

Sticks & Stones

Joyner Lucas

[Intro: Conway the Machine]

Yeah

Uh (Talk to these niggas, king)

Look

[Verse 1: Conway the Machine]

Ayo, it be at least ten niggas shot every week (Grr)

Get out of the streets, this ain't a game, this shit not for the weak

Just save your mama the grief (Uh-huh)

Young niggas turn you to a pack, smoke you out of a leaf

Fiend shootin' in her toe knuckle, she noddin' to sleep (Haha)

I accomplished a bunch of shit that's way out of your reach

And I'm still not at my peak, screamin' on the label, "All of them budgets g
otta increase"

My project complete, yeah (Shit finished)

Look, if it ain't a Spade, this a bottle of Clicq' (Uh-huh)

Kalamata olives inside of my Greek

You know the motto, make a million dollars, repeat (Ooh)

Got that down to a T (Talk to 'em)

The money machine ring and no wonder Machine seen in that Cullinan thing gre
enish (Hahaha)

That brother just seems genius (Yeah)

They talk the most, but they haven't done anything meaningful yet, I'm at yo
ur neck (Ah)

My releases is your financial threat, substantial checks

Impact from my next patch is predicted to crash the 'net (Ah)

Look, you comin' for Machine, then you better be at your best

Boy, you know the rule, you better clap if you flash your sket, facts

You know, whenever we did them shows, SK and them niggas drove (Uh-huh)

You know if he pullin' up then he comin' with his poles (You know what that
mean)

Nigga, play with us, then bro wipin' a nigga nose (Woo, woo)

His reaction is put you on a shirt (Boom-boom-boom-boom), no Kenneth Cole

[Verse 2: Joyner Lucas]

My nigga, I'm in the zone

Reflectin' on my life and where I've been as I sip Patrón (Yeah)

And who needs a money phone? My money talkin', no Vic Damone (Brr)

And who needs a wife when I keep that pipe? That's Mrs. Jones (Uh)

Ain't nothin' worse than havin' love for niggas with twisted souls (Yeah)

The ones you call your brothers, grab the shovel and dig a hole (Uh)

I've seen my own family stab my back, I should've known

They say sticks and stones'll break your bones, I'm sticks and stones

I wish I could pick up phones, but

I know there ain't no way in hell (Yeah)

I think this rappin' shit is cool and yeah, I played it well

But really, I been contemplatin' quittin' if we stayin' real

But would you walk away from fifty million or be Dave Chappelle? (Uh)

I'd rather cry inside a yacht than an '88 Deville

Fuck my bitch over the balcony while we was chasin' whales

Private chefs, dinin' best, lots of major meals

But when I'm with my kids, I'm at my best, that's how I stay fulfilled (Yeah
)

Nights in Miami, gettin' drunk and whippin' foreigners (Uh)

Just copped the new Urus, you still buffin' up the Taurus (Damn)

Stuntin' on you niggas, fly as fuck when I'm in orbit

Bought my mansion all in cash, you niggas fuckin' up your mortgage (Ooh)

You want the fame and glory, but don't got numbers to support it (Word)
If you don't give me my flowers, bitch, I'm comin' with a florist (Damn)
Your shorty ain't a groupie, she just fuck me 'cause I'm gorgeous
Hate when niggas kiss and tell, y'all just ain't nothin' but informants
Better get real, I do this for my niggas locked up, sleepin' on beds still (Yeah)
I do this for my niggas trappin', workin' on they best skills (Yeah)
For niggas out here stressin', heads spinnin' like roulette wheels (Uh)
Tryna make it back to home base with snakes in the left field (Joyner)
And I don't know how death feels, but I'll tell you how success feels
I'll tell you what it's like to have to worry about your next meal (Uh)
I'll tell you what it's like to know who's a hundred and who's less real (Uh)
)
I'll tell you what it's like, uh, I'll tell you what it's like, for real (For real)