

# Stick Me for My Riches (feat. Gerald Alston)

## Wu-Tang Clan

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ooh, wee, mmm, yeah  
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  
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  
And I can't take it but I'm gonna make it  
Yeah, oh, I'm gonna make it  
Yeah, ohh, fight to stay alive  
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'm a 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  
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  
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, ooh  
 (Face it, money is power and I'm a make it)  
 I'm gonna make it, ooh 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  
 Fish scale, 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 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 And I can't take it  
 (Yeah)  
 No, no, but I'm gonna make it  
 (Yeah, yeah, turn the beat up a little right here)  
 Yeah, I'm gonna make it, ooh  
 (Yo, yo, yo, yeah, yo, just, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang) 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 yo' life? 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 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 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 yo' vest, abandon boat and leave you out at sea to float 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 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 runYeah, 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 lifeKeep 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

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