Stick Ya Hands Up

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

(Chorus)
Life in the city, is out of control
(Stick ya hands up, Stick ya hands up)
Life in the city, is out of control
(Stick ya hands up, Stick ya hands up)(Blaze)
I catch'em while they sleeping, always on point,
never fall off
Known as a black hearse, who came to haul your ass off
All your talking, need to stop
Before I get stupid, and then let the motherfuckin' gat pop
I got a rumor for you bitches, at the core
I strangle seven hoes, and I'm looking for a couple more
So if you get in my way, we got beef, and I'ma gut you like a fish, with my razor sharp teeth
I'm a pit-bull without a muzzle, held down by the Psychopathic family (Family!)
Checkmate motherfucker, this is Colton,
turn your body into dust where you standing
Darkness is my weapon, and caution is advised
I'll spit some shit,
and draw the blood clear up out your eyes
Go on and stick your hands up, and empty your pockets
I'm leaving with our money, your rings, and your momma's life(Chorus)
Stick yo' hands up, this is a robbery
Stick yo' hands up, come up out your jewels and your money
Stick yo' hands up, you know that you done fucked up 'cause!
Stick yo' hands up, now you in the presence of a thug
Life in the city, is out of control
What you gonna do? Where you gonna go? How you gonna live?
Bloody bullet holes, should have stayed safe, in with yo' shit, and laid low(Anybody Killa)
Raise'em up, let me see the blood rush
We only coming for the good shit, so give it up
Life's a obstacle, and the object is,
to get with it or just get dealt with
So put them bitches sky-high, you think they care if you die
Fuck that tear in your eye (man why you crying)
I ain't playing, do you see my homie smiling?
Man, let me see the watch,
Is this gold? Are these diamonds? (Cha-Ching)
Dawg, give me all your shit (Give it up)
And all rest of you, better sew them lips

Acting like I'm playing a game,
Who wants to be the first victim, to reveal they brain
I suggest you keep them up, you heard what my homie said, bitch check nuts
Stick'em up, keep'em up, don't move
cause you fucking with some killers for real (ooh)(Chorus)
Stick yo' hands up, this is a robbery
Stick yo' hands up, come up out your jewels and your money
Stick yo' hands up, you know that you done fucked up 'cause!
Stick yo' hands up, now you in the presence of a thug
Life in the city, is out of control
What you gonna do? Where you gonna go? How you gonna live?
Bloody bullet holes, should have stayed safe, in with yo' shit, and laid low(Blaze)
Put your hands up, this is a motherfucking stick-up
Don't nobody move, or they gonna get they throat cut
I'm low on fetty, and I got to get paid
I want it all, so go on, and empty the safe
My homies in the lobby, hand on the 4-5
Don't even think about running, you move and you die
Wanna test me, no vest can protect thee
Am I lying ABK?(Anybody Killa)
Man, I suggest we let them see
Put your backs to the wall, keep your hands where I can see'em (see'em)
You messed around and got caught up, best believe it (yep)
Back again, drive-bys, gunshot wounds
And if you ever doubt it, than you doomed
Death by us, cooperate
Smartness is the key factor, to give your life a whole new chapter (real)
Mister tough guys don't live long, cause I'm down to take them out with the chrome
You know what I mean?(Chorus)
Stick yo' hands up, this is a robbery
Stick yo' hands up, come up out your jewels and your money
Stick yo' hands up, you know that you done fucked up 'cause!
Stick yo' hands up, now you in the presence of a thug
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