

# Its a Stick Up

G-Unit

Fatality

I'm only gon' get bigger, niggas wanna see me lose  
Pull me to the money I'm a move, this a motherfuckin' stick up  
We want everything in twos  
Bein' number one don't come with moves  
Over how ya figure  
Bitches jumpin' out they shoes  
How the fuck am I supposed to choose?  
Purple weed even more liquor  
Foreigns down the avenues  
We got shit to fix your attitudes

I got my baby hangin' out the window  
On some Michael Jackson shit  
But my baby ain't three months old  
It's an AR clip, yeah, yeah  
Foam with the paper plates  
Y'all niggas in two oh eights  
We in 2016, BMIH  
Ghost Protocol, Tom Cruise shit  
Got the Uz in the stash with the rubber grip  
And I ain't trippin', I'm in Turkey estaba rollin' up  
50 bottles bottles, 40 bitches, just 10 of us  
I love my niggas who the fuck can a nigga trust?  
Real drama when I caught them niggas pickin' up

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School of hard knocks grad, you wasn't up in my class  
New Orleans nigga rob you in a Mardi Gras mask  
Catch you down bad, dirty as a grave yard  
Mama workin' slave job  
[?] behind bars  
Fuck I gotta say to y'all?  
Nigga never gave me shit I had to play baseball  
Find a field with pitchers, the real talkin' on the mic  
Streets got me softer like  
All your scars come from fallin' off a bike  
My niggas can't read or write  
But they keep they heaters tight  
Hit up I need the stripes  
I don't know how I sleep at night  
I think I need faith cause the world's on my shoulders  
Keep my enemies closer  
My friends turnin' into vultures

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Had to been dealin' with a copy, I've been occupied  
Twin thighs block me in, shrimp and lobster high  
Now it feels like this plane is bumpin' when my rums collide  
And [?] I see that bullshit with binocular eyes  
My hearts are pocket sized, check how I monopolized  
That fire hits the tire, hope your doctor nice  
I hit the weed, toast the sky the helicopter flights  
My game proper, game changer, make you drop your price  
I'm on the bucket list, bullets won't stop my life  
Now my heart's a block of ice  
He doubted me I shocked them twice  
Powder V on sour D  
Man of the hour's me, the powerful know how it be  
Give a fuck in all actuality

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Had it made with gun powder  
All my brothers under the gun tower  
My mama tryna catch crank sales on the lunch hour  
My blunt sour, everything parked in the front ours  
I tend to rob when I feel I'm amongst cowards  
You know when some niggas is given too much power  
You gotta see if they know how to use it  
Still shoot the chopper by my lonely don't confuse it  
All this fake rapper music I better win 'fore I lose it  
I put every bullet in this clip one by one  
Once I do it you gon' here bout what I done  
My goal in this game get rich like 50  
Never touch another brick and get a bitch like Mickey

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(Fatality) Ya digg? It's goin' down like that that there. We're gonna hit yo  
u upside the motherfuckin' head with nothin' but gangster music man. Hey Who

o Kid I want you to him 'em upside the head and let's take off y'all