

# The Stickup

Chris Webby

See, time goes by but I swear that it's stalling  
I've had it all, but it all just feels the same  
No lie, I've been praying for the calling  
Chips all in  
Steal the game  
Steal the game

Na-na-nah hold the phone  
All those years I rode alone  
Weight of the world on my shoulder bones  
(Knock-knock-knock-knock-knock)  
But it feels like no one's home  
I been on the same shit  
Going through these changes  
But I haven't seen a change-up on my credit statements  
Everyone walked all over me (all over me)  
And I let em  
Let the wrong people get close to me (get close to me)  
But I learned my lesson  
And they left me here with these broken dreams (with these broken dreams)  
So I swept 'em  
And this dustpan in one hand while the other one's grabbing a weapon  
Through the depression, self-reflection, poor training, and misdirection  
From coaches I put my trust in but fuck 'em I'll never sweat 'em  
I promise I'll never let you  
Pass the position I currently live in-  
I'm lapping you in my sweatsuit  
Hand the baton right over the line-  
I'm leaving this bitch with a medal (with a medal)  
I want gold, silver, yeah all of that-  
In that backroom with that black mask I'll take that  
Yeah, ASAP  
Don't make a move, don't say shit  
Just lay flat, cooperate this'll only take a minute (only take a minute)  
That's just the cost of winning (ha-ha)

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I-I-I-I been feeling stalled out  
Hit home runs and I fouled out  
Been broke as hell and I balled out (true)  
Conditioned to run that long route  
Got the stamina and endurance (yeah)  
To handle any occurrence  
From the showtimes to the low times  
My skill set's my insurance (oooh)  
I won't back down and I won't run (nah)  
Unless we talkin' bout the track  
Even Yoda said I'm that Rouge One when The Empire Strikes Back  
Imma just snap (Imma just snap)  
This is the warm-up (this is the warm-up)  
Put the team on my back (on my back)

Technique and my form up  
Believe when I warn ya  
Fillin' up my bag, I  
Came to empty your stash spot  
Put the key in that padlock  
You got five minutes and that clock's tickin'  
Don't be a hero don't fidget or move  
I'm not really in the mood  
Cause I came here to take everything  
And that's exactly what I'm gon' do  
No fucks given no competition, nah  
No I won't lose  
Can't fuck with him, my intuition is  
From a third-eye view (ye-yeah)  
Don't feel the same, my feelings changed  
My adversaries gon' feel the pain  
When they tune in and they hear my name-  
On that broadcast when I steal the game (bang)

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