

# Sticks N Stones

## Skepta

When there's no one left to fight boys like him don't shine so bright  
Soon as I see the dust settle he's out on the town tryin' to find trouble  
When there's no one left to fight boys like him don't shine so bright  
Soon as I see the dust settle he's out on the town tryin' to find trouble I took a train again away from shame and  
blame a city pained to see  
A friend I hadn't seen since I was drinkin' underage  
I was a ten a day, how'd you say, little shit  
White lightnin', heightenin' all my courage, quick wit We wore checkered season wallabies, buttoned shirts and  
whiskey  
Mutton dressed as lamb a fan of bands like The Jam, Jam, Jam, Jam  
I don't know who I am, he said I dunno if I can  
I said yeah man, you can, can When there's no one left to fight boys like him don't shine so bright  
Soon as I see the dust settle he's out on the town tryin' to find trouble  
When there's no one left to fight boys like him don't shine so bright  
Soon as I see the dust settle he's out on the town tryin' to find trouble Drunk and being sick, I feel like shit, I  
gotta quit  
I hope I haven't missed the last train, gonna be stuck in Hampton Wick  
With the boys across the platform shoutin' lightweight prick  
I'm a featherweight champion, cheap to get pissed Wish Candy were here with me, she'd definitely deal with it  
Tell 'em all to shut their mouths and go suck their mommas dicks  
'Cause she ain't, no she ain't that low, three fingers down  
Or the other two up and I'll sing this proud Runnin' with believers, no time for fever  
And I haven't got time for you either  
With your sticks 'n' stones, sticks 'n' stones  
I take 'em home on my own Runnin' with believers, no time for fever  
And I haven't got time for you either  
With your sticks 'n' stones, sticks 'n' stones  
I take 'em home on my own As I travel down the track all my memories flood back  
We were runnin' at ease from enemies  
And rushed back to your momma's flat  
It's the only place but home I feel relaxed enough to crap  
I know it sounds crude, but there's somethin' in that How's Danny doin'? Hear he's high flyin' and that  
Stockbroker in the city with a lady and a baby  
And Fee, is she free from the demons she had?  
Was it two months clean, routine to relapse? Runnin' with believers, no time for fever  
And I haven't got time for you either  
With your sticks 'n' stones, sticks 'n' stones  
I take 'em home on my own Runnin' with believers, no time for fever  
And I haven't got time for you either

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