

Stick 'Em Up

Petey Pablo

Yeah I seen em come through here a couple times
I didnt think nuttin of em
Y'know what I'm sayin
But that shit you dont talk that huh?
That shit shocked everybody

Put the money in the bag bitch 'fo I blow yo head off (whoa)
Get yo ass on the floor nigga think a motherfucka playin with yall (yessir)
This right here came from Mr. Charles its long and it aint got Sears on it (and i)
Anytime I got a personal problem this the only homeboy I call

I wonder how many thought about Petey Pab
When I was apache rappin in the penetentury yard
Eatin ?? outa chanteens, smokin on roll-ups, strokin on my love meat
Waitin for the day cut in the term and free
So I could get out here and make mama proud of me
And do the right thing run up on the right man
That can pull the right string get to where I'm possessed to be
Had to get ejected cause the game a cold
Anywhere and when the motherfucka slammed the door
Oh no, hell naw (say what!?)
Get lost (Hold up)
Wait a minute dog (Sorry Charlie)
Fucked around one night went out in New York
When I met one of the brothers "up-in-ala-boys"
Ever since then money been a real long head
That bout says it all (c'mon)

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(Oh this?) Is just something that a carry with me all the time
Just incase one of these motherfuckers loose they mind
And run up on me like I aint gone hold it down for mine
I can show you better than tryin to tell ya bout it
See once upon a time I think Pitt was the county
Where these niggas used to run around armed and robbin
There was this little boy by the name of Moses
Had to run home keep from gettin me jewelry stolen
Till one day nigga caught a hold to him
Did what they wanted to em stole my little Gucci coat
Oh naw (hell naw)
Shit yeah they did (Whatchu do about it?)
What the fuck you think I did?
Told Grama, granny told Grampa
Grampa took his grandson in the backyard (here boy)
Gave me somethin spossed to take the pressure off
Instead he teach me how to shoot at the mouth (ahhhh)

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They aint certified till a nigga run in they house
Put the thang in they mouth and blow errrthing they think out
Run around actin like bitches (talkin bout errrbody)
You gone make me loose it all (I swear to God)
I wasnt gone talk about it but, God damnit!
This motherfucker bout to piss me off (errrrrr)
And this dick ridin radio station ass motherfuckin nigga down here in Raleigh (keep goin!)

I dont give a fat bitch big titty pair one of yall motherfuckin play my shit (my nigga!)

And the couple of spins that yall son-bitches did give me came from my man and them (Devious!)

Man fuck that church boy grab the looks
Come on the motherfuckin road with us (trust ya home boy)
If I said anything I aint sposed to said and hurt anyone of yall them fuck it

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