

# 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