

# Lick the Balls

## Slick Rick

Excuse me, I'm trying to earn a mere buck or two  
A solemn rapper come in, and who the fuck are you?  
Around this part of town with diamonds and your girl in fur  
"I'm trying to enter in this rap contest you're havin', sir"  
You're kinda late, "Flat tire" well, that'd do it 'cuz  
Well alright, pay me now, and you'll be at the hub "I hope I don't mess up, or run out of breath, or even brick"  
Don't worry hon' you're hittin' 'em harder than a fuckin' brick  
"But what do you think, Van?", please, no one can serve us  
"Wish me luck, dear, I'm scared and I'm nervous"  
So who stands, who falls, who crowds the halls  
This one the DJ calls, lick the balls Now every time I write dope raps they come vickin' it  
Now you know the title of this, so start lickin' it  
Lips kickin' it, hey bitch, there is a brick in it  
So when you think you're prepared, I keep stickin' it  
Now here they come with a spike to fight, take it light  
Now who the one you're trying to be like with all your might And anyone that attempted to remove me out the  
race  
Best give me space before I fly in they fuckin' face  
Now raise that vocal, play that role around your local hoods  
Don't worry about a thing 'cuz Ricky Rick is bringin' home the goods  
Who stands, who falls, who crowds the halls  
This one the DJ calls lick the balls Now everything that come out your mouth, sound like it's out of spite  
I'm back on a mission and this time I'm gonna anchor right  
That's right, ads help, he's improvin' it  
"Thank gosh, Rick, we love the way you're movin' it"  
Who's hittin' rough in eighty-eight, I bet your momma knows  
Backslap you all down like I were dominoes Stun 'em all, come on y'all, give me a taste of life  
Act trife, I'll let my dog cold fuck ya wife  
So be my friend and don't pretend you will not be forgiven  
You're cleaning house up to the master, that's how we both are livin'  
So who will stands, who falls, who crowds the halls  
This one the DJ calls lick the balls Go Vance Wright, go Rick, look at the style we bring  
How come you cannot write a rap that will erase the king  
The girls you watch are now entranced now when they see me slam  
Shit on motherfuckers and I tell them who the fuck I am  
My name is Rick, but now you know who's rulin' it  
Pump the world and the DJ put the fuel in it Come ride the dick and if you wanna know what is the word  
Who write the baddest raps you and your boys have ever heard  
I eat you up and give your girl a bowl of Puppy Chow

You understand alright? Hello, I'm tryin' to tell you now  
Who stands, who falls, who crowds the halls  
This one the DJ calls, lick the balls

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