

# Get It Up

## Sticky Fingaz

Damn, is y'all ready to go up in here?

Alright, pull the black mask down

We 'bout to rush the door

Ah shit, hide your jewelry

I told y'all we was coming

Yo everybody watch out, word upGet it up, huh

The ice on ya wrist player, pick it up, huh

My killers in the cut coast, stick 'em up, huh

Ladies grab your shirts and lift 'em up, huh

Lemme see your ass baby, back it up, huhMy soldiers on the front line actin' up, huh

Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh

Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh

Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huhYo Sticky Fingaz, word out

I told y'all niggas, yo come onHennesied up, play the cut, lightin' it up

Rag on my head, eyes lookin' half way dead

Brought my thugs to the club, straight off the street

I'm iceburg to my feet about a third of the weekRelax baby, don't spazz 'cuz he touched your ass

I ain't say shit when your friend touched my dick

I see Brooklyn schemin', we all in the spot

But that's hip hop, we rap niggaz from off the blockIs it me or is it gettin' hot in here?

I think somebody 'bout to get shot in here

The nine mill guaranteed to clear the spot in here

And we ain't get searched kid, we got glocks in hereSomebody bring me to the hoe suckin' cocks in here

I think they trying to shut it down, I seen cops in here

I'm the hottest shit Universal got this year

And all my niggaz rockin' rocks in here, come onGet it up, huh

The ice on ya wrist player, pick it up, huh

My killers in the cut coast, stick 'em up, huh

Ladies grab your shirts and lift 'em up, huh

Lemme see your ass, baby, back it up, huhMy soldiers on the front line actin' up, huh

Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh

Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh

Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huhBlack Trash, yo kick that old real shit

That Queens shit niggaFire marshall said it's too packed, nigga fuck the law

And the guest list, niggaz 'bout to rush the door

Got cats online in ties and suits

We come through VIP and button flies and bootsEverybody gettin' comped, I ain't paying no admission

Sticky Fingaz, I can't even pay attention

Love the freaks that tweek and be liftin' it up

Love the freaks that creep and be givin' it up I got twelve inches, I'm well hung  
Nine on my dick and three on my tongue  
My manager, the bitch name is Helen Wate  
Need a free show? Nigga go to hell and wait And if God only helped those that help themselves  
When I see somethin', I want 'em, I help myself  
So unless you and me come to a understanding  
You gonna be under, and I'ma be standin' Get it up, huh  
The ice on ya wrist player, pick it up, huh  
My killers in the cut coast, stick 'em up, huh  
Ladies grab your shirts and lift 'em up, huh  
Lemme see your ass, baby, back it up, huh My soldiers on the front line actin' up, huh  
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh  
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh  
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh Word up, we takin' all y'a money  
We takin' all y'a bitches, what y'all thought it was? I'm so hot to death, I'll probably get shot to death  
Fuck who the cops arrest my killers is rough  
Shoot up the club like Puff, niggaz'll duck  
Chains tucked, Timbs get scuffed I pull a four-four from out of the seat  
Up out it and beat, picture me not ridin' with heat  
Jump out of the Jeep, clear a nigga out of the street  
Nobody can creep thirty deep nigga, I'm out of your reach Ain't nothing but killers boastin' next to me  
I'm prejudice, I hate every colors except for green  
In the club, that's where my niggaz jewelry shop  
When the hammer cock, we don't care who we box So why you come to the club, what you livin' it up?  
Why you fuckin' with that chicken, was she givin' it up?  
Why you even cop jewels, what you can't get stuck?  
Why you never say when, you ain't had enough? Get it up, huh  
The ice on ya wrist player pick it up, huh  
My killers in the cut coast, stick 'em up, huh  
Ladies grab your shirts and lift 'em up, huh  
Lemme see your ass, baby, back it up, huh My soldiers on the front line actin' up, huh  
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh  
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh  
Lemme see your guns, what? Throw 'em up, huh Let's go, get it up

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>