

Stick Up

Philthy Rich

Ron-Ron load it up, Ron-Ron load it up
Ron-Ron do that shit

You ain't got it how you say you got it (Got that shit)
You ain't poppin' how you say you poppin' (Poppin' shit)
You ain't livin' all that shit you talkin' (All that shit you talkin')
Say you ballin', I don't see you shoppin' (I don't see you shoppin')
Long nights, baby, get that money (Get that money)
Get that bag, then you gon' bring it to me (Bring it to me)
I put dick up in your bitch's tummy (Bitch's tummy)
This a stick-up, nigga, give it to me (Give it to me)

Twenty bands, I ran through that (I ran through that)
Fifty thousand, yeah, I blew that (Yeah, I blew that)
Me and Philthy countin' new racks
OTX, FOD, bitch, you knew that (Ayy)
OTX, FOD, servin' whole thangs
I ain't really into talkin' 'less it's cocaine ('Less it's cocaine)
Ain't no halves if you shoppin', buy the whole thang
I broke a bitch and I ain't even know the ho name (The ho name)
How you wanna do it? Show me how you trippin' (Trippin')
I'm a baller and you not, these bitches know the difference (Know the difference)
I put Gucci on my socks and all my Bape is vintage (Bape is vintage)
I just bought it off the lot, you niggas pay for renting (Pay for renting)
You niggas broke, my niggas not, I swear we hate pretendin' (Hate pretendin')
I pour a four then watch it drop, I know I'm drank addicted (Drank addicted)
I been ballin' like I'm Kobe, poppin' pain prescriptions (Ballin')
Two liter, copped some Wock' then dropped an eight up in it (Ayy, ayy)

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Long nights, baby, get that money (Get that money)
Get that bag, then you gon' bring it to me (Ayy it's Philthy, nigga)
I put dick up in your bitch's tummy (Uh-huh)
This a stick-up, nigga, give it to me (Look)

A hundred killers with me, nigga, I ain't only rappin' (A hundred of 'em)
Internet thug lackin', say that it was only rappin' (Pussy)
A lot of fake love, replace it with the paystubs (I had to)
I hate my ex bitches with a passion so I don't make love (Faggot)
Gucci on my collar like a uniform (Designer)
My new bitch foreign, your new bitch boring (She is)
My passport got a few stamps (Is that right?)
I remember I used to steal my mama's food stamps (It's Philthy)
My "havin' thangs" niggas'll probably stick you up (Free sack)
If my nigga fall off, he know I pick him up (Know I will)
Crown on my wrist, see that's that Rollie talk (Bust down)
No I don't give a fuck what your big homie bought (Uh-uh, nigga)
Bad bitch rollin' Backwoods (Killzone)
She might get some dick if she roll a blunt that good (She just might)
Got a bitch from Inglewood throwin' big B's (Famillys)
And a bitch from Grape Street, free 03 (Free 03), it's Philthy

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Dick, up in her tummy
I wrap the package up, it look just like a mummy
Boy, we filthy rich, my niggas really scummy
Boy, you hella broke, you niggas really bummy
From the Bay right to LA
We flippin' packs, we do all day
We ship 'em out to these niggas out of state
We ship 'em out to these niggas out of state
To these niggas OT
I ran it up, I listened to my OG
You know I'm G-slidin' in this bitch, just like 03
OT
Ran it up, I listened to my OG
You know I'm G-slidin' in this bitch, just like 03

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