Wicked

Korn

Yo chuck we got runnin' in mixes and da headphones
Ha, ah, ha, ha, ha
WickedHa, ha, 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 voodooYou kickin' wicked rhymes, picket signs
Me and my mob got a truck full of 9's
Play ya and I'll slay ya
I got thug made dough by the hey aReady 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'Cause I'm the one with the tight mad skills
And I won't choke like the Buffalo Bills
Sittin' at the pad just chillin'
'Cos Larry Parker just got 2 millionOh, what a fucking feeling
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'Cause I get wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Yes I wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Yes I 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 nothing 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 curbNappy head, nappy chest, nappy chin
Never seen with a happy grin
Show the phat frown 'cause I'm down
So take a look aroundAll you see is big black boots steppin'
Use my steel toe as a weapon
Kick ya and flip ya
Now they want to label this one with a stickHopin' 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 porkYa 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'Cause I get wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Yes I wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire

Yes I 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, prop, ch, ch, chPeople 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 BoyzApril 29th was power to the people
And you might just see a sequel
'Cause police got equal pay
A horse is a pig that don't fly straightI'm doin' Daryl Gitts but it's Willie Willams
I'm down with the pilgrims
I'm through with the pig
So I think the job is dead, get out and die'Cause I get wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Yes I wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
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But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire'Cause I get wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
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Yes I wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fireWicked, oh, ass hole well I come
I come say'Cause I get wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
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