

Wicked

Korn

Yo Chuck, we got runnin mixes in da headphones. . .
Wicked!!!!

Ha 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 voodoo
You kickin wicked rhymes, picket signs, while me and my mob got
a t
Drop then I'll slay ya, bang, bang, birthday for the A-hole
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 your 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
Larry Parker just got 2 million, Oh what a fucking feeling
That nigger done past me the peel, and I slam dunk it like Shaquille
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 know I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire

Don't say nothing just listen
Got me, got me a plan to break Tyson out of prison
You going my way you get served
Still got a deuce then I bunny hop the curb
Nappy head, nappy chest, nappy chin, never seen with a happy grin
Gotta fat frown cause I'm down, so take a look around
All you see is big black boots, step in, use my steel toe as a weapon
And it's awfully quiet, you want to live with this nigger, to with
From here to New York I get them skins, and I ain't talking about p
Your sly, you pig, dig
Listen from the flow from a soul fro'ed caucasian
Ah, who didn't know I was as funky as Wilson Picket
but ya talkin. . .

[chorus]

People wanna know how come I get a gat
and I'm sitting at the window like Malcolm
Ready to bring that noise and kinda trigger happy like Ghetto
Blaster
December 29th was power to the people, ya'll might just see a
sequence
'Cause police got equal, hey, A horse is a pig that dosen't fly straight
I'm doin Daryl Gates but it's Willie Williams, I'm doin with the pil
I'm threw with the pig, so I think the job is dead, get out. . .

[chorus]