

Icky Vicky

1K Phew

Ah!

Hey Vicky, you're so, so icky (Aye, C, we might as well keep goin' at this point)

Just the thought of being around, you makes me oh so sicky
Icky Vicky, Icky Vicky, Icky Vicky, Icky Vicky (I forgot to tell y'all the album done, c'mon!)

Devil, you icky

Tried to send the police to get me

Got caught with a seven, Mike Vicky

Thank God they ain't find that blicky

I ain't gotta act no corn to get some bread, I'm way too jiffy

I ain't tryna go sit in the back when I'm in church, I'm way too spiffy

I'm fresh, get the Holy Ghost when I dress

Coming like Fred Hammond, when I'm in the field I'm blessed

Give it to the Lord, say less

Ain't nobody perfect, just try your best

Yeah, God is best

I put it on Flavor Fest

I put it on Kanye West

I believe that we gon' win, yeah, fourth quarter, up by ten

Heard you want God to save you, Daniel

Better stop all that lying, then

Still got a word in the clip, for real

Every night I been grindin'

Lemme just make my toast right now, it's our time (Cling!)

Let the choir sing

God is with me, that's my pew-pew

I don't even need no babysitter

And I just told you I got drip, they call me Long Jonah Silver

First place, we ain't comin' in silver

Gospel rap is back