

Flesh For Lulu

"Sticks & Stones"

Visit "[Sticks & Stones](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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
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
(trust me, trust me, trust me)

Visit [Flesh For Lulu](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.