

# Licka Shot

Shyheim

Never say, never say

Never say

"Rugged hip-hop" [cut and scratched]  
Right back at 'cha fo' the '94, '95  
Plus, you know I keeps it real  
Rugged Child comin back at 'cha  
"Rugged hip-hop" [cut and scratched]  
Tellin them how them girls be actin  
But you ain't got nothin, you know?

I take it one day at a time cuz I'm immune to crime  
I could be out there sellin crack, but I choose to rhyme  
Sometimes, don't get me wrong, I had the temptation  
But I never liked the thought of incarceration  
The fast money comes in quick and girls ride your dick  
For when you get locked down, they don't send you shit  
Come on God, you know what happens on the regular  
No pictures of letters cuz they f\*\*kin the next nigga  
You get upset and send out threats, you gonna break her neck  
But it would be her main man that she's givin sex  
That's why you never catch me f\*\*kin with them dollar hoes  
Because they come a dime a dozen when you clockin dough  
You know?

For all my niggas on the streets (I licka shot)  
For R makin phat beats (I licka shot)  
For all my niggas doin time (I licka shot)  
Me, cuz I always go for mine (I licka shot)

I'm on some new shit, I gotta make dough real fast  
To build up the safe, cuz some cash gotta last  
I don't know how long, but yo it's gonna be a while  
I'm an only child, and I got a different style  
Cuz my grandmoms taught me to be wise  
Look out, and realize, that life flies by  
like a morph' and my ego can never be soft  
or I got some raw talent, that can really come off  
And I can live mad lovely, in phat ass luxury  
I a big lab, like the Gotti's used to have  
But that ain't all I wanna achieve  
I want my kids to be paid, when this world I leave  
And that means from this generation  
"on & on" to how long it go, like H2O  
I wanna fulfill the dreams, that my granddad homes had  
To have an enterprise with money comin in brown bags

Yo, I remember back in the days, bein younger nigga  
Me and my cousin Kane used to go to swerve on niggas  
for 40 ounces, easy wide L's and Philly's  
For the brothas on the ave. who be puffin illy  
Leave me in dust and dust, meanin wet and wet  
That up shit that him just splicin pet  
But anyway I had a ball  
Jettin through my project halls at night, til I got the call

for me to come upstairs and eat  
and then rewind that selector, cuz tomorrow I'm back in the streets

Yeah... I'm bouncin out like this  
This joint right here goin out to my man June Lova  
I licka shot to my man Killa Kane  
I licka rest in peace shot to 2 Cent, S and Tone  
I licka shot for my peeps, RNS with this phat ass beat  
And I'm ghost like that