

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 pilla
Kill a motherfucka, throw his body in the river
Runnin' through your fuckin' hood with ski mask on my fuckin' f
ace
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