

# Stick Ya Hands Up

## Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Life in the city, is out of control  
(Stick ya hands up, Stick ya hands up)  
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I catch'em while they sleeping, always on point,  
Never fall off  
Known as a black hearse, who came to haul your ass off  
All your talking, need to stop  
Before I get stupid, and then let the motherfuckin' gat pop  
I got a rumor for you bitches, at the core  
I strangle seven hoes, and I'm looking for a couple more  
So if you get in my way, we got beef, and I'm a gut you like a fish, with my  
razor sharp teeth  
I'm a pit-  
bull without a muzzle, held down by the Psychopathic family (Family!)  
Checkmate motherfucker, this is Colton,  
Turn your body into dust where you standing  
Darkness is my weapon, and caution is advised  
I'll spit some shit,  
And draw the blood clear up out your eyes  
Go on and stick your hands up, and empty your pockets  
I'm leaving with our money, your rings, and your momma's life

Stick yo' hands up, this is a robbery  
Stick yo' hands up, come up out your jewels and your money  
Stick yo' hands up, you know that you done fucked up cause!  
Stick yo' hands up, now you in the presence of a thug  
Life in the city, is out of control  
What you gonna do? Where you gonna go? How you gonna live?  
Bloody bullet holes, should have stayed safe, in with yo' shit, and laid low

Raise'em up, let me see the blood rush  
We only coming for the good shit, so give it up  
Life's a obstacle, and the object is,  
To get with it or just get dealt with  
So put them bitches sky-high, you think they care if you die  
Fuck that tear in your eye (man why you crying)  
I ain't playing, do you see my homie smiling?  
Man, let me see the watch,  
Is this gold? Are these diamonds? (Cha-Ching)  
Dawg, give me all your shit (Give it up)  
And all rest of you, better sew them lips  
Acting like I'm playing a game,  
Who wants to be the first victim, to reveal they brain  
I suggest you keep them up, you heard what my homie said, bitch check nuts  
Stick'em up, keep'em up, don't move  
Cause you fucking with some killers for real (ooh)

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Put your hands up, this is a motherfucking stick-up  
Don't nobody move, or they gonna get they throat cut  
I'm low on fetty, and I got to get paid  
I want it all, so go on, and empty the safe  
My homies in the lobby, hand on the 4-5  
Don't even think about running, you move and you die  
Wanna test me, no vest can protect thee  
Am I lying ABK?

Man, I suggest we let them see  
Put your backs to the wall, keep your hands where I can see'em (see'em)  
You messed around and got caught up, best believe it (yep)  
Back again, drive-bys, gunshot wounds  
And if you ever doubt it, than you doomed  
Death by us, cooperate  
Smartness is the key factor, to give your life a whole new chapter (real)  
Mister tough guys don't live long, cause I'm down to take them out with the chrome  
You know what I mean?

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