

# Slaves On Dope, Stick It Up

I CANNOT DESCRIBE  
EVERYTHING THAT'S PASSED MY EYES  
STILL I CRITICIZE  
AND TRY TO ACT WISE  
WHEN I'M WITH YOU  
ALL MY DREAMS COME TRUE  
YOU GOT SENT TO ME  
IN A BOX OF NEGATIVITY  
YOU'RE THE REASON I'M HERE TODAY  
AND I CAN SAFELY SAY  
I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY  
DON'T YOU LIE TO ME YOU COKE SNIFFING SLUT  
I KNOW YOU HATE MY GUTS

chorus

COME ON, COME ON  
STICK IT UP  
COME ON, COME ON  
GO

WHEN I RODE YOUR PLANE  
YOU WERE THE MATCH FOR MY FLAME  
DROVE ME INSANE  
WITH YOUR FUCKING SILLY HEAD GAMES  
YOU WERE NICE TO ME  
'TILL THE MORNING  
STUCK THAT KNIFE IN  
MY BACK WITHOUT A WARNING  
YOU LOOK AROUND  
AND YOU RE-CREATE, I SAID MY SHIT  
AND I SAID IT STRAIGHT

I STAYED THE FURTHEST I COULD FROM YOU  
BECAUSE YOU WERE FUCKED UP  
CLASS A CERTIFIED NUT  
NOW YOU COME TO ME AND SAY  
IT'S IN THE PAST  
KISS MY ASS

chorus

COME ON, COME ON  
STICK IT UP  
COME ON, COME ON  
GO

I'M BACK, DON'T YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T KILL ME  
I COME BACK WITH THE FATTEST FLOW  
BEFORE YOU CRY

DON'T ASK TO DIE

AND DON'T ASK ME

WHY

STICK IT UP