

Slaves On Dope "Stick It Up"

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I CANNOT DESCRIBE
EVERYTHING THAT PASSED MY EYES
STILL I CRITICIZE
AND TRY TO ACT WISE
WHEN I WITH YOU
ALL MY DREAMS COME TRUE
YOU GOT SENT TO ME
IN A BOX OF NEGATIVITY
YOU'RE THE REASON I'M HERE TODAY
AND I CAN SAFELY SAY
I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY
DON'T YOU LIE TO ME YOU COKE SNIFFING SLUT
I KNOW YOU HATE MY GUTS
COME ON, COME ON
STICK IT UP
COME ON, COME ON
GO
WHEN I RODE YOUR PLANE
YOU WERE THE MATCH FOR MY FLAME
DROVE ME INSANE
WITH YOUR FUCKING SILLY HEAD GAMES
YOU WERE NICE TO ME
...FILL THE MORNING
STUCK THAT KNIFE IN
MY BACK WITHOUT A WARNING
YOU LOOK AROUND
AND YOU RE-CREATE, I SAID MY SHIT
AND I SAID IT STRAIGHT
I STAYED THE FURTHEST I COULD FROM YOU
BECAUSE YOU WERE FUCKED UP
CLASS A CERTIFIED NUT
NOW YOU COME TO ME AND SAY
IT WAS IN THE PAST
KISS MY ASS
I'M BACK, DON'T YOU KNOW YOU CAN
KILL ME
I COME BACK WITH THE FATTEST FLOW
BEFORE YOU CRY
DON'T ASK TO DIE
AND DON'T ASK ME
WHY
STICK IT UP

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