

Hook:

Organized Crime, it's time to get paper/
Make Money, Money, Make Money, Money, Money/
This goes out to my full time shakers/
Make Money, Money, Make Money, Money, Money/
Stickup Kids, the fuck who you is
Make Money, Money, Make Money, Money, Money/
Dont Take it personal kid, its all biz/
Make Money, Money, Make Money, Money, Money/
(Repeat)

Molek Ular Verse:

shit is mona lisa,
stick up we known to beat ya,
worldwide from da D to home of pesa.
educated thugs, got knowledge to feedya
ethier that or cats send slugs that are prawn to reach ya/
too a place where capone meetya,
if u steppin i will immitate exactly how stallion will beatya/
in the ring i advance like mo,
while all these other rappers try to dance like hoes,
where da real emcees, we demand dat flow/
whendis shit gon stop, nota man that knows/
we sip wine , keep a buzz goin,
mademen,disassocait anyone da fuzz knownin,
plus beef keep my bloodin flowin,
ina time of peace to a place oppisite a dove goin/
we enterprise, like somoin crop grown/
to wallstreet street stalk ownin. its all roman,

Hook

E-Wize Verse:

Drop ya guns ya'll niggaz need to crow she' //
Wanna be thugs really into role play //
Yall been nuns creepin in the hallway//
Murderous ones only in they world play//
I heard of you son leave u fish like a mermaid//
All you crab emcees this is ya worst day//
Stick up kids! even on they birthday//
Bitch ass niggaz beat em with they purse man //
Can't stand the type leave em in a hurst man//
You talk about guns and can't even use one//
You talk about the slums he seen on the news front//
You all bout stunts a product of the future//
Hollywood chumps model for producers//
Am on the front line wilding wid da crew up//
You aint jigga its time for some new cuts //
Stick up Kids, Matt Pawana in reviews dunn//

Hook

Wordlife Verse:

ones for the money
twos for the hustle to get money
so threes for you but it aint shit sonny
skit dummys who skip dunny n hit sunny
sit money before you walk around like your shit bummy
aint shit funny when you livin the life
from new york to italy we spittin it right
caddilac through the D son predictin a strike
now we grabbin all emcees up inflicin a fright
n ima smack all expression when my fist is in flight
n make em count all they blessins like a christian at night
on they knees wit a question like they spirit in light
so ima freeze all they blessins like a solidified christ
desert ease gonna test like a victim in site
so ima squeeze like a wessun hittin victims in sight
im a thief wit a lesson who don been in the fight
so i relieve all the tension wit a grip on the mic