

The Stick Up

Ben Sims Presents Kehso

MC

(Whoa)

This is your motherfuckin' time nigga you ready?

(Huh bro?)

You sho' you ready?

(Fuckin' right, nigga what?)

Fuck that mess we don't need no mess

They know who we is anyway

What we gon' do is go in here handle our business

Take everything and break out

You feelin' me?

Well, let's let them niggaz have it

This is a stick, up, MC's lay it down

We got the clout in this bitch so don't be fuckin' around

Got the rap game locked, spittin' what they feelin'

Makin' all the money, got 'em say we racketeering

Y'all fearing no limit, black owned and operated

Uncle Tom's and lil' Sambo's get annihilated

Y'all ain't tolerated, 'cause only soldiers ride with T R U

On the tank full of lyricists, hustlers, and gorillas

Killers, and we do what we gotta do to make it happen

All action, all cappin', fuck yappin'

Mappin, out the industry, gon' blow this joint

And take the royalties, the publishin' and all the points right with us

It's the Black Prince and the Biggest Mama

Shootin' sparks from the top of the Billboard charts

Watch out now, don't nobody move, 'cause you gon' lose

Then we takin' everything, 'cause we brought the right tools

Give it up, give it up, or get fucked up

It's gon' happen point blank range, so don't even duck

We lust to bust, turnin' bitches to dust

Always your ass if you don't give it up

Give it up, give it up, or get fucked up

It's gon' happen point blank range, so don't even duck

We lust to bust, turnin bitches to dust

Always your ass if you don't give it up

Black prince in this bitch with the biggest Mom of 'em all

Out of sight, when we unite, like killers and George

Slowly, unlock the safe on the wall
Stop disrespectin' the pistol I'm pointin' at y'all
Buck buck! Get down, get on your face or get handled
Bitch keep still 'fore I make an example
Cut up that fuckin' remake, and give me that sample
Give me the fuckin' recoup, you 'sposed to be payin' me
Bag the loot then, cover the camera
Snatch a fuckin' hostage then run out with the manager
Fuck it, gotta have my paper, fortune and fame
Lay it down so the bitches won't forget my name
Listen close motherfucker
If you don't meet my demands, this nigga gon' suffer
This ain't no fucking game, and ain't none of this funny
If you want this nigga to live, then gimme your company
Give it up, give it up, or get fucked up
It's gon' happen point blank range, so don't even duck
We lust to bust, turnin' bitches to dust
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