Sicc & High

Brotha Lynch Hung

Brotha Lynch:
(Talking)
Yeah man, ya know, I was trying to tell you nigga man,
that nigga was trippin out man. I did all kinds of shit,
for him and shit, and I help that nigga outa bad situations, you know?
Cuz was trippin man, I was like man.
Still was talking shit nigga, dirty ass songs about me and shit, you know.
Man, so I gotta hit him back:Nigga you tha, king of comedy,
and Ima be g thatz what Ima be.
Let you see that shit at close range,
when I tap you with the bang, wrap you up in cellophane (sphhhh).
Thatll be the endin, no pretendin,
siccmade and high side crash?, do a drive by wide em.
Do or die by which in em, get in em, any time, any where.
Cut through the lane like Chris Webber.
Better get it together nigga, I toughen up your leather with a,
touch, shoot you in the neck, get my respect, you muthafuckin bet.
Might as well not sweat when I put these flames to your set,
and leave you, smokey like robinson.
My oozie weigh 24 tons, and I got them,
niggas on rum in em, and those 221s, you getted this done.
Thats why I pack my gun,
cause when you tappin into this gangsta shit you gotta pack yo gun.
Some niggas gon shoot, some niggas gon run.
Its all mathematical, bet off and get tragical?,
holding out the cadillac roam with the metal thangs,
to do that ghetto thang, you know, cellophane.
To hit them pedal thangs,
smash off in the cup where you get that hedikane?
You watch that medic bring, black bags and gloves.
I gotta be thug (why?), I made that decision a long time ago.
Drinkin 40s in plash? dominoes,
goin through drama with hoes, you know how it goes.
I aint been doin no shows, aint been steppin on no toes.
But the p11 9mm ruben (whats that?), is the weapon I chose.
I dont need much cause Im clutch like shaq diesel,
and I love the way the ruben make dead people.
Catch em comin out the church steeple,
cause he did my people.

You know, paybacks to the first degree,
and Im cript walkin to my funeral, so it aint no hearsin me.A-Blocc:
Bouncin off to the turf, this is A-Blocc,
Im posted pushin yayrocks?, to see right through these niggas character.
They blasted like the glock, neighborhood watch keeps lookin,
but I keep jookin, shit I know where Pablo gots his birdies cookin.
I probably crook em.
See the plots to get richer quicker, make my feddy thicker,
perkin off the finest liquors, pass pen, triggas get clutched.
I get my bucks man, MOB, thats money over bitches,
six straight rags with switches, got the feds takin pictures,
half heart half dope, invested my ism, is some pimp, hes upset with a hoe.
And made her hump till my pockets got the mumps like gody?
Ask the little bitch, she said, oh hes a fuckin cody.
So D, pistols everything from fake IDs.
I put hoes in shady niggas, left them eatin through our piece.
Roll dese through the ghetto, vogues smoked like indo.
High speed chases throwin choppers out the window.
Im wanted by the task, and bitch ass niggas gun blast,
and all I ever wanted was the cash.
Shit its like Im hunted but I still get blunted rollin through the set.
Ima do my thing for now though, cause they aint killed me yet,
and if I die then I die, shit, dont even shed a tear.
Im better off where Im goin man, cause I aint happy here.
Got no fear, shit, them niggas bruise like I bruise,
lose screws? like I do, nigga, choose how you choose nigga, ooh!

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