Wicked

Low End Theory

Yo chuck
We got runnin' mixes and da headfones
Wicked
1 2 3 and I come with the wicked
Style and you know that I'm from the wicked crew
You act like you knew but I got everybody jumping to the voodoo
You kickin' wicked rhymes, picket signs
Me and my mob, got a truck full of 9's
Chuck it out, I'll slay ya [Incomprehensible] for the hey-a
Ready to buck, buck, buck
But it's a must to duck, duck, duck
Before I bust ya looking for the one that did it
You want my vote, no you're never gonna get it
'Cos I'm the one with the tight mad skills
And I won't choke like the Buffalo Bills
Sittin' at the pad just chillin', Larry Parker just got 2 million
Oh, what a fucking feelin'
That nigger done pass me the pill
And I slam dunk it like Shaquille O'Neal
Wicked, wreckin' baby
I'll rock that test tube baby, take it
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire, wicked
Don't say nothin' just listen
Got me a plan to break Tyson out of prison
You going my way you get served
Still got a deuce that'll bunny hop the curb
Nappy head, nappy chest, nappy chin
Never seen with a happy grin
Gonna phat frown cause I'm down, so take a look around
All you see is big black boots
Steppin' use my steel toe as a weapon
[Incomprehensible]And they want to label this nail out to with a stick
Hopn' that's not a stick 'cause I got a body count like in the city
From men in New York
I get them skins and I ain't talking about pork

Ya slut, you pig, dig
Listen from the flow from a soul fro'ed Caucasian
Oh, your picket signs, you know all
This funky ass wisdom picket budget talking
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire, wicked
People wanna know how come I got a Gat
And I'm sitting at the window like Malcolm, ready to bring that noise
And going to get heavy like the Ghetto Boyz
April 29th was power to the people
And you might just see a sequel 'cos police got equal pay
A horse is a pig that don't fly straight
I'm doin' Daryl Gitts but it's Willie Williams
I'm down with the pilgrims
I'm through with the pig so I think the job is dead
Get out and die
'Cos I get wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire, wicked
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But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire, wicked
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Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire, wicked
Ooh, asshole, well, I come
I come, say

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