

Stick Em' Up

Gucci Mane

[Chorus]

Pull up in the old school with the hubcaps,

Got my black tee,ones, and my skull cap,

Stick Em Up,

Stick em up,

Stick em Up,

Stick em Up,

Stick em up,

Stick em up,

Stick em up, ye ain't know

I ain't come to play and I ain't come to laugh,

All I gotta say is nigga put it in da bag,

Stick em up,

Stick em up,

Stick em up,

Stick em up,

Stick em,

Stick em up,

Stick em up, ye ain't know You know the procedure, when you see a heater

Bullets rippin' at ya, got ya runnin' like a cheetah

Rob in my black tee, mob in my black V

Robbed the weed man, 'cause the nigga tried to tax me

Ye ain't gotta ask me,tell me where the stacks be

Hittin big licks got me ballin' like an athlete

Used to take starter coats, moved up to bigger dope

Down for a kick do' (door), just to make my wrist glow

Steal from the rich, but I hang with the po' folk

Ball till ya fall, but don't ball til ya go broke

Gucci mane la chat, we in and out the trap fast

Leaving out yo house, 30 birds in my book bag[Chorus]OK, check that bitch that wake up early in the morning,

looking for a victim

The first nigga look like dolla's, tryna holla, I'm gone get em

I got no time for relationships, I'm out to get that cheese

Even if I have to kill you bitch my son I got to feed

I'm at the mall, I'm poppin' tags with shopping bags so style

I found a duck that I can pluck, that nigga that asked me out

Whoa, hold up my nigga you must don't know I gotta get ya

You told yo boy I got a big ass, but boy my nine is bigga

I'm waitin' on him to pull up at the spot I see he clean

That boy sittin' on them things, a iced out chain, and big ass rings
He said lets go to the movies, I told him lets go to the room
This nigga think he really got a freak, but mine is do the fool
We get to the room, I let him rub, I let him get a lil' touch
I told him hold up stop, let me go to the bathroom freshen up
I went out the bathroom window, met with Gucci glock in purse
Kicked in the do', shot him in his head, took his cheese and left him murked
I'm that Bitch! [Chorus] They say that I'm a cut throat, Gucci never cut coke
Yea I'm a jack boy, known to run a drug sto'
Hang wit the thug boys, nicknamed the goon squad
First you gotta sign up, then ya get your goon card
Niggas scared to fuck wit me, don't wanna serve me
Shop wit ya Wednesday, take from ya Thursday
Splurge wit my comrades, Gucci mane I'm hood rich
Nigga kill for ya, if you just buy him a outfit
Think like a mob boss, move like warranty
Got a half a mill safe, just to keep the bills paid
Burn em with a hot fork, taser on his nut sacks
I ain't come to play, I came to find them big stacks [Chorus]

Songwriters

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