

## **Flesh-N-Bone "Sticks & Stones"**

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Sticks and stones might break Flesh Bone  
Yet nevertheless can't none of y'all touch me  
Not even with a pole twelve foot long  
We beatin' ya, might as well, join us  
Trust me

Lately, ever since someone's out followin' me around  
And I'm feelin' little danger when I'm approachin'  
And I've 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 [unverified]  
And the people see me when I'm 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 nigga's  
(Shadow)  
How many ways I could put you in a daze  
(In a me say)

Quick to hit 'em with the gauge  
Nigga, you 'bout to get faded  
Bitch, your bloody body's splattered all over the  
ground  
Save yourself [unverified] insane and it drive you crazy  
Maybe my niggas willing to settle for somethin'

If nothin', dumpin' if you're tempted to play  
I'm 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

Let's 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 [unverified], get ready to go  
On this mission for the land and I'm murder 'em all  
Roll, to try to save out souls

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(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, on the corner like it was [unverified]  
(Get you hype)  
Wherever I roll through the hood, givin' up [unverified]  
Hit the pound, stay real

Nigga where the money be, I'm a be breakin', nigga  
Let's [unverified] 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 Hustla'z  
Tre, Il Tru, and the Shifters, Afta Maff, and [unverified]  
Niggas come and get some, hit th blunt of [unverified]  
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 I'm down to serve and splurge  
Fuck around and get burned, ya better learn

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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 ain't 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 aint't strong enough to break  
And shatter my bones that I swang

I see ya roll with gang, clang, yeah, I'm a catch you G's  
Niggas hang in the, "Heart of it All" with the family  
When I bang, nigga please chill with my niggas  
everyday  
(Oughta)  
[Unverified] marshal don't forget no swisha

Got the cheese for the trees or whatever you need  
We can fix ya  
Did you [unverified] now? Let's take a ride  
Wanna see a playa fall tonight?  
Keep a [unverified] 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  
Ain't the one to be takin' shit personal, baby  
That's my sticks and stones be the name of this song

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Trust me  
(Trust me, trust me, trust me)

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