Sticky Icky

Bizzy Bone

I got that sticky-icky... (3 x's)
I got that sticky-icky...blue bonic shizzle for yo grizzle nizzle...
Fa'shizzle. Nigga fo'sheezaayy![Hook]
[I got that sticky-icky...blue bonic chronic for yo shizzle nizzle...
In yo' grizzle. Nigga fo'sheezaayy...
I got that sticky-icky...blue bonic chronic for yo grizzle nizzle...
Fa'shizzle. Nigga fo'sheezaayy!Verse 1:
OOH WEE! Nigga got that good sticky weed! Get it in a swisher,
Pass it to my nigga. Mothafucka better pick up a gun, you better prepare
Got my eyes closed, let the smoke go everywhere
45 on the freeway, nigga gimme le-way
Higher then a kite while I'm rollin through the alley
Pass me a black and white, But that's my boy cause me and his kids is tight
And the weed is lime-green, betta catch it from a chronic seed
And it was callin me...oh yeah. I can't wait 'til this shit's in the air
Smoke everywhere...
I hail...a little bitty nigga that was sellin the rocks on the Clair
And the devil is here...and he wants your soul. To rot with his in hell, hell...
Then again they could put a nigga in jail...when I'm just tryna get by
But I use to sell...and now I leave it alone 'cause I'm doin well, well..
I never sold out!
I can do what I wanna. My baby momma want money. I never hold out!
Hey, bitch hold up. And try to leave me all thawed-ed out
Man, I'ma be fucked up. No doubt! I'm blowin up...[Hook]Verse 2:
Rap and the crack, and the dice, like when I get on bracklin'
And it'll be the Dope Man. And that nigga sold crack
And crack man...humiliation to the black man, black man...
My momma smoke weed, my daddy smoke weed
Hell, we all smoke weed...
So I'm havin my fun, so give me what me need, baaby
I like ta got up in "High Times", I even gotta dail for my nigga "0-9-9"
Dail for the chron, nigga, don't let the cops come
'cause I'll be runnin wit mine, like we got rock
Feelin fine, and my heart's already runnin
I get the drama and it's steady comin, a c'mon...
(Inhales) "What you wanna do?" "It's on you, wayy...all day everyday" hey...
Fuck! Gotta do shit. Got thangs to do
A nigga really got kids and bills, wit the crew
I'ma pay them nigga, you already knew-baby baller I call all my trues

"How does it relate to weed?" "Fuck the weed! Relate to me. The real nigga with the T.H.C.
And no G.H.B...these are the last days. Roll me a sweet! A-c'mon! A-c'mon![Hook]I'm blowin up... (8 x's)
(Chronic, chronic, chronic...)Verse 3:
I'm ready for the war...still got time to let the weed cure
Watch for the women with STD sores, blessed in the rythm I got to get soar
And full of adrenaline...in your...mellinium...full of my drink
I'll be in the back wit titenium..."damn, that's the shit I'm smokin'"
Weed got a mothafucka thinkinn...Yeah. Up, jumped in the cab and rushed, but B cant catch the bus. I'm goin to see my broad. And fuck y'all niggaz, I'm in love. Ain't nobody finna stop me, dawg...
"What's with the dreads? You might be wanting to mind ya bidness there, yellow man."
Man fuck you nigga! Young nigga to the hood, dawg. I got the weed and I'ma break the bread, yeah...uh...
On the freeway coasting like we was riding a limo. Fuck that.
Windows was tinted. It's me and it's like Sizzler-crush grass.
'Til it finished, we puffed puffed and pass (give it back!)
And Im still on point, I got my mind on the hour glass
"Ey, why the fuck you not driving fast? Hurry up, I got ass-to-mash.
And I'm there.[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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