

Stick 'em Up

Phora

Stick em' up, Stick em' up, Stick em' up now
Stick em' up, Stick em' up, Stick em' up, what
Stick em' up, Stick em' up, Stick em' up, uh
Stick em' up, yours truly motherfucka

Ah shit, y'all done let the dogs out
Its time to get some blood up on my paws now
Got a list of rappers that I plan to take under
But tell the truth
They'll probably fall off by the end of the summer
I got a lot shit planned for these niggas
We're killing em' slowly, watching em' suffer
I feel bad for these niggas
And I'm never far from ready, I ain't signed to Interscope
But I keep these rappers in my scope, my aim is always steady
Fuck rap, fuck a deal, since I came, I've been real
Stick em' up then shut your mouth
Don't tell me how the fuck you feel
I don't give a fuck about the blogs or the magazines
I got a magazine of lyrical shots that'll smash your team
What would you do if I gave you my dick
You'd probably run and tell your friends after you give it a lick
I'm with this shit, so what is love, love
Is it you and I taking a five speed down the five
Doing ninety-five yelling "Do or die"
Who am I, the one you shouldn't fuck with cause its suicide
All these niggas lies, they just old tricks with a new disguise
I made this shit possible for niggas like us
And nowadays they rush you and bust
So who the fuck can you trust
Yo, breaking the bank and we bringing it back
And I'm running my city like we on a track
And these niggas be talking, but never attacking
I'm taking the title, I'm spitting the facts
You niggas is whack and I'm letting you know
I got goons in the back and they ready to go
Give me the loot, give me the dough
Pass me the mic and I'm ready to roll

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Fuck this rap shit cause I don't know where the passion is
Now I'm dumping heavy shit like rolling on some laxatives
Y'all the definition of what average is
You done stepped into the ring with some ma-fucking savages
I spit flames and manipulate the beat
I'm Rick James, I got mud up on my feet
I'm quick to stop these rappers, get your body fractured
I ain't like molly rappers, I don't like all these rappers
So I'm back with a vengeance, swinging off with the hinges
I take one for the team, now I'm back in the trenches
Strapped with a backpack, bring a rap back to the essence
Spitting penitentiary bars that come with a death sentence
See all irrelevant, that was past tense

I got Mayan blood with the heart of an Aztec
No label necessary, every verse is legendary
Now give me the loot, everything else is secondary
I'm second to none, spit like I'm a son of a pun
Cock back, wait a minute, I'm a son of a gun
Ain't no heaven in my future, I'm just being honest
Now just put your fucking hands up

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