

Stick Up Music

Raekwon

It's Flipmode bitch! Categorize my word as gospel
YEAH!

Yo! I offer niggas the encouragement
While I give you the nourishment I put niggas on punishment
Y'all niggas is trash but I offer the streets the supplements
Takin over the block now I'm tryin to control the government
(SAY WHAT!) Got these niggas pissin they mattresses
The God is back nigga get the deliverin my packages!
Now I'm back from L.A. all access
It's that nigga back from the Oscars after fuckin some actress-es
While I give you the seasonin and there recipes
Over the music they sound like Sticker from in the seventies
While sippin 'nac that make niggas hiccup and spit for centuries
Of course the ratchet they click up and my enemies
The way I flood the streets you know the flava good
I'm a stash some of the coke and cause a drought up in the neighborhood
I'm only in the streets to feed a nigga
Regardless what you think the game will always need a nigga
(Yeah! Might as well mortalize me into a statue nigga!)

Yeah, let's go love...

I wear a MEAAAAN dark pair of shades
Janglin bats back in the days, I wore braids
Runnin with solicitors, grizzlies, monkey business prisoners
Livin Uptown with scales inside wall ridges
Y'know we network our ass off
Slabs of salt, dynamite sticks from bricks, fiends gas off
Blowin sellin dope, runnin to the vault pass off
Play with my paper, write your little ass off
Stylin 'cause I know how to dress
Learned it from Jamacians who stressed the building lights and gallons of ce
ss
We play rock star hard, every big bangle we mangle (uh-huh)
Mad dog with the uzi named King Tango
Fishin for riches, mission is to dig bitches (yep)
Hide from the NARCs', Clarks on blue cases
You know we love you like cook food, matta fact
Cook cocaine, never drainin the good mood

(Hold up! Hold up! Hold up!) Chill, chill nigga
Damn! (What's goin on? Y'all tryna make a song WIT'OUT ME? !)
I ain't get enough fuckin wreck, man!
(I'm on this, GOBBS, what's goin on?)

I get that fatty, I got that hammer
I die for that bread man, that's word to my grandma (GRANDMA!)
I kill for it too, that's word to my lil' man (Oh!)
I risk my freedom for him, send me to prison man
I gotta get it man (I do!), Look, by any means necessary
Pop a nigga while I'm robbin him if it's necessary (BANG!)
Yeah - gimme the loot, gimme the loot
He was like, "Aight Murda, don't shoot, don't shoot (Don't MOVE!)
No head shots, please don't shoot me in my head
It ain't that serious, I ain't tryna die for that bread (What? !)
I don't want no beef, man take my burna
I'm a put the word out, no more hatin on Murda (They hatin)

You get weed on my block, all of dem man
I did it for 26, you can charge me 40 a grand (Aight, I got it!)
I know what beef is and I don't want it, son
I'm serious, I don't care if I sound corny son" (You DO doe!)
(Damn! My Philly cap gone!)