

Stik 'n' Muve

Onyx

Oh shit, yo, ya know I'm sayin'?
That shit just shot duke in the face
(That nigga right there!)
Nigga gotta be dead
Fuck that then, let's rob that nigga man
Take that nigga watch and get the fuck out of here
(Fuck him!)Ayo, young brothers out there
Shouldn't be stickin' up people ya know?Give me the money, give me the money
Here comes Sonee the greaser
Sees the hostages, my conscience keeps tellin' me I should just
Hit 'em high, hit 'em low, everywhere I go
There's no coppers, to stop us, the pros, our motto
Is stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' moveEight o'clock in the mornin', time to wake up
Another brother gettin' paid, and away, it's a stick up
No time to even, take a bath
Strictly cash, tax free quick fast
Grab my Polo, jumped in the Timberland boots
I got Audi, time to get rowdy
Shiftee, low down gritty and grimy
I guess I gotta find my crimey
Sticky Fingaz, yo that's Sticky Fingaz
Jetted to the ave. in a half of a second
He wasn't at the spot, so the stop I was checkin'
Met him on the way, tucked away was the weapon
Stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' moveSingle handed me and Mickey barely took a trip to
Linden
Picked up some cheeba and some brew and yo what else?
Screamin' "nothing!"
Now we on the East train back and said "something!"
Oops, since I stooped, the forty-deuce get loose
Seen three other troopers and they tried to call a truce
One had a link, the other a goose
You know what we took, and you know what we left
But the third one played a punk he dissed his posse and stepped
With Sticky on the loose, there was nothin' he could do
So I pulled out the old tape ducted twenty-two
But that was only petty skills, the Philly Freddie
Stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' moveYeah, yeah, hand over the money
Don't get like "Doc, what's up Doc?"

This is Mugs Bunny and ain't nothing funny, ha, it's a stick up
Sticky got sticky and tricky with the wallet
But this ain't "El Segundo"
It's just the four, bad, brothers from the ghetto
Stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move We had an option after twelve in the city
Man we gonna roll with some like Nitti
But first we got trips, because the man got geese
Yo mister I just got robbed, have you seen the police?
Nah, none over here, good, so run all your gear
Rolex watch, rings, the Gucci underwear
You might think I'm sorta out of order
But I'll rob you for a quarter - say whitey's youse a goner
You's a goner want to, call the pork, pig
Ya dig, police, peace!
Stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move, stick 'n' move Ayo, young brothers out here
shouldn't be stickin' up people ya know? (That's a no no)
This is a story about Sticky Fingaz and show
And there was a Stick 'n' move stick 'n' move stick 'n' move stick 'n' move
Stick 'n' move stick 'n' move stick 'n' move stick 'n' move
Stick 'n' move stick 'n' move stick 'n' move stick 'n' move
Stick 'n' move Yeah yeah, hand over the money
(Yeah yeah, gimme the money, gimme the money)
Yeah yeah, hand over the money
(Yeah yeah, gimme the money, gimme the money) Hit 'em high, hit 'em low
Gimme the money, gimme the money
Hit 'em high, hit 'em low
Gimme the money, gimme the money
Hit 'em high, hit 'em low
Gimme the money, gimme the money
Yeah yeah, hand over the money

Songwriters

Parker, Chylow M / Scruggs, Freddie / Jones, Kirk / Taylor, Tyrone George Published by
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