

# The Stick Up

## Mystikal

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