

Clayborne Family, Stick 'Em

(Verse One)

I got the digi-design, for you to focus right
The chosen one, the club stayin open tonight
I'm pokin tonight, bet it's a dime, let us parlay
To the bar, get a drink, Belve' and lime
Holla at the kid, ice skatin, standard deal
Jewels bling so sick, got the whole party ill
Overcrunk, clique more drunk than sober
No punks over here, you'll be slumpin over
Respect the gangster, and the drama that come with it
Honest, there ain't another crew more dumb with it
Got cash, pockets stay all fat
Cock back blast, hot ish stay like that

(Verse Two)

I got the streets on lock listen, Clayborne don't stop, c'mon
Clayborne just rock, uhh, listen
Clayborne got your spot red hot
And if you come against the group you might not make it out
I don't need a fitted, just a mesh cap
Bring your best rap son bring your best cats
Cause we can bring the ruck', bring the dogs
Bring the caravan, bring the noise
We got the sickest toys and when we roll up
Chickens go nuts, Taliban blow up
Gotta be honest, I know your crew needs heat
We can take your street, take you out, shake you out

(Chorus: Tim Dog - repeat 2X w/ fourth line change)

Brrrrr, stick 'em, ha ha-ha stick 'em
You want beef we can get right wit 'em
Brrrrr, stick 'em, ha ha-ha stick 'em
1 - Where the ladies at? Where the ladies at? C'mon
2 - Where my dogs at? Where my dogs at? C'mon

(Verse Three: Kool Keith)

I'm wearin new Wranglers, I'm the Boston Strangler
Girls can you tame my love
And while you hang in the bars, heard you came to rub
My style spray the bug, keep close wanna stay with us
People know who get paid with us
I'm gettin down yo, I'm comin dangerous
Two girls in the lane with us, women act strange with us
Pack the trunk, bring them thangs with us
Usin the flow yo, stop claimin us
Takin three of me yo, you same'n us
Let the speaker pump you jump bang with us
Ladies move up start, swing with us
Everything is nice and yo, off the chain with us
Woman jam yo, you feel the pain with us
Think I'm usin the words, you know I came to cuss
To get laid in the cut, you know I'm paid to bust

(Chorus)

(Verse Four)

Uhh, money will come, it's hard to go you slow
You, not, knowin your role, I show
I think, fast, I'm thinking quick
Link, me up hit me off with the chip shit
I'm movin with dough, stick you glow you blow
Lay on the flo', smash in your skull, so
Clayborne henchmen airborne it's on
Squeeze the pump cause he's a chump, uhh

(Verse Five: Tim Dog)

Yo, why you rappers wanna cop my chain
Cause I'm ridin in the fo'-six Range
Are you mad cause you way in the back of the #2 train?
Yo, why you wanna make me bring the pain?
Put two in your brain and then cop a pint in Spain
Come back then drop the name a-gain
Tim Dog don't stop the shame of fame
I come through with it, not new with it
Pass you the mic cause I'm through with it