

Quarashi, Stick 'Em Up

Until there was you we didnt know what to do
but I dont give a fuck about the things that I blew.
Sucker MC dont you love me, wanna have me, wanna que me, one two three.
Its just a modest proposal from a boy anti-social,
scraping the skin of our culture, civilized vulture.
Do me in, dont make me sin,
Im doing so good I cant go through it again.
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I bomb the mic like a fascist,
Mussolini comin through with no remorse,
from the dark you wont see me.
Rise up from the sea like a godzilla
straight up through your mind with my armour plated drilla.
I dont give a fuck what you think about this shit,
aint in it for the money never out to make a hit.
If you cant take it like I said get a grip
cause Im here to fucking stay
like the warts on your dick.
Stick em up.
So wont you make a man out of me, Ive gotta be,
connected computerized son of a bitch, makes me itch, sucker for life.
I cant decide darkness or light or just a heavenly fright.
Stick it, Im tired Im bored,
Im trying so hard and I cant be adored.
So the sound brakes through from one tone, gives me no choice I cant 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.
Theres 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 didnt stutter.
S. W. A. R. E. Z! I got this whole thing right down to a T.
Stick em up