

Stick Up

Lil Rob

Put your hands up
Put your hands up
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Put your hands up
Put your hands up (Lil' Rob)

Put your hands up (Put 'em up)
Keep your hands up (Get 'em up)
Don't you put 'em down, keep 'em up
Like a stick up (That's right)
Put your hands where I could see 'em
We make it bump in the club
I turn it up and start fucking it up
That's what's up
Put your hands up (Put 'em up)
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We make it bump in the club
And I can keep the party poppin' like a .38 snub

Hey
Someone said, "Hey, Lil' Rob, bust a joint for the club"
How 'bout I
Just hit this joint and just start fuckin' it up (Fuckin' it up)
And what
Ever comes from that, comes from that, que no
I won't stop til what I drop makes
Platinum dough (Yeah)
I got a platinum flow that you should already know
While the rhymes remind me of a comedy show
And we giggle and chuckle
Then start laughin' out loud
I'm the man with the mic
That could rock the crowd (That's right)
Tomorrow's tomorrow, worry about it then
Take a hit of this, and never worry again (This)
From the highs up the mountains to the valley lows
From the rich suburbs to the barrio (To the barrio)
We likes to party so hard, you already know (You already know)
Should've been passed out about an hour ago
But I'm
Still goin' strong, and I got it goin' on, and
Probably won't stop til early
Tomorrow mornin'

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Spittin' dope like cocaine, straight into your vein
Pour a dose, a little bit too much
Dope for your brain
Insane (Insane)
I kept it fuckin' loc, que no
I'm for reals, no one's playin', I ain't joking, holmes
The beats are bumpin' and I'm drinkin' somethin' (Yeah)
A lot of alcohol consumption
And I'm buzzin', still puffin' (Still puffin')
And I'll keep going til I'm no longer knowin'
Who I am and I could no longer function (Fuck it)
Tomorrow's tomorrow, worry about it then
Or we can do this tomorrow and never worry again (Yeah)
From the highs up the mountains to the valley lows
From the east coast back
To the Cali coast (That's right)
Put your, manos pa' arriba
High in the sky (High in the sky)
Reach for the cows, don't put 'em down, homie, don't even try
Let 'em fly (Let 'em fly)
Let's get it bumpin' (Bumpin')
Let's keep it jumpin' (Jumpin')
Let's fuck up somethin' (Fuck up somethin')

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I might say, "This beat is off the chain, " let's motherfuck a bump (Yeah)
You might say the same, or you might say, "This motherfucker's crunk"
Either way, get up and get a move on
Get ya groove on
Put ya party shoes on, put your hands up to my new song
It's been a little too long
Bionik, turn the juice on (Yeah)
I been in the dark
When somebody turn the luz on (Turn the light on)
Let's keep it live all the way (Way)
Until they call
The juras, and the cops are on their way (Way)
Until my DJ gots nothin' else to play (Play)
Until Lil' Rob has nothin' else to say (Say)
But I'm a keep it
Goin' til I see the break of day (Yeah)
That's just

How I do it, see the sun and then I break (And then I break)

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Yeah
Now keep ya hands up
Now put ya hands up
Like it's a stick up
Bionik on the beat, man
Makin' that fucking shit bump