Pj Harvey "Sticks and Stones"

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Chorus:

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

[Flesh-N-Bone]

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? 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 (in a me say) I could put you in a daze

ground Save yourself

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

Bitch, your bloody body's splattered all over the

and act other niggas can't groove

Quick to hit 'em with the gauge Nigga, you 'bout to get faded

? insane and it drive you crazy

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?, get ready to go On this mission for the Land, and I'm 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, I'm a be breakin', nigga Let's ? 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, 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 I'm 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 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 (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

Let's 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

Ain't 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 y'all 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)

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