

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