

Wicked Freestyle

Nardo Wick

They hate how we walk, how we talk, how we move, we lost and frustrated
But believe it or not, we're the next up on top
We're the youth of the nation

They hate how we walk, how we talk, how we move, said we're lost and frustrated
But believe it or not, we're the next up on top
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They hate we walk, how we move, how we step
Nobody breathing fucking with him, let me my hold my breath
Ben Frank that's my best friend, I love that boy to death
Fuck with me? That's RIP
You better keep a tef'
Lone, leave me alone, I got bitches want me bone
And I'm vicious, I'm a dog, animal in my bones
I smell like cat, I need cologne, girl you trippin', where my phone?
Don't bother me, I'm in my zone
I'm a boss, watch your tone
I love when that chop kick
I love when that chop spit
Call me when that block bent, call me when that chop hit
Call me when he sleep for good
Facetime and just nod your head
He said Wick, you overstood
Call you when that nigga dead
Amiri jeans, Dior the shirts, Celine the hat, I'm swaggin
H-O-E's, they come and go
Ain't saving hoes, we passing shit
Belly fat move to the butt, okay but not that plastic shit
This Trackhawk is fast as hell but track mode make it fast as shit (pause the beat)
I'm wicked, I'm wicked, I'm wicked
All this ice on me look like I got my ass beat
If you gon steal the flow just make sure that you tag me
Lie for my niggas, so they bitch know not to ask me
I get that check and put it up, I gotta make sure that it last me
30 thousand in my mouth, I still don't like to talk to people
Plenty cash, I'm rich ass hell
I still don't like to floss to people
Wicked gang like nurses, cause we done shot a lot of people

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I pull up in 5%, I feel like John Cena
Ran down with my mask on, I feel like John Cena
I smack that lil hoe raw, I think I'm John Cena
All these chains on, I don't need a shirt on just wear my wife beater
Aight I'm done, just playing

He ain't never shot shit
He ain't never robbed shit
Talking all that gangsta gangsta, tell that boy to stop it
Tell the police, Free Lil Dee
Got him for a body
That gangsta shit this in my blood, it's running through my body

She always hit my phone when he do wrong, I gotta make it right
She taken but call me time to time cause I got better pipe
She told him he is all she see
I came around, fucked up her sight
She sound like a crack rock, she hit me once, fucked up her life

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