

# Sick 2 Def

## Plan B

C-c-check, yoReal 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, listenI 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 abortedYo, 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 itI 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 wartsMy 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 slitAnd I'm real sick hearing these pricks talk shit  
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And I'm real tired of these bullshit guys  
They best go, hide 'coz I'm lookin' for 'em on the slyI'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 enuffYou 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 offThat'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 stinksWhat 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 pinkAnd 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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