

Ludacris, Stick Em' Up

(feat. UGK)

Yeah nigga got that Ludacris
Got that UGK that Disturbing the Peace Click
And you know what i'm tired of?
I'm tired of these flashing ass flossing ass niggas
So if you see one you know what you do?

[Chorus:]

Stick em up stick em up bitch stick em up
Put ya hands up where I can see em see em see em
Stick em up stick em up bitch stick em up
Target niggas wouldn't wanna be em be em be em
[repeat]

[Pimp C]

Uh, I want the money and the power they hittin me every hour
For the silt resin powder chasing them dirty dollars
I'm from Texas nigga it get hectic nigga
People depending on me I can't neglect it niggas
Cause the game is deeper than just working off the beeper
If the paper ain't right then we calling a sweeper
To clean up the problems and straighten the mess
So nigga come wit ya pistol and nigga come wit ya vest
This ain't the east or the west the 'bama weed or the stress
I'm Young Pimp from Port Arthur and we done passed the test
And we smoking the best everywhere that we go
And when our records come out them bitches sell out the sto'
Stayin throat on the 'dro and keep that thang on the flo'
Want my momey up front when we come for the show
Y'all can play wit ya paper but i'm dyin for mine
So while y'all buying them watches i'ma stay on the grind
Fuck Nigga

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Hallow laid hollow sprayed I'm the hollow man
I get to my hollow point wit my hollow plan
Hollow bullets I pull it i'm about to live in vain
And then I drill em refill em make sure they feel the pain
It's mighty strange how your peephole is my fuckin gauge
Catch you in concert and then wipe you off the fuckin stage
I feel a ghetto rage let's turn the ghetto page
My bitch will stick you wit ghetto metal stilleto thangs
And I got a ghetto aim with diamond 'bezeled rangs
So while my index is working my pinky's blinding thangs
I hit em at close range I spit em at most brains
You think you real rich nigga we gonna make some chump change
You think it's a fucking game you think it's a blood sport
You gasping for breath and I'm puffin on one of these Newports
And I see a red dot aimed at yo head
Then bright lights oh no po-po and guess what they said
They said

[Chorus]

[Bun-B]

Say nigga you think it's a joke?
Trill niggas be going for broke
Twist this whistle loc and them muthafuckin pistols smoke
And it's just a matter of time before you labeled a busta
I just the nigga that couldn't catch up and cut the mustard
Now I got confidence I don't need no condiments

All I need is common sense to see through your incompetence
Nigga keep your compliments they don't flatter me
And that'll be the day bitch we don't play you know where the gat'll be
huh, right on the side of me (side of me)
Right where it's 'posed to be ('posed to be)
Bitch niggas die for me (die for me)
Just for getting too close to me (close to me)
So kiss your rosary beads and sing a silent one cause
I promise if you get it it's gone be a violent one
Coroner catching his breath like he's got asthma
When they cut on the blue light and see all that fucking plasma
Millenium murda master nigga I ain't new to this
So when you see that Bun-B young pimp or that Ludacris
You just

[Chorus]

ATL the PAT UGK and DTP
(I wouldn't wanna be em be em be em)
Shawn Drey I twenty Ludacris and Fake Fees
(I wouldn't wanna be em be em be em)
Down South how we do it Pimp C and Bun-B
(I wouldn't wanna be em be em be em)
Roll trees ride D's make cheese and shake fleas
(I wouldn't wanna be em be em be em)