

Stick 'Em Up

Ludacris

Yeah, nigga, got that Ludacris
Got that UGK, that Disturbing The Peace click
An' you know what I'm tired of?
These flashin' ass, flossin' ass niggas
So if you see one you know what you do? Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
Put ya hands up where I can see 'em, see 'em, see 'em
Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
Target niggas, wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
Put ya hands up where I can see 'em, see 'em, see 'em
Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
Target niggas, wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em I want the money an' the power, they hittin' me every
hour
For the silt resin powder, chasin' them dirty dollars
I'm from Texas, nigga, it get hectic, nigga
People dependin' on me, I can't neglect it, niggas 'Cause the game is deeper than just workin' off the beeper
If the paper ain't right then we callin' a sweeper
To clean up the problems an' straighten the mess
So nigga, come wit ya pistol an' nigga, come wit ya vest This ain't the east or the west, the 'Bama weed or the
stress
I'm Young Pimp from Port Arthur an' we done passed the test
An' we smokin' the best, everywhere that we go
An' when our records come out, them bitches sell out the sto' Stayin' throat on the 'dro an' keep that thang on
the flo'
Want my money up front when we come for the show
Y'all can play wit ya paper but I'm dyin' for mine
So while y'all buyin' them watches, I'ma stay on the grind
Fuck, nigga Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
Put ya hands up where I can see 'em, see 'em, see 'em
Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
Target niggas, wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
Put ya hands up where I can see 'em, see 'em, see 'em
Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
Target niggas, wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em Hallow laid, hollow sprayed, I'm the Hollow Man
I get to the hollow point wit my hollow plan
Hollow bullets, I pull it, I'm about to live in vain
An' then I drill 'em, refill 'em, make sure they feel the pain It's mighty strange how your peephole is my fuckin'
gauge
Catch you in concert an' then wipe you off the fuckin' stage
I feel a ghetto rage, let's turn the ghetto page

My bitch will stick you wit ghetto metal stilleto thangs
 An' I got a ghetto aim with diamond 'bezeled rangs
 So while my index is workin', my pinky's blindin' thangs
 I hit 'em at close range, I spit 'em at most brains
 You think you real rich, nigga, we gonna make some chump change
 You think it's a fuckin' game you think it's
 a blood sport
 You gaspin' for breath an' I'm puffin' on one of these Newports
 An' I see a red dot aimed at yo' head
 Then bright lights, oh, no, po'-po' an' guess what they said
 They said Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
 Put ya hands up where I can see 'em, see 'em, see 'em
 Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
 Target niggas, wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em
 Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
 Put ya hands up where I can see 'em, see 'em, see 'em
 Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
 Target niggas, wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em
 Say nigga, you think it's a joke? Trill niggas be goin' for
 broke
 Twist this whistle, loc an' them mothafuckin' pistols smoke
 An' it's just a matter of time before you labeled a busta
 Adjust the nigga that couldn't catch up an' cut the mustard
 Now I got confidence, I don't need no condiments
 All I need is common sense to see through your incompetence
 Nigga, keep your compliments they don't flatter me
 You fuckin' with me? An' that'll be the day, bitch
 We don't play, you know where the gat'll be
 Right on the side of me, right where it's 'posed to be
 Bitch, niggas die for me just for gettin' too close to me
 So kiss your rosary beads an' sing a silent one
 'Cause I promise if you get it it's gone be a violent one
 Coroner catchin' his breath like he's got asthma
 When they cut on the blue light an' see all that fuckin' plasma
 Millenium Murda Master, nigga, I ain't new to this
 So when you see that Bun-B, Young Pimp or that Ludacris
 You just Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
 Put ya hands up where I can see 'em, see 'em, see 'em
 Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
 Target niggas, wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em
 Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
 Put ya hands up where I can see 'em, see 'em, see 'em
 Stick 'em up, stick 'em up, bitch, stick 'em up
 Target niggas, wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em
 ATL, the PAT, UGK an' DTP
 I wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em
 Shawn Drey, I 20, Ludacris an' Fake Fees
 I wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em
 Down South, how we do it? Pimp C an' Bun-B
 I wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em
 Roll trees, ride Ds, make cheese an' shake fleas
 I wouldn't wanna be 'em, be 'em, be 'em

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