

# 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)