

U-God

"Stick Up"

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F/ INF-Black

[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 counterfeiterers
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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