

Wicked

Yo Chuck, we got runnin mixes, gimme the headphones...

Wicked

*Ha Ha 1..2..3 and I come with the wicked style
and you know that I'm from the wicked crew, you
act like you knew*

*But I got everybody jumping to the voodoo
You kickin wicked rhymes, picket signs, while me
and my mob got a trunk full of 9's*

*Drop then I'll slay ya, bang, bang, birthday for
the A-hole*

*Ready to Buck Buck Buck but it's a must to Duck
Duck Duck*

Before I bust ya

Looking for the one that did it

You want my vote, no your never gonna get it

'Cause I'm the one with the tight mad skills

*And I won't choke like the Buffalo Bills, Sittin at
the pad just chillin*

*Larry Parker just got 2 million, Oh what a
fucking feeling*

*That nigger done past me the peel, and I slam
dunk it like Shaquille O'neal*

Wicked, Wreckin

Baby, I'll rock that tassle baby, take it... cos I'm

Refrain:

'Cause I get Wicked, somebody outta keep on the volume

Yes I Wicked, somebody outta keep on the volume

Yes I Wicked, somebody outta keep on the volume

But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on the volume

Don't say nothing just listen

Got me, got me a plan to break Tyson out of prison

You going my way you get served

Still got a deuce then I bunny hop the curb

Nappy head, nappy chest, nappy chin, never seen with a happy grin

Gotta fat frown 'cause I'm down, so take a look around

All you see is big black boots, stepin, use my steel toe as a weapon

And it's awfully quiet, you want to live with this nigger, to with the stick

Ah, but that's nasty, 'cause I got a Body Count like Ice-T

From here to New York I get them skins, and I ain't talking about pork

Your sly, you pig, dig

Listen from the flow from a soul fro'ed caucasian

Ah, who didn't know I was as funky as Wilson

Picket

but ya talkin...

Refrain

People wanna know how come I get a gat
and I'm sitting at the window like Malcolm
Ready to bring that noise and kinda trigger
happy like the Ghetto Boyz
December 29th was power to the people, y'all
might just see a sequel
'Cause police got equal, hey, A horse is a pig that
don't fly straight
I'm doin Daryl Gates but it's Willie Williams, I'm
down with the pilgrims
I'm threw with the pig, so I think the job is dead,
get out...

Refrain