

Sticks And Stones

Hoodie Allen

You won't hear me creepin' up on you...
Hell No
Yep, I bring out my chick out to Ibiza
Just to grab a slice of pizza
Put my CD in her speaker
Yeah, it's really nice to meet ya
Ain't no monstah, Ain't no creature
I'm online, Ain't no creeper
I'm a Thomson, I just beat ya
Out my mind, so let me teach ya
Just to beat the beat Thabeat
Till we bag 'em up
I live in a secret world like Alex Mack
So you don't have to drag it up
Writin' 'till there's noone left like Agatha
Christie, pretend little Indian girls all miss me
They build me up and fix me
Throw me out like I'm a frisbee
But my whole team got that distance
And your whole team might be history
So please show me all that money (money)
Trying to feel up Nicki
There's too many people biting
And I told them I hate hickey's
It's a mystery
Who done done it?
You are history
Done done done with
If you pitch me
One one hundredth
Then these other rappers done with
Cause there's something in my stomach
Call it guts, I call it dumb shit
I keep all of these women in my room like they're punsished, yo
It's hard to say what my future holds exactly
But yeah, I gotta love my odds like a mathlete
Oh yeah, I gotta love my odds as a black sheep
The kid with no rap sheet but all I do is rap shit
I'm first in class, a prodigy
Orders at me, my mobb's so deep, I'm Prodigy
Hitting me with stick and stones don't bother me
I ignore the wannabe's cause honestly they're not what I would wanna be
So part of me, please let me exit through the gift shop
My motivation is never waiting for shit to pop
Got some new friends, where they go when the hit stop
Time's kinda funny, let me trap it in my wristwatch
Watch
Watch what's next
Cable television, chicken pox, and stress
Groupie love is kinda like obnoxious sex
Cause I love myself and yeah, that's that
So we can wait until we go and make it major league
Celebratin' with people who are secretly hatin' me
My neighbors, they just wave at me, they're nice, they are my favorite
Peeps
They never tell me keep the noise down when my neighbor sleeps
Well, that's the hard labor, and I ain't into that

So fuck money, Ima put this on the internet
Donde eres, tu girlfriend, she's in my bed
Why isn't she with you? She isn't into that
Uh, yeah, I'm bilingual
So this is just a hot record, this is not a single
Pop pop pop
Mothafucka, I'm a Pringle
Millionaire matchmaker, makin' yall mingle