

## KRS One F/ Fat Joe

### "Stick You"

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[Intro - conversation with Capone in the background]

[Noreaga]

Yo, yo - you got that shit? Let me see that. (It's right here, yo)

Look - look, son! That's the second time that nigga did that, yo!

Second time! Taste that, yo! (What the fuck is this shit, yo?)

Is this your shit, no? Is it? (No, this shit is weak)

Yo, that's the second time son did that shit, yo  
(Word, I don't wanna talk...)

Yo, fuck that yo (word up)

We're gonna go get him right now, yo, us, us, right here, yo

Us, yo, nobody else, we gonna get him, yo  
(listen, listen, listen son)

[Tragedy] Listen, listen - Yo, we gotta map this shit out, son

we can't just be runnin' them things...

[Noreaga] Meet us on 160 - the nigga be on 1-5-2, and we just gonna do it on 160, we gonna get...

[Tragedy] Look, I'm sayin' dun, we gonna keep it real, man

(He ain't gonna do it to us again son! We gonna do it son!)

Look, I'm sayin' - you know I'm with you - you know how we get down

We gonna get the nigga but we gotta map this shit out right

cause people, I... That nigga got mad, fuckin, you know what I'm sayin' Boricua niggas runnin' with him (word?)

You know what I'm sayin'?

[Noreaga] They ain't gonna expect it, we gonna move it's raining son, they ain't gonna expect it right now, they ain't gonna expect it, son

[Tragedy] I ain't trying to have no 2-5 casualties, man, that's what I'm sayin', I want us to get in, and get the fuck out...

[Tragedy Khadafi]

From fourty one - twelve, to the U.S.A. buiding in Iraq  
My crew bust back, we're cap peeling  
Your crew dealing, in a box with no feeling  
Informer type, that's what you get for squealing  
It's the money or the morgue son, ready to die  
Black Infiniti, yo, papi, call Ki  
The coke connect - don't trust us, he wanna touch us  
So call Russ, tell him, scoop me in the Lexus  
It's all good, in the 'hood, nobody know shhh  
Infrared, off the roof, some ol' scope shhh  
CNN, desert men, holding the chrome with gorilla grip  
Sing Sing, straight convict  
Strap the door, C-4, detonating shhh  
Blow the spot, don't give a fuck who you go and get  
We want the yay-yo  
And the cash that's in the stash, strip his Tommy  
drawers  
Yo, check the crack of his ass  
(Noreaga) You on some homo shhh?  
Nah kid, we on some real shit  
Since we here, we might as well get all of it  
Inshallah allahu akbar supporter  
CNN, desert men supreme order(word)

[Capone]

A kassi[???], three and a quarter, Arab Nazi  
Me and shorty from the Mecca, having a session  
Play the Shark Bar, sipping on French connection  
On the rocks, son, hit me on the box  
Time to hit the spot, regulate the whole fucking block

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Grab the gray tape, gag his mouth, leave him for the  
rats  
Stuck him for the yay-yo couldn't get the money back

[Capone]

So where you at?

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Meet me uptown, by the polo ground  
Strapped with the vest, plus I got the 4-pound  
Tell Caduece(tell who?), bring the A.K.(wha?),  
so y'all can hold me down

[Capone]

Aight kiko, I'ma meet you in a hour, keep the free  
power close  
Gotta get dun, and we ghost  
Met papi in Iraq(huh?), then winged by the back

Opened up the trunk, and threw in the big gat  
Took off, threw the skully mask over the dome  
We war prone, desert men tactics all shown  
Met on 1-5-2, now we figure,  
Looking for that rich Dominican with that gold act vigor  
Chico, he got porico[???], little do he know  
We sticking him for all of his dough(nigga)

Chorus:

[Tragedy] This ain't your ordinary sh thug sh, that you  
used to, Q.U.

[Noreaga] We stick you, we supposed to

[Tragedy] Not your ordinary sh thug sh that you used  
to, Q.U.

[Noreaga] We stick you

[Noreaga]

Yo, for years I been buying my coke from the same cat  
Gherri curl nigga, Dominican nigga who look Black  
As I think back, transform coke to crack  
Yo amigo, him and Rico, they got Borico[???]  
Son I know the spot, like the back of my hand  
Networked the plan, we sticking him and his man  
Working zip-lock, pop the lock, flee the spot  
Grab the knot, national(hurry up! hurry up!),  
tell Willy come and get me on 160  
I got three people with me, with trenches  
We uptown waiting on the benches  
The cab taking long, Dominicans coming strong  
Claiming that it's on, from dusk 'til dawn  
We right across the street, they don't see us  
Ay yo, our Cuban disguise, it got us looking like we  
Jesus  
Inshallah, we flee the spot mega far  
Jump up in Willy's car, and scream "Alhumdu Allah!"  
25 people lost sleep, the other 25 lost heat(snitching)  
A gave up Luis, and said it wasn't worth it  
The CNN drug circuit, (yo) blind fold  
Pass the gray tape, regulate, cowboy rope strapped  
To the chair, stay there, he just a power ranger  
That snitched on me while in danger  
Noreaga, treat that ass like a stranger  
Yo - yo yo -

Chorus

Stick you, and him too - you and you  
(Bitch ass nigga)

Got you back, got you back

We got you back - from sellin' that fake yak

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