

# Stick It Up

## Slaves on Dope

I cannot describe everything that's passed my eyes

Still I criticize and try to act wise

When I'm 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 till 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's in the past, kiss my ass

I'm back don't you know you can't 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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