

Janet Jackson F/ Missy Elliott, Carly Simon

"Stick Up"

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[Big Daddy Kane]

Fuck playin games, I start takin names
Shake ya frame, time to start payin Kane
Don't make me have to take it there and start sayin
names
Give you official in the middle initial
Yes we do the thang, don't care who we bang
Quick to bring the belt out on cats like Pootytang
I'm that, new we in, mighty supreme being
Names that you thought had heart, but seen fleeing

[Afu-Ra]

Rap sire, never tire, call me Messiah
I walk bare foot on hot coles below fire
The type to floss the teeth, with barb wire
The type to cross the street, in the cross fire
Survivor, not stuck in a job, metaphysical
Go ask your mother, yeah, do what you wanna do
Now we can go shot for shot, verse for verse
Worse gets worse, I put you in a hearse

[Chorus: Afu-Ra (Big Daddy Kane)]

(Cause it's a stick up!)
Honey's wanna back it up, thugs wanna bag it up, no
need to act up
(Cause it's a stick up!)
Got it rapped up, got it cracked up
Get your hands high, up in the air before you get
slapped up
(Cause it's a stick up!)
Honey's wanna back it up, thugs wanna bag it up, no
need to act up
(Cause it's a stick up!)
Got it rapped up, got it cracked up
Hands in the air, before you get slapped up

[Afu-Ra]

Now hit 'em up, knock 'em in the bread basket
You get dap quick fucking with my mack shit
Around the corner, cats with four faces
They scheme and plot, I'm like one shot block

Mass producer, my lyrics is cereal juices
I'm breakin out tonight, I'm makin moves kid
Gain collateral, matter of fact it's true
Your beef'll stop when my judo chop chop

[Big Daddy Kane]

We can do it any you want, let's get it on
So, say ya blessings unless you know your lessons
If you do baby, you better yell those off
Feel these elbows, run those shell toes
Slip a not at all, don't bust one shot at all
Because I go with extra strength like Tylenol
Once connected with Afu, and you know we attack
Come together like Kobe and Shaq

[Chorus]

[Afu-Ra]

A to the F to the U, to the R to the A
I pull out steel on tracks like everyday

[Big Daddy Kane]

Guess who spray, keep the name shook over here
Play your plee's, just a crook over here

[Afu-Ra]

Look over there, cat's is sittin pretty, with the chilly-willy
Cover me son, yo I'm gettin busy

[Big Daddy Kane]

Yo, we prepare for anything that transpire
Keep ya mouth closed when I pass fire

[Afu-Ra]

Slap fire out ya ass cuz you gettin too gas
I know my math and I mix it with the razzel-taz
Hide your bling bling, you ain't down with God
And all the wolves know you left without your body
guards

[Big Daddy Kane]

How could it not be hard, we swell dee-sel
Pee-pel feel hell, neck and back like e-zell
Niggas wanna re-bail, follow the dust to the mist
Come and get it, now who's fuckin with this?

[Chorus 2x]

