

## Stick 'Em Up

Quarashi

Until there was you we didn't know what to do  
but I don't give a fuck about the things that I blew.  
Sucker mc don't you love me,  
wanna have me, wanna que me, one two three.  
It's just a modest proposal from a boy anti-social,  
scraping the skin of our culture, civilized vulture.  
Do me in, don't make me sin,  
I'm doing so good I can't go through it again.

I bomb the mic like a fascist, Mussolini  
comin' through with no remorse, from the dark you won't see me.

Rise up from the sea like a godzilla  
straight up through your mind with my armour plated drilla.  
I don't give a fuck what you think about this shit, ain't  
in it for the money never out to make a hit.  
If you can't take it like I said get a grip  
'cause I'm here to fucking stay like the warts on your dick.

Stick 'em up.

So won't you make a man out of me,  
I've gotta be, connected computerized son of a bitch,  
makes me itch, sucker for life.  
I can't decide darkness or light or just a heavenly fright.  
Stick it, I'm tired I'm bored,  
I'm trying so hard and I can't be adored.  
So the sound brakes through from one tone,  
gives me no choice I can't be alone.

Stick 'em up.

Like Darth Vader I surprise you with my skills.  
I knock your ol' ass out like a bag of sleeping pills.  
I got to rip things up like my name was Jack the Ripper.  
There's a party at your house cause your mama is a stripper.  
Slice through the scene like a knife through peanut butter.  
Get your ears cleaned out motherfucker I didn't stutter.  
S. W. A. R. E. Z! I got this whole thing right down to a T.

Stick 'em up.