## Tanya Tucker F/ Willie Nelson "Sic"

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\*send corrections to the typist

Picture a room full of candles, it's dark inside Newspaper clippins on the wall from victims that died Blood everywhere

You can tell the psych be through He had darts in their faces up to number fifty two Psyco

Stalking niggas, Tec-9 stays handy

He would sit inside the park and laugh and give kids candy

People say he was weird, his mother ill is in the clip He always scratched off people names those ones that he killed

Real slow

Psych torture style, pass me the scissors, uh And cut off microscopic pieces of a mirror Out of stomachly

You can tell the spinal was crumbled

By the gestures that they made and the words that they mumbled

Shit like Nip

Don't do it

It's already dead

And if his beef is too tight ??? child in their head

You got this nigga fucked up

Ganksta Nip is so bold

You make him mad, he?? that

You watch him run through a house hall, it's sic

Uh, Rap-A-Lot, Compound, these niggas They sic, uh Scarface, uh This nigga is sic, uh Big Chief, Lil J, uh My niggas sic, uh

Psyc Ward mercenary Stay on them ready It takes practice, much training to keep a nail gun steady When it clicks it thrills deep

His blood finna sip

And bring a hundred thousand mourners and children

to weep

Graveyard's

In my slaughterhouse we catch you and beat you

Mutilation plus bacteria that straight cats hit you

You can bet that he's full of healthy humans and mice

Kinda looking like a fleshy big pot full of rice

When you stare it up

Watch this stiff, a terrible smell

I walk around with a sign, say ?? I got gumble to sell

Big balls

Cause more than you eat every beating

People ask me what ingredients

I put it in this shit

?It's to meat?

Child beef different animals look

And you can bet his heart came out an insane cook

book now I

Gotcha hook

They crowed, they ???

Makes my food with human flesh like the chinese?

dude?

This boy is sic

Uh, South side North side East side West side this

boy's sic, uh

H-Town in the house

Bushwick that boy's sic, uh

It dont' stop

Master P, Shack: them boys sic

Lakewood for the track, Le Roy

Them muthafuckin' nigga sic

Compound

They quick to kill

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