

Licken Off In Hip-hop

Sticky Fingaz

To my niggas in the 212 and 310
Bitches in the 305 and 404
Niggas in the 713 and 201, 312, call 911
It's Sticky Fingaz, lickin off in hip-hop
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Sticky, Sticky Fingaz, lickin off in hip-hop
Every [Incomprehensible] I kick is a gunshot
My heart bleeds for you, so don't waste your tears
I'm about 175 in dog years
My block's so hot step outside and get sunburned
Unless you talkin' business or money I'm unconcerned
I live for now because my days is numbered
I got a six shot revolver, watch the barrel on my gun turn
I'm like an accident just waitin' to happen
A nigga fuck, my killas in the cut waitin' to clap 'em
It's pitiful this game is too political, critical
But let's not talk about the big I's and the little you's
Niggas wouldn't be confused if they mind their P's and Q's
Keep your nose out of mine and I won't have to squeeze the two's
And cock the glock, what's that sound?
Everybody know Sticky be puttin' it down
So watch out watch out, niggas better clear a path
Think I'm scared to blast 'cause I'm doing flicks on Miramax
And New Line
Fuck security, my bodyguard is my two nines
Knew I'd make it big in due time
My only lie when my lips move
Gun in my crotch my forth leg is a pistol, who wanna get shot?
Until I smell 'em for myself I don't believe shit stink
Robbing niggas for everything but the kitchen sink
And all these whack rappers want deals but no can do
Labels be like, don't call us, we'll call you
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Back in the days Sticky was stickin' niggas
And strippin' niggas and still gettin' figures
And pistol whippin' niggas and flippin' niggas
I ran with life bidders and ice pickers
Now wonder if this life fit us in Vegas with strippin' white bitches
But that's just a deep thought in the back of my mind
I'm Black Trash true to the streets gritty and grime
I got a bone to pick a holdster with a shoulder grip
Concealed inside my leather camouflage so I can ride, notice it?
Don't tell nobody, but between me and you I put three in you
Add you and ya crew to the M E N you
I got bloopers of ya death and I draw it myself
You want the job done right you gotta do it yourself
My code defendin' my conscience, my mind afflicted with monsters
Kill a nigga over nonsense for five cents
You a glutton for punishment, I'm the nigga runnin' shit
Yo breath stank that cause you be talkin' a ton of shit

You can't take me out, forget about it
Killers in front of ya house, forget about it
Y'all niggas don't want no war, forget about it
I'll bring it to your front door and you won't do shit about it
You need work, come see me son I'm takin' applications
You can't beat me join me save yourself the aggravation
You dead if you harm a single hair on my head
My payback is goin' to cost you a arm and a leg
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You can run but you can't hide, when I come it's do or die
Point your guns to the sky, put 'em up real high
You can run but you can't hide, when I come it's do or die