

# Stick Me for My Riches

Wu-Tang Clan

Ooh-wee... mmmmmmmmm, yeah...

See I was raised out on these mean streets  
I'm from the projects, right, where poverty and hell meet  
I'm searching everyday to find a better way, I've got a  
Hustle still to get my pay before I hit bottom  
Now some might say that I'm already there  
But who are they to judge or question what I do, son, so I don't care  
Tired of eating cheese sandwiches with no meat  
Tired of watching all the playas from the same seat  
So it's a life of crime, some might sing or rhyme  
To escape the ghetto before the flatline  
Choices to make, what am I gonna do  
Got to use my talents, they gonna pull me through

Now with success, I become a target  
They wanna set me up, I guess more money equals more problems  
They wanna get me, wanna hit me, strip me of my riches  
They wanna cut me up in pieces, leave me deep in ditches

And I can't take it.... but I'm gonna make it...  
Yeah... oh... I'm gonna make it... yeah... ohhhhhh  
Fight to stay alive

I was raised out on these mean streets  
You know where poverty and hell meet  
Brothers get jail and life's for sale, cheap  
Since momma held me, in her arms, to tell me  
That it's a cold world, I done held heat  
And held myself down, lotta bodies and shells found  
And niggas into taking everything, that ain't nailed down  
We fell down, ain't hard to tell now  
I ain't trying, to see the cell now  
or see momma put her house up for bail now  
So I'mma give all I got, to try and get that gwop  
Nigga I'm hot with this hustle, go 'head and get the cops  
I use my talent to get more figures  
Unlike these little corner store niggas  
Go change your drawers, niggas

Now with success and I've become a target  
They wanna set me up, take me hostage, or take me down some notches  
They wanna hit me, wanna stick me, get me for my riches  
They wanna diss me, want a clip me, leave me stiff in ditches

And I can't take it, no, no, but I'm gonna make it...  
(This ain't no game, my life ain't nothing to play with)  
Yeah... I'm gonna make it... oooh...  
(Face it, money is power and I'ma make it)  
I'm gonna make it... oooh...

Yeah, I'm gon' survive, yo, yo, aiyo  
N.Y. City, gritty blocks, little love, plenty cops  
Few rise, many drop, True Lies, semis cocked  
Fishscale, already rocked, heavy shots, that we drop  
New guys on every block, blue eyes and red dots  
Pregnant mothers, broke fathers, more money, more problems

So hungry, won't starve 'em, work hard and so pardon  
I got mouths to feed, I got pounds of weed  
I need some more, another store, another house, indeed  
An X amount of G, the reason pounds'll squeeze  
And strip you naked, basic, trying to make it out the P's  
Don't ever doubt a G, and have me spaz like  
'Face with the K, and my nose all powdery  
It ain't about the streets, it's 'bout the beast within  
That won't give in to 'lice, down to bleed, G

Now with success and I've become a target  
They wanna set me up, take me hostage, or take me down some notches  
They wanna hit me, wanna stick me, get me for my riches  
They wanna diss me, wanna clip me leave me stiff in ditches

And I can't take it (yeah), no, no, but I'm gonna make it...  
(Yeah, yea, turn the beat up a little right here)  
Yeah... I'm gonna make it... oooh...  
(Yo, yo, yo, yeah, yo, just, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang)

Aiyo, RZA, Meth, GZA, Deck, Ghost and Chef be cashing checks  
Killa, Cap be snapping necks, Street and 'Zilla flash the tech  
Sacrifice a savage life, if he trying to bag my ice  
Tag a price on merchandise, tell me, is it worth ya life?

No... it's a cold, cold, cold world  
You can't be playing games with my life  
I've gotta fight to survive, fight to stay alive

Aiyo, metal pipes ignite, sparking fire, light the darkness night  
Trying to stick me for my riches, now y'all bitches taking flight  
Major business, raise the digits, tried to strike me for my life  
Slice and dice, men or mice, GZA tell 'em what it's like

Aiyo, money making, people flaking, Cash Rules, fuck the bacon  
Earthquaking, head is aching, bank stop, dice shaking  
Times are hard, sew a job, scheming niggaz wanna rob  
Use a hoe to slob ya knob, hit you with unruly mobs  
Stab you in the back and smile, watch you bleed for a while  
Hating on the agile, steal ya name and bite ya style  
Hold you for a ransom note, Goliath cutting David's throat  
Grab ya vest, abandon boat and leave you out at sea to float

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They wanna diss me, want clip me, leave me stiff in ditches

And I can't take it.... no, no... but I'm gonna make it...  
Yeah... oh... I'm gonna make it... ooh... yeah...  
It's a cold, cold, cold world  
I got my hand on my gun, they got a brother on the run  
Yeah... it's a cold, cold, cold world  
You can't be playing games with my life  
I've gotta fight to survive, fight to stay alive  
This ain't a game, this is my life  
Keep pushing me to the edge, I'm gonna push back  
And you won't like that, it's guaranteed you won't like that  
When ya laid down, laid flat...