

Sick Jacken & Son Doobie

"The L.D"

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[DJ FM]

"Little boy told his mama

Said, "Mama, I'm gon' go downtown and win you a turkey"

She said, "Child, how you gon' win me a turkey?"

Said, "Well, they havin' a contest

At behind the hardware store

And the one who'd have the longest pee win the turkey"

She said, "Hon, I don't want you goin'

Pullin' all your pee out

Front of all them bitches"

He said, "I ain't gonna pull it all out, mama

Just enough to win the turkey" --> Gene Tracy

[Verse 1: Sick Jacken]

I got my notebook held hostage

This Psycho lost it

It's too late for you now, holmes

Te la pelaste

Sell like my funk X-rated, like I like my sex

This shit is nasty

Voila, muppet, you got it blatin'

I'm a momo legend

Put the L.D. down

That's on the D.L.

Treat my notebook like a female

Got her in the flamingo, in goes my lingo

Single handedly, bust a nut, that's when the egg flows

Put me on with Doobie, on tape, on a porno movie

Either way, I put the fuck down, homie

Keep your blue diamonds, my pants open

Chest in the fluffles, in it, from somethin', keep ridin'

S-I-C-K

S-I-D-E

Love from that side, cause it's a F-U-C, see

Lots of it, all the time, everyday, we perverts

Put in work, to the next jerk, until the head hurts

We rock M-I-C's

IUD's with ease

Wipe the side of your head, cause your ear just got these

Please
Ita, put it down, stop frontin'
Give 'em a Sprite and a paper towel, cause image is
nothin'

Chorus:
[Son Doobie] What we comin' with?
[Sick Jacken] The L.D.
[Son Doobie] What's that?
[Sick Jacken] Long dick stylah rhymin'
Stab a track
Put the L.D.
[Son Doobie] What's that?
[Sick Jacken] With mic holds and sick flows
You can't get enough, like nymphos
[Son Doobie] What we comin' with?
[Sick Jacken] The L.D.
[Son Doobie] What's that?
[Sick Jacken] Long dick stylah rhymin'
Stab a track
Put the L.D.
[Son Doobie] What's that?
[Sick Jacken] With mic holds, with sick flows
Dope beats and pussy alike, will kill those

[DJ FM]
"So what is it this time?
You just wanna be held?
Or you want the L.D.?"
"What you think it is?
I want the L.D., baby"
{*scratching*}
"Uh, yeah!"

[Verse 2: Son Doobie]
I'm loco with my porno
Expose naked photos
Hoes know the flow
I fold 'em in a chokehold
The low blows and headbutts
Up low, peep my vocals
The sex reposal
Oral sex, far from formal
I break it, rape it
.38, to your facelift
No second, are you fake
Cut throat
Watch 'em waste it
I'll hate them, take it
Rob they place, they can't trace it
Face it, some replace it, butt in guts, can you taste it?

Laced it, erased it, when the bullets blast the pavement
You shake it, won't make it, this clip will make your
brains split
The same hit
Blame it on the mari in the basement
I'll lay it, spray it down, you clowns just fake it
Save it
I'll chase it, you can't case it
Figure it out, by mistakin' for another fake flip
The rain trip, the same clip
Riddles in your chest plate
The skin rip
Naked, screamin' "Help!," never made it (HELP!)
Created all the chaos, caused the pain you're sedated
Then escalated
A rated overrated rape (Wait)
Nickel plated, aim it, what's your set, nigga, claim it
I'm wise in these streets, A.K.A., King David (BOMB,
BOMB, BOMB, BOMB)

Repeat Chorus

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