

Sick

Rob Vicious

Aye, aye, aye, aye
Y'all niggas ain't talkin' 'bout shit
So I'm in the club with my stick (Aye)
Hell nah I ain't takin' no pics, these broke niggas make me sick (ooh, aah)
Bitch my name Rob Vicious, hoe I know I ain't shit (gang gang gang)
29 bitches all on my dick, hope the bitch don't know I'm rich

Ooh, if the bitch pull up better blow my dick
Got stacks on deck, bitch I'm on my shit
100 packs on deck, just stole this shit
Still shopping with the plug like I don't know shit
Why your bitch keep flexing like she don't suck dick
The way that nigga started acting thinking he won't suck dick
I don't even really really wanna fuck that bitch
But she fuckin' on the homie why you trust that bitch?
Damn, aye, y'all hoes ain't talkin' bout shit
If I walk up in the club with my stick y'all ain't walkin' out this bitch (B
raaah)
I'ma let that bitch rip ain't no talkin' out this shit (aye)
And she grindin' on the 30 clip, know it feel just like my dick
Ooh, when you suckin up on my dick don't spit bitch swallow that shit
You a model ass bitch, hmm, I don't even follow that bitch
Hell nah, you at the bottom bitch, can't date you can be my bottom little bi
tch
Cannot snap you with the camera like a model lil' bitch
I'm Beatin' up the taco now she got a lil' split

Hoe you a lie, you a God damn God damn lie, saying Robbie got a lil ass dick
Dumb bitch you must want them dots, tryna give me this little ass chip
Shawty send me pictures of her lil' ass nails
I'm a grown ass man what I do with this shit
Got a Glock look like it hold 2 of them clips
Hit your block man lookin' like some braille
Brand new nigga, need a brand new lick (Oooh)
I Just bought a brand new whip
Aye I macked a brand new bitch
I'ma have to ban you bitch
I can't stand you bitch
My homie just ran through you bitch
I'm Rob Vicious not boo you bitch
Mane I might have to shoot this bitch
Shawty ain't fuckin' I boonked this bitch
Grab all your clothes, it's time to go
Off 29 grams, I'm booted bitch
With all my bros let's caught some hoes
29 hitters and they all on go
How he hit that flow, nigga I don't know
In a school of hard knocks had the honor roll
Got so much guap my knot don't fold
20 bitches pray to God that my pops not home
Still servin' fake lean I got Wock at home
I'm a paranoid nigga tote the Glock at home
And your parents still smoke it till' the whole rock gone
Daddy told me keep servin' till the whole rock gone
If the police ain't workin' then I won't walk home
[?] told me don't stop whippin' 'till the whole pot glowin'
All eyes on me feel like Tupac homes

Aye, starting to think you niggas really gay
Aye, Got a 9 milimeter 45 .450 and a K just to ruin your day
Aye, in 25 days, I done caught 120 plays
120 graves, nigga probably thinkin' I got a 100 mini K's
Aye, 100 million ways, get rich bitch but you just play
Aye, bitch what did you just say, I'll slap the skin off yo' motherfuckin' f
ace
That stick put it into your motherfucking day
Go swish when I cop that bitch in your face
That bitch talk shit that bitch gets mased
Don't fuck today, get blocked erased
Bitch you like a waste of space
She catchin' dates for AceTheFace
And I pray to God they don't investigate
And we catchin' those dates we chop them rakes
You a fuck nigga you really need to pump them brakes
If I spray then that bitch gone touch them gates
I'm a hellu wavy nigga like fuck them lakes
If I hit up police then I'ma tuck my drank

Aye, Y'all niggas ain't talkin' 'bout shit
So I'm in the club with my stick (Aye)
Hell nah I ain't takin' no pics, these broke niggas make me sick (ooh, aah)
Hoe I know I ain't shit, bitch my name Rob Vicious (Aye)
This is not my bitch, she just suck my dick