

Sporty Thievz F/Mocha

"Lick Dem Muthaphukaz"

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[Lord Jamar talking]

Ah yeah, ya know what I'm sayin'
Nine trey, Brand Nubian in effect
On ya motherfuckin' head
Not givin' a fuck
Word up, know what I'm sayin'
In the wilderness of North America

[Verse 1: Lord Jamar]

You like to taste the lead, well get ya face fed
After I'm done, you rather suck on pencils
Here comes the coroner with chalk for the stencils of
your body
As I walk over the shit and spit outta heart
Now brothers talk shit and can't back it
That's why I had to fit em' for a full metal jacket
Peel his cap once cause I know it's all it takes
Watch the motherfucker fall and his body catch the
shakes (BLAST)
Just before he die, I'ma look him in his eye
Ask the nigga how he figure he was big enough to try
The motherfuckin' G to the O to the D
I told ya couple times that the Gods must be crazy
But ya didn't listen, so now ya on a mission
To get an autopsy, a raw C-O, ya can't stops me
Now tell me is there anybody else
Before I put my AK back up on the shelf
Cause I put in work like Job Corps
Niggas talk shit and get jerked and robbed for
Their life by a knife or a gun
So when ya see me comin, nigga run

[Hook]

See I had to lick em' - Punk motherfucker
See I had to lick em' - Punk motherfucker
See I had to lick em' - Punk motherfucker
See I had to lick em' - Punk motherfucker
E-Everybody down with my crew, a fuckin' menace to
society
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society
A fuckin' menace to society

[Verse 2: Sadat X]

Somebody's dead, a whole crowd forms
The cops ain't even come yet and money's dead in the
street
Somebody called his people and they come downstairs
screamin'
Six girls cryin' wild cause money had a child
A good dick, couldn't even stand the .44 lick
Dead quick, the funeral is strictly closed-casket
And ol' Aunt Faith, her baby fingerpaints
My moms know the time so she wanna send me down
to Alabama
I gotta cousin, says she's got some friends
She says they strictly fuckin' I could get away from
fuckin'
She tried to gas me up, I tell her sex is everywhere
And sex is but a word, it ain't shit I ain't heard
Tell my moms I ain't leavin' my crew said to stay
My crew I'm believin' so fuck it anyway
I got my mob from the rule, that live by the cruel
And my crew from Courtland Ave. they always say
they'll set it off
And if I choose, who's somebody might die
And if they don't die then they won't be able to walk
Pump slugs in his back for talkin' pussy talk

[Hook to end]

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