

## Searchin fo a Lick

Ramirez

Creepin' on the come up with a 2-11 on my mind  
Persuaded by the devil, grippin' on my blade, passing nine  
Searchin' fo' a lick that I can hit with murder in my soul  
Swingin', bendin' corners in the '67 El Co  
Blacked out, runnin' routes, busta, what you talkin' 'bout?  
Bodies in the bag, bangin' on a trunk, they scream and shout  
You fuckin' with the Killa, the Silver Back Gorilla  
G\*59 is not a gang, bitch, we the militia  
Countin' up my skrilla, shoot my cap pillia  
Kill a motherfucka, throw his body in the river  
Runnin' through your fuckin' hood with ski mask on my fuckin' face  
We killin' every pussy motherfucker that be in my way  
Roll me up another blunt of that sticky skunk  
Get the shake junt, slaughterin' these suckas for some fuckin' fun  
Got the gun, leave a nigga stunned, bitch, I'm on the run  
Ho, you want it? I can promise I can give you some

Mafia, smoked out, loced out  
Smoked out, loced out, loced out, loced out  
Triple 6 Mafia, Mafia, smoked out, loced out  
Smoked out, loced out, loced out, loced out  
Triple 6 Mafia, Mafia, smoked out, loced out  
Smoked out, loced out, loced out, loced out  
Triple 6