Sick 2 Def

Plan B

C-c-check, yo
Real sick hearing these pricks talk shit
They get there throats slit 'coz they talkin' to me like I'm thick
And I'm real tired of these bullshit guys
They best go, hide 'coz I'm lookin' for 'em on the sly
'Coz I've had it up to here, right up to here
Might ave to do it reservoir dogs style slice of their ear
'Coz I've had enuff of bredders actin' tough, tryin' ta get rough
When its obvious they ain't rough enuff, listen
I don't just talk the talk, I walk it
That's why my mouth's always comin' out with raw shit
My rap style's distorted like lil' mo getting rapped
And keepin' the baby instead of gettin' it aborted
Yo, I talk morbid just to make you feel awkward
Deaths a part of life, yo, you just cant ignore it
Especially when I rip out your heart and on my sleeve sport it like
Somethin' you feel precious 'coz ya dead gran bought it
I talk so foul, I talk so course, I show no regret
I show no remorse like a necromanic raping a corpse
Up the anal passage while contracting genital warts
My metaphor's are twisted like that game
Where you gotta put that hob nob in ya gob
If you the last one to come on the biscuit
I'm so sadistic so I fantasize about finding
My mums ex floating in a bath tub with his wrists slit
And I'm real sick hearing these pricks talk shit
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Might ave to do it reservoir dogs style slice of their ear
'Coz I've had enuff of bredders actin' tough, tryin' ta get rough
When its obvious they ain't rough enuff
You best buy a TV if you want me to stop
'Coz I'm so heavy influenced by the things that I watch
It ain't just 'Pulp Fiction' and 'Reservoir Dogs'
It's irreversible, there's my 'City Of God'
It's the news on every channel when I turn on the box
It seems Pedophiles singing on top of the pops

Garry glitter, Michael Mish-a-walk
On the net ken bigley got his neck tek off
That's some nasty shit and still you wonder why I'm sick
When I see this shit and I say exactly what I think
That's some nasty shit and you don't ban it
But you ban computer games, somethin' 'round here really stinks
What about cigarettes and alcoholic drinks?
Or the animal that died just so your wife could wear that mink
Your disgraceful like gettin' caught, pissin' in the sink
A white girl wont suck my dick just because its pink
And I'm real sick hearing these pricks talk shit
They get there throats slit 'coz they talkin' to me like I'm thick
And I'm real tired of these bullshit guys
They best go, hide 'coz I'm lookin' for 'em on the sly
Had it up to here, right up to here
Might ave to do it reservoir dogs style slice of their ear
'Coz I've had enuff of bredders actin' tough, tryin' ta get rough
When its obvious they ain't rough enuff
Check it, the last verse is just as bad as the first
Compared to the second, yo, it's definitely worse
'Coz this is about a guy getting chauffeured in a hurst
Let me do what Nas did and tell that shit in reverse
The hirst brings the corpse back to the morgue
The guy from the morgue undresses the corpse
Embalming fluid goes back out, the blood goes back in
Body goes back to hospital where it comes alive again
The paramedics walk backwards like an Irish dance
Put the wounded man back in the ambulance
The ambulances engine turns back on
And its lights flash as it plays his favorite song
The guy goes back to the exact spot where they found him
And the medics and and all the passers by go back
Where they came from till eventually
No one surrounds him and the blood pours up him
Rather than down him
The man then falls upwards back on his feet
Stumbles towards a dark figure on the other side of the street
He walks into the blade that cut his belly
Then he holds his neck which was bleeding already
He removes his hand so you can see the cut
And as the knife undoes the slice, it closes back up
He unsays the words he said which were, 'What the fuck'
And unscreams the scream from the first initial cut
Then the blood from he severely severed ear
Crawls back up his cheek and slowly disappears

As the knife wielding silhouette unhacks it from the rear
Puts the knife away after reattaching the ear
Then walks backwards thought the bushes
Where he's disregarded nature
Who's the guy on the bench, I'm reading his paper
Takes the snail he stepped on back from its creator
Only to be killed again when I fast forward this shit later
Back in his house now back in his bed
He un-listens to a CD and un-bops his head
Take's the CD out the player and puts it back in its case
Which has my name on the cover along with my face
Fast forward, there's been a murder
And the police know who's done it
Not lookin' for a motive 'coz they don't know why he done it
Sure enough it don't take that long for them to find a reason
And they publicly state it on TV that evening
A couple of months later, this shit gets banned
Like it was me who put that switch in his hand
And told him to kill that man
Like this whole song was just some kinda sickly devised plan
To hurt some poor cunt I don't even know
And I've never met before in my life
The words whoever said, "The pen is mightier than the sword"
Was right and you better think twice
Before you step to me and pick a fight

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