Stick Em Up

Quarashi

Until there was you we didn't know what to do but I don't give a fuck about the things that I blew.
Sucker MC don't you love me, want to have me, want to que me, one two three. It's just a modest proposal from a boy anti-social, scraping the skin of our culture, civilized vulture. Do me in, don't make me sin, I'm doing so good I can't go through it again.
I bomb the mic like a fascist, Mussolini comin' through with no remorse, from the dark you won't see me. Rise up from the sea like a godzilla straight up through your mind with my armour plated drilla. I don't give a fuck what you think about this shit, ain't in it for the money never out to make a hit. If you can't take it like I said get a grip 'cause I'm here to fucking stay like the warts on your dick.
Stick 'em up.
So won't you make a man out of me, I've gotta be, connected computerized son of a bitch, makes me itch, sucker for life. I can't decide darkness or light or just a heavenly fright. Stick it, I'm tired I'm bored, I'm trying so hard and I can't be adored. So the sound brakes through from one tone, gives me no choice I can't be alone.
Stick 'em up.
Like Darth Vader I surprise you with my skills. I knock your 'ol ass out like a bag of sleeping pills. I got to rip things up like my name was Jack the Ripper. There's a party at your house cause your mama is a stripper. Slice through the scene like a knife through peanut butter. Get your ears cleaned out motherfucker I didn't stutter. S. W. A. R. E. Z! I got this whole thing right down to a T.
Stick 'em up.

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