

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 shoul da 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 shoul da 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
Iknowwhoyourollinwit - 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