

# Sick

Bladee

Still sick, still sick, still sick  
Still sick, still sick  
Still sick, still sick  
Still sick, still sick

Still sick, twelve grams in a zip, us, we don't mix  
Triple 6 for my wrist, blood on my lips

I can't stand, I'ma sit, I was broke, now I'm fixed  
Black skies eversince, I hope I won't be missed  
From the rain to the snow, going in, I am sick, I'm not sane  
I don't know what I think, I can't see anything  
Call my friends, give me wings, SG, Drain Gang, who I'm with  
Don't get lost in this shit, I don't want to be sick

Still sick, still sick, still sick  
Still sick, still sick  
Still sick, still sick  
Still sick, still sick

Still sick, twelve grams in a zip, us, we don't mix  
Triple 6 for my wrist, blood on my lips

Still sick, still sick, still sick  
Still sick, still sick  
Still sick, still sick  
Still sick, still sick

Still sick, twelve grams in a zip, us, we don't mix  
Triple 6 for my wrist, blood on my lips