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