

Chorus:

Welcome to the DF-Dub
Three stripes like adidas on
We in the jungle like vietnam
chop your head like Genghis Kahn
We need someone to lead us on
(Then Who) Stickup! Stickup!
See them slugs
Pass you by in the DF-Dub
Stickup! Stickup!
Blah! Blah! Blah! Blah!
(repeat)

Molek Ular Verse:

Get mine and dine reefer to find, the blind speaker of thought/
design teacher we plot, divine keeper of chalk/
To lie bodies to rough, 9 shotties will pop,
recline souls find biggie and pac
See blind people walk through the rigorous block/
yo we spark as we move so we kickin it hot/
you fishin' alot, mothafuckas here catch cases/
missing found in michagen with michalines off/
you kissin' the ring, spittin like a mission to rock/
Egyptian lyrical sun god hittin' the spot/
feel heat through the city, here pity is pop/
hear the sounds of the stickup, pounds in the pickup/
F-150 get loud when that shit up,
rollin through your town with a crown on my getup/
looks like a fitted but its high like a bishops/
Wanna mentally shine? your rhymes betta quiz up/

Chorus

Wordlife Verse:

yo
murderous rap, my verbal attack
im past hot, thermal in fact
like herbal in sacks/
run laps round you kids like jack journey on tracks
wordlife bring you heat like a burner or gat
punch a circle in caps n crunch ya verterbrae back
then make the world stumble like i tilt the earth on a ax
rob ya merch wit a bat
you drop ya skirt to your lap
stick up kids like 300 robbin persians for stacks
so this is it muafukka get ya hands up
im takin ya watch ya chain and ya grams up
it aint a joke muafukka this aint stand up
so ima get you on your fuckin feet like a stand up
e wise, wordlife, molek wit the hammer
three guys earn stripes the clip fit bandanas
niggas aint gangsta till it hit they pajamas
shock the whole world then we dip like santana
stick up kids we well equipt wit the anthems
some ghengis kahn shit split ya wig like a phantom
manifest my rhyme the fist gon slam em
cock back n throw it like a fit or a tantrum

Chorus

E-Wize Verse:

Wize how many nights had the toast in the mattress//
How many lives had to poke like a cactus//
How many rhymes had to flow for these bastards//

N' no need to boast like the most of these bastards//
No need to know on the low wid my actions//
How many wholes I had to fold into fractions//
How many close better never role when it happens//
Cause on the real ya'll niggaz can't do shit to me//
Leave you juices like tomatoes out in Cecily //
My niggers word and molec plead the 5 th for me//
In the D! bring ya knives and ya pistols B! //
It's a stick up Rise set my people free//
Time to live up tired of the industry//
Time to switch up the signs is in your history //
Separate from the feanes only 6 degrees//
It was written in my dreams said he spit disease//
Wonder why he high nigga cause he split dem trees//
see dat shit ill never fly see da clip n freeze//
See the FBI nigga scope pick and squeeze//