Stick You

Capone-n-noreaga

[Intro - conversation with Capone in the background][Noreaga]Yo, yo - you got that shit? Let me see that. (It's right here, yo)
Look - look, son! That's the second time that nigga did that, yo!
Second time! Taste that, yo! (What the fuck is this shit, yo?)
Is this your shit, no? Is it? (No, this shit is weak)
Yo, that's the second time son did that shit, yo
(Word, I don't wanna talk...)
Yo, fuck that yo (word up)
We're gonna go get him right now, yo, us, us, right here, yo
Us, yo, nobody else, we gonna get him, yo
(listen, listen, listen son)
[Tragedy] Listen, listen - Yo, we gotta map this shit out, son
we can't just be runnin' them things...
[Noreaga] Meet us on 160 - the nigga be on 1-5-2,
and we just gonna do it on 160, we gonna get...
[Tragedy] Look, I'm sayin' dun, we gonna keep it real, man
(He ain't gonna do it to us again son! We gonna do it son!)
Look, I'm sayin' - you know I'm with you - you know how we get down
We gonna get the nigga but we gotta map this shit out right
cause people, I... That nigga got mad, fuckin,
you know what I'm sayin' Boricua niggas runnin' with him (word?)
You know what I'm sayin'?
[Noreaga] They ain't gonna expect it,
we gonna move it's raining son,
they ain't gonna expect it right now,
they ain't gonna expect it, son
[Tragedy] I ain't trying to have no 2-5 casualties, man,
that's what I'm sayin', I want us to get in,
and get the fuck out...
[Tragedy Khadafi]
From 41-12, to the U.S.A. building in Iraq
My crew bust back, we're cap peeling
Your crew dealing, in a box with no feeling
Informer type, that's what you get for squealing
It's the money or the morgue son, ready to die
Black Infinit-i, yo, papi, call Ki
The coke connect - don't trust us, he wanna touch us
So call Russ, tell him, scoop me in the Lexus
It's all good, in the 'hood, nobody know shhh

Infrared, off the roof, some ol' scope shhh
CNN, desert men, holding the chrome with gorilla grip
Sing Sing, straight convict
Strap the door, C-4, detonatin' shhh
Blow the spot, don't give a fuck who you go and get
We want the yayo
And the cash that's in the stash, strip his Tommy drawers
Yo, check the crack of his ass
(Noreaga) Yo, on some homo shhh?!
Nah kid, we on some real shit
Since we here, we might as well get all of it
Inshallah allahu akbar supporter
CNN, desert men supreme order(word)
[Capone]
A kassi[???], three and a quarter, Arab Nazi
Me and shorty from the Mecca, having a session
Play the Shark Bar, sipping on French connection
On the rocks, son, hit me on the box
Time to hit the spot, regulate the whole fucking block
[Tragedy Khadafi]

Grab the gray tape, gag his mouth, leave him for the rats
Stuck him for the yayo couldn't get the money back
[Capone]
So where you at?
[Tragedy Khadafi]
Meet me uptown, by the polo ground
Strapped with the vest, plus I got the 4-pound
Tell Caduece(tell who?), bring the A.K.(wha?),
so y'all can hold me down
[Capone]
Aight kicko, I'ma meet you in a hour, keep the three power close
Gotta get dun, and we ghost
Met papi in Iraq(huh?), then winged by the back
Opened up the trunk, and threw in the big gat
Took off, threw the skully mask over the dome
We war prone, desert men tactics all shown
Met on 1-5-2, now we figure,
Looking for that rich Dominican with that gold act vigor
Chico, he got perico, little do he know
We sticking him for all of his dough(nigga)
Chorus:
[Tragedy] This ain't your oridinary sh thug sh, that you used to, Q.U.
[Noreaga] We stick you, we supposed to
[Tragedy] Not your ordinary sh thug sh that you used to, Q.U.

[Noreaga] We stick you
[Noreaga]
Yo, for years I been buying my coke from the same cat
Gherri curl nigga, Dominican nigga who look Black
As I think back, transform coke to crack
Yo amigo, him and Rico, they got perico
Son I know the spot, like the back of my hand
Networked a plan, we sticking him and his man
Working zip-lock, pop the lock, flee the spot
Grab the knot, national(hurry up! hurry up!),
tell Willy come and get me on 160
I got three people with me, with trenches
We uptown waiting on the benches
The cab taking long, Dominicans coming strong
Claiming that it's on, from dusk 'til dawn
We right across the street, they don't see us
Ay yo, our Cuban disguise, it got us looking like we Jesus
Inshallah, we flee the spot mega far
Jump up in Willy's car, and scream "Alhumdu Allah!"
25 people lost sleep, the other 25 lost heat(snitching)
A gave up Luis, and said it wasn't worth it
The CNN drug circuit, (yo) blind fold
Pass the gray tape, regulate, cowboy rope strapped
To the chair, stay there, he just a Power Ranger
That snitched on me while in danger
Noreaga, treat that ass like a stranger
Yo - yo yo -
Chorus
Stick you, and him too - you and you
(Bitch ass nigga)
Got you back, got you back
We got you back - from sellin' that fake yak

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