

## Sticks And Stones

## Flesh-N-Bone

Chorus:

Sticks and stones might break flesh bone  
Yet nevertheless can't none of yall touch me  
Not even with a pole twelve-foot long  
We beatin ya  
Might as well, join us  
Trust me

[flesh-n-bone]

Lately, ever since someones out followin me around  
And Im feelin little danger when Im approachin  
And Ive been ready, peelin you stranger  
Put em on a hanger, bang mo murder  
We broke in with no shame in my city  
And it's time for to bail in this ?  
And the people see me when Im tryin to escape  
To get a breath or caught up  
But can't get you gun right; slain - drop down  
Will ya be found?  
In the c-town, hear the buck, buck, pow  
The glass sounds, stop and ya oughta wait in the ground  
With a niggas (shadow)  
How many ways (in a me say) I could put you in a daze  
Quick to hit em with the gauge  
Nigga, you bout to get faded  
Bitch, your bloody bodys splattered all over the ground  
Save yourself  
? insane and it drive you crazy  
Maybe my niggas willing to settle for somethin  
If nothin, dumpin if you're tempted to play  
Im a real true, you're a real true  
And act other niggas can't groove  
Gotta get em on the grind, so make the move  
We gonna put this shit together forever  
Lets do this, nigga  
Feel it, drop a nigga, this sidekick  
Stop in to get your ready-to-ride trigger; peel it  
All the brothers that fly to get the enemy fried  
Tonight you die  
You really think that you got it?  
Better break it ? , get ready to go  
On this mission for the land, and Im murder em all  
Roll, to try to save out souls

Chorus

[flesh-n-bone]

(thugs) be true, we stroll off in this land  
And the people that be thuggin it often cleveland style  
Look, me and my niggas, we strangle and theivin, now  
Leavin out, prayin for the northcoast  
My city behind me, watch my back  
All of my niggas on the clair, show love for me  
Pass the weed, (get you hype) on the corner like it was ?  
Wherever I roll through the hood, givin up ? , hit the pound, stay real  
Nigga where the money be, Im a be breakin, nigga  
Lets ? and got chill with my bills, sellin herb with my thugs everyday

Let me show you the way we parlay  
On the corner where the niggas see yay  
Drugdealers and killas all day  
Indeed, always roll with my hustlaz,  
Tre, ii tru, and the shifters, afta maff, and ?  
Niggas come and get some, hit th blunt of ?  
Headed straight for the very top  
Niggas crept on ah come up, and it'll never stop  
To my family , I gots to give em props  
Still lettin off shots to the double glock  
And I crept and I came in this thug game, man  
For the love of mo money  
Niggas in this bitch, you gonna remain a thug, what?  
Any my people still hungry  
So here we swerve to the curb, hit that herb, hit that nerve  
And Im down to serve and splurge  
Fuck around and get burned  
Ya better learn

#### Chorus

[flesh-n-bone]  
And ever since I was a youngsta thugsta puttin it down  
Always hustlin to make a way  
Nigga put up with the phases, made it, went through mazes  
And I got all my fuckin pay  
Really want to try me, howl with the fifth dog  
Pick up the sawed-off, nigga done stalked em  
Make em look down the barrel, nigga pick up the shell  
Off ya to hell or whatelse it costin em  
Chalkin em, playa hater when ya try to put a stop to me  
See it in your destiny, and we know it aint never possible  
But they keep at it to try to get it next to me  
Arrestin me with whip, pole,  
Neck chain if you gonna bang my brain with sticks  
Bricks, stones aintt strong enough to break  
And shatter my bones that I swang  
I see ya roll with gang, clang, yeah, Im a catch you gs  
Niggas hang in the heart of it all with the family  
When I bang, nigga please (oughta) chill with my niggas everday  
? marshall don't forget no swisha, got the cheese for the trees  
Or whatever you need  
We can fix ya  
Did you ? now  
Lets take a ride  
Wanna see a playa fall tonight?  
Keep a ? can you run up fast  
And then a nigga really lost his life  
Cause I never had time for the pettiness people  
Don't get me wrong  
Aint the one to be takin shit personal, baby  
That's my sticks and stones be the name of this song

#### Chrous

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Yet nevertheless can't none of yall touch me  
Not even with a pole twelve-foot long  
We beatin ya  
Might as well, join us  
Trust me  
(trust me, trust me, trust me)