

# Licken off in Hip-Hop

## Sticky Fingaz

To my niggas in the 212 and 310  
Bitches in the 305 and 404  
Niggas in the 713 and 201, 312, call 911 It's Sticky Fingaz, licken off in hip-hop  
Sticky Fingaz, licken off in hip-hop  
Sticky, Sticky Fingaz, licken off in hip-hop  
Every [Incomprehensible] I kick is a gunshot My heart bleeds for you, so don't waste your tears  
I'm about 175 in dog years  
My block's so hot step outside and get sunburned  
Unless you talkin' business or money I'm unconcerned I live for now because my days is numbered  
I got a six shot revolver, watch the barrel on my gun turn  
I'm like an accident just waitin' to happen  
A nigga fuck, my killas in the cut waitin' to clap 'em It's pitiful this game is too political, critical  
But let's not talk about the big I's and the little U's  
Niggas wouldn't be confused if they mind their P's and Q's  
Keep your nose out of mine and I won't have to squeeze the two's And cock the glock, what's that sound?  
Everybody know Sticky be puttin' it down  
So watch out watch out, niggas better clear a path  
Think I'm scared to blast 'cause I'm doing flicks on Miramax  
And New Line Fuck security, my bodyguard is my two nines  
Knew I'd make it big in due time  
My only lie when my lips move  
Gun in my crotch my forth leg is a pistol, who wanna get shot? Until I smell 'em for myself I don't believe shit  
stink  
Robbing niggas for everything but the kitchen sink  
And all these whack rappers want deals but no can do  
Labels be like, don't call us, we'll call you It's Sticky Fingaz, licken off in hip-hop  
Sticky Fingaz, licken off in hip-hop  
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Every [Incomprehensible] I kick is a gunshot It's Sticky Fingaz, licken off in hip-hop  
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Sticky, Sticky Fingaz, licken off in hip-hop  
Every [Incomprehensible] I kick is a gunshot Back in the days Sticky was stickin' niggas  
And strippin' niggas and still gettin' figures  
And pistol whippin' niggas and flippin' niggas  
I ran with life bidders and ice pickers Now wonder if this life fit us in Vegas with strippin' white bitches  
But that's just a deep thought in the back of my mind  
I'm Black Trash true to the streets gritty and grime  
I got a bone to pick a holdster with a shoulder grip  
Concealed inside my leather camouflage so I can ride, notice it? Don't tell nobody, but between me and you I

put three in you  
Add you and ya crew to the M E N U  
I got bloopers of ya death and I draw it myself  
You want the job done right you gotta do it yourselfMy code defendin' my conscience, my mind afflicted with  
monsters  
Kill a nigga over nonsense for five cents  
You a glutton for punishment, I'm the nigga runnin' shit  
Yo breath stank that cause you be talkin' a ton of shitYou can't take me out, forget about it  
Killers in front of ya house, forget about it  
Y'all niggas don't want no war, forget about it  
I'll bring it to your front door and you won't do shit about itYou need work, come see me son I'm takin'  
applications  
You can't beat me join me save yourself the aggravation  
You dead if you harm a single hair on my head  
My payback is goin' to cost you a arm and a legIt's Sticky Fingaz, lickin off in hip-hop  
Sticky Fingaz, lickin off in hip-hop  
Sticky, Sticky Fingaz, lickin off in hip-hop  
Every [Incomprehensible] I kick is a gunshotIt's Sticky Fingaz, lickin off in hip-hop  
Sticky Fingaz, lickin off in hip-hop  
Sticky, Sticky Fingaz, lickin off in hip-hop  
Every [Incomprehensible] I kick is a gunshotYou can run but you can't hide, when I come it's do or die  
Point your guns to the sky, put 'em up real high  
You can run but you can't hide, when I come it's do or die

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