

# Shake Ya Stick

Bizzy Bone

Shake, that, shake, that, stick, stick  
Whassup lil' son, how you doin baby?  
Shake, that, stick  
When the faggots try to lust your body, shake that stick, stick  
That's my boy right there, yeah, heh  
Shake, that, stick  
When the faggots try to lust your body  
Surprise, it's really a bitch  
I was raised by my papi though, papi though  
Shake ya stick

In the strip club lookin for a humble young, thang  
With a roll of cash money, motherfucker get it quick thug  
Ha, fellas all around me don't sit too close to the door  
And they gettin naked in this motherfucker, y'all keep calm  
Got on time, they be rollin with dudes  
Nothin but attitude, gotta give me latitude, heh  
Bitches still mad that I don't fuck with a group  
But I was raised by my poppa and my poppa told me trust no two  
Straight verily, and in the spiritual form  
And only God split so, and the spirit reborn  
The baby still dancin, I see the bitches tryin to stop me  
Never roll with a plan, can't copy gimme  
They say that two is too sloppy  
It tops and tear ya jalopy, can't even get monopoly  
The soul game, and the baby boy he cocky  
And you better watch your word game, cause the shit get stocky  
My opportunity to ration out the love for the one, my papi  
Muh'fuckers don't know what we do, no one got me  
Only one true God in the house for sure  
Who you roll with? I roll with the Lord  
Trust and believe, lay low on these motherfuckers, break those jaws  
And what you see is what the fuck they saw  
We ain't fuckin with nobody who don't represent the father of all  
And that's God y'all

That, stick; when the faggots try to lust yo' body  
Surprise, I said it really was a bitch  
I was raised by my papi, and tell 'em they'll never win  
Because they caught up in the sin and we drinks for free  
Shake that stick, when the faggots try to lust yo' body  
Surprise, it was really a bitch  
And I was raised by my papi, can you tell 'em they'll never win  
And they get caught up in the sin, round here we drink for free

She was playin on deception and spiritually was a dead-end  
Mountin the battle station and we bring on no weapons  
For the inception of the relationship  
I guess I shoulda known...  
She was playin for deception and spiritually she was dead  
And mountin up the battle station, bring no weapons  
The inceptions of the relationship, I guess I shoulda known  
when she said she had us caught up on tape, bitch we ain't even bone  
This warfare goes deep in the clones  
Cheaper when they come up to park their shit, demons is on  
Quick, Cleveland get gone, but I don't speak about the radius  
A hardcore brother with the Father and the capius

The atheists, bitch-ass demons, they don't need no atheists  
Fuck 'em, they should bust their ass  
Cocksuckin break bitch, tell me where the tunes at  
I know whoyourollin wit - secrets tellin, they better lose that all  
Baby we get it poppin down in the city streets  
Either roll with the one or these bitches they gonna wreak  
Don't sleep 'til the mission complete  
I got a treat for the honey and man, honey is sweet

Yeah, shake yo' stick  
And the faggots try to lust yo' body; surprise, really a bitch  
I was raised by my papi, and I was raised by my papi  
Yeah, that, stick  
When the faggots try to lust yo' body  
Surprise baby, it was only a bitch  
And I was raised by my papi, tell 'em they'll never win  
And they'll get caught up in the sin, round here we drink for free  
Tell 'em again

Shake that stick, shake that stick  
Ay-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi, ay-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi  
Shake that stick  
It's when the faggots try to lust yo' body  
Baby surprise, it was really a bitch  
Man I was raised by my papi  
Tell 'em never, tell 'em di-fff-fff, haha  
We just shake, that, stick  
Ay-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yah  
Shake, that, stick, stick, shake, yo', stick

Yeah, openin 'em up, openin 'em up, haha  
Please believe, you know what it is  
You know the rules, shake that stick, stick, stick  
Shake, that, stick, stick... stick, shake that  
One true God in the house, for sho'  
Represent it, confessin with the tongue, you know  
You know, what you throwin up, cool  
Yeah