

Hoodie Allen

"Sticks And Stones"

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(Intro)

You won't hear me creepin' up on you...

Hell No

Yep, I bring out my chick out to Ibiza

Just to grab a slice of pizza

Put my CD in her speaker

Yeah, it's really nice to meet ya

Ain't no monstah, Ain't no creature

I'm online, Ain't no creeper

I'm a Thomson, I just beat ya

Out my mind, so let me teach ya

Just to beat the beat Thabeat

Till we bag 'em up

I live in a secret world like Alex Mack

So you don't have to drag it up

Writin' 'till there's noone left like Agatha

Christie, pretend little Indian girls all miss me

They build me up and fix me

Throw me out like I'm a frisbee

But my whole team got that distance

And your whole team might be history

So please show me all that money (money)

Trying to feel up Nicki

There's too many people biting

And I told them I hate hickey's

It's a mystery

Who done done it?

You are history

Done done done with

If you pitch me

One one hundredth

Then these other rappers done with

Cause there's something in my stomach

Call it guts, I call it dumb shit

I keep all of these women in my room like they're
punsished, yo

It's hard to say what my future holds exactly

But yeah, I gotta love my odds like a mathlete

Oh yeah, I gotta love my odds as a black sheep

The kid with no rap sheet but all I do is rap shit

I'm first in class, a prodigy
Orders at me, my mobb's so deep, I'm Prodigy
Hitting me with stick and stones don't bother me
I ignore the wannabe's cause honestly they're not what
I would wanna be
So part of me, please let me exit through the gift shop
My motivation is never waiting for shit to pop
Got some new friends, where they go when the hit stop
Time's kinda funny, let me trap it in my wristwatch
Watch
Watch what's next
Cable television, chicken pox, and stress
Groupie love is kinda like obnoxious sex
Cause I love myself and yeah, that's that
So we can wait until we go and make it major league
Celebratin' with people who are secretly hatin' me
My neighbors, they just wave at me, they're nice, they
are my favorite
Peeps
They never tell me keep the noise down when my
neighbor sleeps
Well, that's the hard labor, and I ain't into that
So fuck money, Ima put this on the internet
Donde eres, tu girlfriend, she's in my bed
Why isn't she with you? She isn't into that
Uh, yeah, I'm bilingual
So this is just a hot record, this is not a single
Pop pop pop
Mothafucka, I'm a Pringle
Millionaire matchmaker, makin' yall mingle

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