

# Wicked

Chris Thomas King

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  
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  
'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  
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  
Ooh, asshole, well, I come  
I come, say

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