

Sticky Fingaz, Get It Up

(feat. Firestarr)

Is y'all ready to go up in here?
Aight, pull the black mask down
We bout to rush the door
(Ah shit, hide your jewelry)
I told y'all we was coming
Yo everybody watch out
Word up

[Chorus]

Get it up, huh
The ice on ya wrist player pick it up, huh
My killers in the cut coast stick em up, huh
Ladies grab your shirts and lift em up, huh
Lemme see your ass baby back it up, huh
My soldiers on the front line actin up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh

Yo Sticky Fingaz, word up
I told y'all niggaz
Yo come on

Hennesied up, play the cut lighting it up
Rag on my head, eyes lookin half way dead
Brought my thugs to the club, straight off the street
I'm iceberg to my feet about a third of the week
Relax baby don't spazz cuz he touched your ass
I ain't say shit when your friend touched my dick
I see Brooklyn schemin, we all in the spot
But that's hip hop, we rap niggaz from off the block
Is it me or is it gettin hot in here
I think somebody bout to get shot in here
The nine mill guaranteed to clear the spot in here
And we ain't get searched kid, we got glocks in here
Someone bring me to the hoe suckin cocks in here
I think they trying to shut it down, I seen cops in here
I'm the hottest shit Universal got this year
And all my niggaz rockin rocks in here, come on

[Chorus]

Black Trash
Ayo kick that old real shit
That Queens shit

Firemarshall said it's too packed, nigga fuck the law
And the guest list, niggaz bout to rush the door
Got cats online in ties and suits
We come through VIP button flies and boots
Everybody gettin comped, I ain't paying no admission
Stick Fingaz, I can't even pay attention
Love the freaks that tweek and be liftin it up
Love the freaks that ceep and be giving it up
I got twelve inches, I'm well hung
Nine on my dick and three on my tongue
My manager, the bitch name is Helen Wate
Need a free show? Nigga go to Hell and wait
And if God only helped those who help themselves
When I see something, I want em, I help myself
So unless me and you come to an understanding
You gonna be under, and I'ma be standing

[Chorus]

Word up
We takin all y'all money
We takin all y'all bitches
What y'all thought it was

I'm so hot to death
I'll probably get shot to death
Fuck who the cops arrest
My killers is rough, shoot up the club like Puff
Niggaz'll duck, chains tucked, Timbs get scuffed
I pull a four-four from out of the seat
Up out it and beat
Picture me not riding with heat
Jump out of the Jeep
Clear a nigga out of the street
Nobody can creep
Thirty deep nigga, I'm out of your reach
Ain't nothing but killers boasting next to me
I'm prejudice, I hate every color except for green
In the club, that's were my niggaz jewelry shop
When the hammer cock, we don't care who we box
So why you come to the club, what you livin it up
Why you fuckin with that chicken, was she givin it up
Why you even cop jewels, what you can't get stuck
Why you never say when, you ain't had enough

[Chorus]

Let's go
Get it up