

## Sara Evans F/ The Warren Brothers

### "The Sickness"

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\*(Swoop G)\*

Right back at cha!  
Uh, 3 Times!  
Let these fools know they fuckin wit... MOBB LIFE!  
You know, B.A., Mr. Kamakazie  
Keek Da Sneak, Sneaky One  
Ager Man, my boy  
3 Times.

Verse 1 \*(Ager Man)\*

First off all  
I got no time for these bitches thats smilin all in my  
face  
these niggas like bitches be fake,  
from head to toe laced up wit hate, nigga  
I'm a playa!  
Ridin, cuz fake niggas be scary liers  
runnin tired  
got me strapped up in a zone to open fire  
you got killas, we got killas to play the game of cash  
too many softies tryin to copy, but now I'm up in they  
ass  
see mama raised me to be a leader, so mutha fucka  
follow me  
when the funk go down we ridin' deep,  
wit a, I got you, an a you get me  
fear no man but God, so if it's on, its on  
cowards can come an get ya, but I'ma get ya later on  
I'm all bout me an mine  
fuck the snitches, fuck the bitches  
keep an out when we ride  
cuz we on a mission for riches  
nigga feel this, laced up by realas, dealas an killas  
that give a fuck about ya feelin's, cuz nigga its strictly  
business  
Nigga what? Back up off me you softie  
I'm a cold piece of work like a dope fiend when  
you bitch niggas try to cross me

Chorus 2x \*(Keek Da Sneak)\*

The Sickness of a million niggas  
envy the enemy  
the remedy ??? ??? leave ya mind froze  
an blind fold, an tied up in a truck  
that says THREE TIMES! fa ya mind hoe  
an they find foes in a Cutlass sweet.  
Destruction of East.

Verse 2 \*(Keek Da Sneak)\*

K-R-A-Z-Y just fuckin' it up everytime  
it's trip gold an shine  
(an I...) keeps my nine  
you gettin robbed nigga  
I put that on the Mobb nigga  
so don't be slippin  
hatin an seregatin an thought them youngstas wasn't  
trippin  
Do G's get to go?  
When the weapons hit the spot  
an all you damn impersonators gotta pay  
get fucked wit an A-K  
bitch you bit it  
on the verge ???  
no longer ready  
see yous a poodle  
an when you see them niggas betta up ya shit  
an yous a ???  
jew-els an ???  
Burbons an Harleys  
reported stolen, you bitches so niggas is ridin' Charlie  
lavishly coordinated, this family tree  
Paraphanalina 2 Tha M.O.B.  
got it tatted on my stomach  
Three Times! When I run it  
An  
that's what I'm sizzilin gettin them bucks  
an aint no bitch gettin free fuck  
it's A.O.B. for the Nine-say whaaa??!!  
In the cut  
throw out my dezzle  
tryin' to get off the hizzle  
til the next nigga rizzle  
what the fuck he talkin' bout "pull pistols"?  
What fizzle?  
You gotta minute  
pulled him over, I shot his ass  
two left, so I bounced in  
wanna hit the bomb? Bitch hold ya breath.

Chorus 2x

Verse 3 \*(Bart)\*

Nigga what?  
We come out the cuts an fuck shit up like straight  
mobbstas  
niggas is dyin to die but ready to ride like Face  
Mobbstas  
boy, ya feelin this gangsta paradise?  
Dealin we shakin the dice an watch you end it wit yo life  
we sold a gang a buddah  
like ???  
you juss a cutie, you actin like them groupies  
so you dyin to tell a hoochie  
juss a bootsie nigga  
I hate niggas thats down to rape niggas wit bitches  
you steadily stackin ya chips but bumpin ya gums to all  
them bitches  
nigga I know you love to hate us  
boy ya should wake up  
before we touch ya fuckin face up like mascara make-  
up  
we stackin more chips than in casinos  
dippin' in Reno  
mad cuz we pocketed all them C-Notes  
nigga crack some cee-low  
shoot ya shottie an get forgotten  
cuz me an my peoples gon get ya peoples an gets to  
mobbin.

Chorus 2x

\*(Swoop G)\*

Mobb juss like a muta fuckin body blow or sumpthin  
no hittin nigga wit this, 3 Times shit!  
You know, can you handle it?  
Cuz a mutha fucka might fold up an fumble  
Ooops!  
Steppin on niggas, you know  
crawlin on niggas, but then we steppin now  
Sucka ass!!

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