

## Lyrics by Nuts Can Surf

### "Stick Up"

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[Intro: INF-Black]

Put your hands up, it's a stick up, you heard?

Uh-huh, all my live niggaz, friday..

Put your hands up, it's a stick up, you heard?

[INF-Black]

I'm the hood like weed and crack

Best believe I'm the hood and I ain't far from my gat

Was taught to hold it down, and never slack on my  
mack

Same niggaz you give pounds, be those niggaz that rat

The bullshit, you got a deal, momma told me react

I'm from a part of town, that's real, where you can't  
relax

Shots throwin', always somethin', get your head piece  
cracked

The block jumpin', stay pumpin', these buildings is  
where it's at

These buildings is where I stack, brought out the INF-  
Black

Rather get caught in the act, then caught dead in your  
back, so chill (chill)

If peace was an option, and still plottin'

Nobody's untouchable, keep your p's when it's coppin'

Please, when I'm cockin', or freeze and get boxed in

So many m.c.'s on they knees, now they plead when  
they coppin'

My live state rockin', fresh, and still grindin'

Time after time and my homies, I'm still ridin'

[Chorus 2X: INF-Black]

Ya'll haters couldn't ride with me

Couldn't get down like me, get high like me

Competition's like a robbery, it's easy to see

Yo, put your hands up, it's a stick up, you heard?

[Hook: INF-Black]

Go bang, when I'm jumpin' the gun

Have ya'll bitch ass niggaz run

It go bang, that's the sound of the thang

That's the sound of the thang..

[INF-Black]

I ain't talkin' like I can't slip, or get clipped  
But I'm on point like my outfit matchin' my kicks  
I'm cockin' this fifth, faggot niggaz all on my dick  
With a heart full of fire, I ain't givin' an inch  
Take my kindness for weakness, ain't life a bitch  
Staten Isle's best secret'll run up in your shit  
Like I ain't never been pinched, took a blow over some  
dough  
I slap a hole in the 'fro for sniffin' my blow, it's real  
Park Hill's where I'm from, where killas load guns  
And take funds, huggin' the trigger  
Shot pumps in your Hilfiger, or the block for this  
cheddar  
Hold cracks in sweaters, next to floored counterfeiter  
Yeah, I loved a lot of niggaz, but lot of niggaz I stop  
lovin'  
It's me or them, so fuck 'em (fuck 'em) ...

[Chorus 2X]

[INF-Black]

I'm livin' proof, nigga, listen  
More jewels than Q when he killed Bishop, play the roll  
or be the victim  
Time's tickin', my hand's itchin', I'm hot in the kitchen  
Any condition, I'm street, son, I'm plottin' the mission  
Choppin' the raw, I'll break it off, through my addition  
It's gonna be friction, I keep the half-sawed, it's real  
Push my limit, catch an ass whippin', son, I aint' missin'  
Two tool for the club and a nine for the waistline  
Get it all, it's fine, just like your bitch, can't wait to taste  
mine  
Break spines for yards and I break the bassline  
Hold it down with my squad, move hard as county  
lines, run that  
I'm your car, wouldn't call it a crime  
My rubber gripped chrome nine, keep ya'll hoes in line  
Treat you like old pussy, cuz I'll fuck you when I want  
Gut you out like a turkey and I'll stuff you a blunt,  
chump  
Have you in emergency, for tryin' hum a stunt

[Chorus 2X]

[Bridge: INF-Black]

Nigga run that...  
Give up your chain and your watch, or the glock'll go  
click clack  
I ain't playin', what I'm sayin', throw these hollows in

your six pack  
Don't have me pop, don't move, nigga, I ain't try'nna  
hear that  
Niggaz know I won't hesitate to put your fuckin' shit  
back

[Interlude: INF-Black]  
Yeah, INF-Black, Hillside Scramblers, it

[Hook]

[Outro: INF-Black]  
Muthafuckas, toast to that, nigga  
Put your hands up, it's a stick up, you heard?

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