

The Stick Up

Atmosphere

Aight, its a stick up
Put cha hands up
You, put cha fuckin hands up
Put cha hands up I'm 'slug infinite', he's 'no idea'

Please refrain from screamin' this evenin'
Even though it might ease the pain your receivin'
When I squeeze that brain
Mayday mayday
They say its the quiet ones you gotta look out for
Dont cha kno
Pushin big words through a little hole with leave your mouth to
re
'till the kids learn
Turnin' around and puttin' their head down
And saving um from burnin' in my circles eternally
Infernal, purple clouds pour acid rain and it drowns your perce
ption of a classic
That's the same classic that has 300 parts and there all on MTV
When I see that video and all those different versions
I'm turnin' off the TV when it starts
I feel nauseous cuz its awful rotten old coast
Blah flow, dumb sound somehow got him dope

How is it you feel as if you can afford to ignore the visit
Come and catch a glimpse of persistence
The momentum builds and the allied forces get stronger
The breathing lasts longer beyond the patterns of you
The team designated to replace the jaded emotions of all these
here player haters
Brainwashed in this ocean
The new devotion is the same as the old one
Lyrical bliss
Lyricist
Tryin' to get up in every city like twist
Wait, wait, wait
Break me down to a science
Bitch, save your energy
One part stress, one part Jacob
One part destiny
And Im here, and those that knew me
Knew I would be
Overcast was a buzz, big ups to those that took me
Now look me in the eye and tell me y'all ain't high
Cuz I believe there needs to be some fists in the sky
Put your hand up bitch
You too, put your hand up bitch