

Wicked

Hodgy Beats

[Hook: x2]

You should be careful who you hang with and who your friends are!

You get in trouble fuck with rock-stars and gangstars!

Wicked! Bitch I am not your fucking friend! Wicked!

Wicked! Bitch I am not your fucking friend!

[Verse 1: Hodgy Beats]

You know where I'm from, coming from where I'm from

Suck a thumb, or get your hi-hat built by Toms Drum

You know God I'll introduce you to his Godson

Fairly Odd son bang your head and let it throb some!

It's that rock shit, fuck a cop pork chop shit

Squeeze your fucking Glock and spit flames in the drought bitch!

You're not akin to me, my fires never friendly, Adrenaline got me trembling

Thirsty to kill an enemy!

[Hook x2]

[Bridge x2: Left Brain]

Grab this tulip, strangle you till you die

Truth in my heart, less than hate in my mind

Multiply emotions soon will divide

Yourself from the crash reality will collide

[Verse 2: Hodgy Beats]

My friends and my imaginary adversary, actually

Mind blows like fragmentaries manditarily

Don't cross the roof with sand altin fluids

Lucid enough to see through it

Trespassin feet, tuli's a suit, fit a new flesh

Call it trash mob, bring mafia rep that you set

Burst you like the Klu Klux crosses, the grandmas do vet

You were never kin to me, fuck you and your resource

The fuck you bunch, we kill em

Feel no remorse

[Hook x2]