Stick 'em Up

Petey Pablo

Yeah I seen 'em come through here a couple times
I didn't think nuttin' of 'em, you know what I'm sayin'
But that shit you don't talk that huh?
That shit shocked everybody
Put the money in the bag bitch before I blow yo head off
Get yo ass on the floor nigga think a motherfucka playin' with y'all
This right here came from Mr. Charles its long and it ain't got Sears on it
Anytime I got a personal problem this the only homeboy I call
I wonder how many thought about Petey Pab
When I was apache rappin' in the penetentury yard
Eatin' wieners outa chanteens
Smokin' on roll-ups, strokin' on my love meat
Waitin' for the day cut in the term and free
So I could get out here and make mama proud of me
And do the right thing run up on the right man
That can pull the right string get to where I'm posed to be
Had to get ejected cause the game a cold
Anywhere and when the motherfucka slammed the door
Oh no, hell naw, get lost wait a minute dog
Fucked around one night went out in New York
When I met one of the brothers "Up-in-ala-boys"
Ever since then money been a real long head
That bout says it all
Put the money in the bag bitch before I blow yo head off
Get yo ass on the floor nigga think a motherfucka playin' with y'all
This right here came from Mr. Charles its long and it ain't got Sears on it
Anytime I got a personal problem this the only homeboy I call
Is just something that a carry with me all the time
Just in case one of these motherfuckers loose they mind
And run up on me like I ain't gone hold it down for mine
I can show you better than tryin' to tell ya 'bout it
See once upon a time I think Pitt was the county
Where these niggas used to run around armed and robbin'
There was this little boy by the name of Moses
Had to run home keep from gettin' me jewelry stolen
Till one day nigga caught a hold to him
Did what they wanted to em stole my little Gucci coat
Oh naw , shit yeah they did, what the fuck you think I did?
Told Grama, granny told Granpa

Granpa took his grandson in the backyard
Gave me somethin' supposed to take the pressure off
Instead he teach me how to shoot at the mouth
Put the money in the bag bitch before I blow yo head off
Get yo ass on the floor nigga think a motherfucka playin' with y'all
This right here came from Mr. Charles its long and it ain't got Sears on it
Anytime I got a personal problem this the only homeboy I call
They ain't certified till a nigga run in they house
Put the thang in they mouth and blow err thing they think out
Run around actin' like bitches, you gone make me loose it all
I wasn't gone talk about it but, God damn it
This motherfucker bout to piss me off
And this dick ridin radio station ass motherfuckin'
Nigga down here in Raleigh
I don't give a fat bitch big titty pair one of y'all motherfuckin play my shit
And the couple of spins that y'all son-bitches
Did give me came from my man and them
Man fuck that church boy grab the looks
Come on the motherfuckin road with us
If I said anything I ain't spossed to said
And hurt anyone of y'all them fuck it
Put the money in the bag bitch before I blow yo head off
Get yo ass on the floor nigga think a motherfucka playin' with y'all
This right here came from Mr. Charles its long and it ain't got Sears on it
Anytime I got a personal problem this the only homeboy I call
Put the money in the bag bitch before I blow yo head off
Get yo ass on the floor

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