

Stick Me For My Riches (feat. Gerald Alston)

Wu-Tang Clan

[Intro: Gerald Alston]

Ooh-wee... mmmmmmm, yeah...[Gerald Alston]

See I was raised out on these mean streets

I'm from the projects, right, where poverty and hell meet

I'm searching everyday to find a better way, I've got a

Hustle still to get my pay before I hit bottom

Now some might say that I'm already there

But who are they to judge or question what I do, son, so I don't care

Tired of eating cheese sandwiches with no meat

Tired of watching all the playas from the same seat

So it's a life of crime, some might sing or rhyme

To escape the ghetto before the flatline

Choices to make, what am I gonna do

Got to use my talents, they gonna pull me through[Chorus: Gerald Alston]

Now with success, I become a target

They wanna set me up, I guess more money equals more problems

They wanna get me, wanna hit me, strip me of my riches

They wanna cut me up in pieces, leave me deep in ditches[Hook: Gerald Alston]

And I can't take it... but I'm gonna make it...

Yeah... oh... I'm gonna make it... yeah... ohhhhhh

Fight to stay alive[Method Man]

I was raised out on these mean streets

You know where poverty and hell meet

Brothers get jail and life's for sale, cheap

Since momma held me, in her arms, to tell me

That it's a cold world, I done held heat

And held myself down, lotta bodies and shells found

And niggas into taking everything, that ain't nailed down

We fell down, ain't hard to tell now

I ain't trying, to see the cell now

or see momma put her house up for bail now

So I'mma give all I got, to try and get that gwop

Nigga I'm hot with this hustle, go 'head and get the cops

I use my talent to get more figures

Unlike these little corner store niggas

Go change your drawers, niggas[Chorus: Method Man & Gerald Alston]

Now with success and I've become a target

They wanna set me up, take me hostage, or take me down some notches

They wanna hit me, wanna stick me, get me for my riches

They wanna diss me, want a clip me, leave me stiff in ditches[Hook: Gerald Alston (Method Man)]

And I can't take it, no, no, but I'm gonna make it...

(This ain't no game, my life ain't nothing to play with)

Yeah... I'm gonna make it... oohh...

(Face it, money is power and I'ma make it)

I'm gonna make it... oohh...[Inspectah Deck]

Yeah, I'm gon' survive, yo, yo, aiyo

N.Y. City, gritty blocks, little love, plenty cops

Few rise, many drop, True Lies, semis cocked

Fishscale, already rocked, heavy shots, that we drop

New guys on every block, blue eyes and red dots

Pregnant mothers, broke fathers, more money, more problems

So hungry, won't starve 'em, work hard and so pardon

I got mouths to feed, I got pounds of weed

I need some more, another store, another house, indeed

An X amount of G, the reason pounds'll squeeze

And strip you naked, basic, trying to make it out the P's

Don't ever doubt a G, and have me spaz like

'Face with the K, and my nose all powdery

It ain't about the streets, it's 'bout the beast within

That won't give in to 'lice, down to bleed, G[Chorus: Inspectah Deck & Gerald Alston]

Now with success and I've become a target

They wanna set me up, take me hostage, or take me down some notches

They wanna hit me, wanna stick me, get me for my riches

They wanna diss me, wanna clip me leave me stiff in ditches[Hook: Gerald Alston (RZA)]

And I can't take it (yeah), no, no, but I'm gonna make it...

(Yeah, yea, turn the beat up a little right here)

Yeah... I'm gonna make it... oohh...

(Yo, yo, yo, yeah, yo, just, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang)[RZA]

Aiyo, RZA, Meth, GZA, Deck, Ghost and Chef be cashing checks

Killa, Cap be snapping necks, Street and 'Zilla flash the tech

Sacrifice a savage life, if he trying to bag my ice

Tag a price on merchandise, tell me, is it worth ya life?[Gerald Alston]

No... it's a cold, cold, cold world

You can't be playing games with my life

I've gotta fight to survive, fight to stay alive[RZA]

Aiyo, metal pipes ignite, sparking fire, light the darkness night

Trying to stick me for my riches, now y'all bitches taking flight

Major business, raise the digits, tried to strike me for my life

Slice and dice, men or mice, GZA tell 'em what it's like[GZA]

Aiyo, money making, people flaking, Cash Rules, fuck the bacon

Earthquaking, head is aching, bank stop, dice shaking

Times are hard, sew a job, scheming niggaz wanna rob

Use a hoe to slob ya knob, hit you with unruly mobs

Stab you in the back and smile, watch you bleed for a while

Hating on the agile, steal ya name and bite ya style
Hold you for a ransom note, Goliath cutting David's throat
Grab ya vest, abandon boat and leave you out at sea to float[Chorus: GZA & Gerald Alston]
Now with success and I've become a target
They wanna set me up, I guess more money equals more problems
They wanna hit me, wanna stick me, get me for my riches
They wanna diss me, want clip me, leave me stiff in ditches[Gerald Alston]
And I can't take it... no, no... but I'm gonna make it..
Yeah... oh... I'm gonna make it... ooh... yeah..
It's a cold, cold, cold world
I got my hand on my gun, they got a brother on the run
Yeah... it's a cold, cold, cold world
You can't be playing games with my life
I've gotta fight to survive, fight to stay alive
This ain't a game, this is my life
Keep pushing me to the edge, I'm gonna push back
And you won't like that, it's guaranteed you won't like that
When ya laid down, laid flat..

Songwriters

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