

# The Stickup (feat. Skrizzly Adams)

Chris Webby

[Verse 1: Danimal Lector] I was born wit a marvelous mind but no heart inside

So start and die, I'm the hardest alive

Get picked apart, ripped out your karl kanis

I dot my Ts, cross my I's

Skills like this boy? Shit boy that's hard to find

Send ya carcass flyin

Fuck a 9-5, I'm a cunt hair under 5 foot 9

Bouta blow up when the stars align

Dec 21st sure? I'm tellin you words hurt

My worst work will leave you in the dirt, twerp, ya heard it first

Word to fucking Big Bird, tell Ernie 'n Bert I'll murder a verse

And bury you next to it, don't take it personal, jerk

My flows like a word search, but... still ain't spellin money

That's why I call my two fist hand guns, get it dummy?

This is a stick up, what I said it funny?

Empty your pockets or become a hostage I'll kill everybody

I guess im nutty, yeah buddy

I'm 2012's Ted Bundy

The names Lector

But you can call me Danimal, yes sir [Hook: Fade]

Y'all shoulda known better than to fuck with Fade and Danimal

Cause we some animals that'll eat you like a cannibal

Fuck these whack rappers, we cut they face off

And then we dispose of their bodies with a chainsaw

\*Repeat [Verse 2: Fade] It's Fade and D. Lec

Mothafuckas know that we next

Better show some respect

Or we'll be liftin' you by your v neck (bitch)

And I ain't even gotta say this (what?)

We the fuckin' greatest

That's why your girl got us under get her wet on her iTunes playlist

Remain nameless, dawg

You can gon' and meet the stainless

I'll take your composition book, turn it sideways and shove it up your anus

I'm locked up in a cage, and I'm wearin shades like Johnny Cage

You wanna step to me? Cool, I'm Diablo and this is primal rage

You're gonna need some cheat codes

Killin' y'all is easy like free throws

I take these cheesy rappers and eat em' like Doritos

Lookin' through the peep hole

And I see D. takin bites out of another victim

Better hide your wives, better hide your children

Rapper killers mane, name somebody that was born iller  
And you don't have to call me Mickey but im a Natural Born Killer  
Kidnappin' these rappers just to torture em, fuck a ransom  
And then I'll have my cronies murder them bitches, Charles Manson  
[Hook: Fade]

Y'all shoulda known better than to fuck with Fade and Danimal  
Cause we some animals that'll eat you like a cannibal  
Fuck these whack rappers, we cut they face off  
And then we dispose of their bodies with a chainsaw  
\*Repeat[Verse 3: Fade]

I ain't finished, mothafucka, what you thought this was over?  
Talkin' shit to a cracker like you musta' thought I was sober  
I'm wreckless  
I'll break your face off right after I chug a king cobra  
Down, forward, punch  
Then it's over  
This the stick up motherfucker  
What you thought it was?

Weed, mushrooms, promethazine, you better run all them drugs  
Serial killer dawg and I ain't talkin' about no lucky charms  
I'll grab your hand , rip it by your shoulders and then I'll beat you with your arms  
Right to bear arms so I'm always wearing a wife beater  
Mane y'all fighting us ain't fair, but shit nethers life either  
Early morning stoned pimp I wake up and I'm eatin' grits  
Type of motherfucker that'll have Miley Cryus flippin' bricks  
And Megan Fox out on the corner turnin tricks with Talyor Swift  
50 bones if you want to hit and 25 if you want her to suck your dick  
Mane this Pimpin ain't easy but yo, this rappin' is  
So take my advice when I tell you this, put the mic down and quit rappin' bitch

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>