

## Sorry for Dem

Nardo Wick

Wicked, I'm wicked, I'm wicked  
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I'm comin' through, fuckin' shit up  
I don't wanna hear shit, shouldn't've fucked up with us  
Feel sorry for them if Lil V in the cut  
I feel sorry for them if it's me in the cut  
Feel sorry for them if it's, uh-uh  
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I'm finna spin, if you comin', come on  
Wet him up like an ocean right there by the boat  
He rap a lil' bit, but don't know how to sing  
When this chop hit his back, bet he hit a high note  
He sayin' he spint, but he ain't hit shit  
Probably shot in the air like he makin' a toast  
He said he was ready, said this what he wanted  
That belt hit his ass, he ain't want it no more  
This chop got power and it kick real hard  
But I'm strapped up with this like that goofy-ass dance  
It's a dub on his head, if you want it, get him  
No half in the front, you don't get an advance  
If my back on the wall, I'ma up it and bang  
La-la-la like my son Kiyan  
He talk real tough, but when it go down  
He ain't gon' do that shit he was sayin'

Choppers on choppers on choppers  
Blocka, go blocka, go blocka  
Aim at his toppa or toppa  
Go, go, go rocka, go rocka  
I'm not no regular rapper  
I still'll go and get active  
I'm comin' through wreakin' havoc  
V Money comin' right after

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Trench nigga, still'll wear Dickies and Forces  
Spin in some shit with a whole lotta horses  
You a bitch or you not? It ain't too many choices  
I tried to spare him, I tried to avoid it  
I tried to spare him, ain't want it to happen  
Don't know what he thought, must've thought we was actin'  
The gang like my audience at a good show  
Soon as I bow, they get to clappin'

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Wicked, I'm wicked, I'm wicked  
(Wicked, I'm)