the saga unfold [Young G] The fight love with no feeling, rules with no healing Drugs with no dealers, guns with no killers Jakes, no plots, cops, no gwop Crack, no spots, the bar, no shocks Ape with no city, thug with no pity Milk with no titties, Frank with no Nitty War without guns, squads with no sons Fights with no funds, like ladies with no buns [Dr. Ama] No more petty crime, slinging crack dime, the cop shines Kidnap the offspring, letting the bloodline take time to mastermind Pick the target, single with shit, sorta

retarded On your dearly departed, sware we finish
once we started You sware, this is our year, attack from
the year Make our demands clear, put the squeeze in
the pot just like the bear Realize the high stake, hate
like Bill Gates deader than steel gates Could be our
fate, plotted out, no room for mistakes December 8th,
the weather cold and blistery Four masked men in a
Lincoln, loading artillery, let's make history There she
is, ya'll cats ready to take care of biz Glock pull out,
grab a seat, threaten to part of his wigs Stress stay in
the car, that's word bond, keep the engine on Police
wrong being, Kev bring the storm Corner forty dudes in
Grand Central, Hax' cock to get you Scream, I split her
wig like a gensu Snatch the girl, ran back, hopped in
the black Continental Peel off, switch whips, slipped in
the green Cammy rental Dress the Lincoln with lighter
fluide, put the match to it Flames burn through it, burst
til the con do it My man Sylvester had the low bread in
Portchester When in his basement, place the stash of
small caucasian Her rich daughter, mami holding cash
like Rich Porter The bitch outta paint on how she spoil it,
best follow my strict order Or she have a daughter toss
it, fuck a body in the water Leave no evidence, cover
every point to pose his neglence Overstand me, move
to plan B, for dead presidents Stick up chronicles, evil
thoughts, that what moke and chronic do It's all real, to
live we die by steel, ain't nothing comical Would you
sacrifice to save your loved ones life Think about it,
would you pay or make 'em pay the final price

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