

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 drill. 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.

Songwriters

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