

3X Krazy "Sickkaluffa"

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Sickkaaa lufffaa, Sickkaaa lufffaa
Sickkaaa lufffaa, 3xkrazy gonna bump it

[Verse 1: Agerman]

Drinkin' on a 4-0 ounce of malt liqua, Lex coupe quicka
5 on the back of my ride, think I'm high ,checkin my
plates and sticka
but if they don't ride paasss me
Lil voice in my head sayin hit the gas G, go fastly
Through the back streets through the cuts n trucks of
East Oakland
You see pimpin and ho-in L-E-O got the dank smokin'
These pigs on the back of my lex ain't knowin
The way my dollars and flex is flowin, I guess they
came up Charlie
Cuz the rode right pass, and I kept ridin' bumpin Bob
Marley
To the shop to get my top dropped, pine and stereo
incredible knock
You could here me comin all the way up the block
Cocaine like sittin on thangs with shocks
with a glock, bet I'll be hittin yo block
Packin heat like ground beef roasted channels,
strapped with a gat
Juss packed with ammo, neva pretend on breakdown
indo
Throw the 'bacco out the window, flowamatically
countin c-notes
Automatically countin people, hit 'em up, get 'em up,
bumpers dig 'em up
Hit 'em up wid a hollow tip till they can't feel shit man
I'm so sick

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Bart]

It could be so artificial, juss like a potna off the stokes
Toke and get thrown, before you get smoked by my Fo'
Fo'
Hollow point yo 0's and families with the casualties,
began the show was on
Had it been my, 4 percent as I loc one in, provoking ya

whole set with mess
So scandalous that ya homies didn't do shit
blow his candle, look can ya handle this
Nigga at 145 miracle dipped with chemicals and bury
ya minerals half alive
Energized by naked lies, douse that between fuse
these niggaz be payin they dues
But some niggaz roll 'em and cruise, so I stack 'em and
stick 'em in twos
Like bullets ??? let the bodies refuse so they ??? pick
and choose
At the house with a strap and a bottle of booze,
intention to get my cash on
Exception I'm still blastin 'em with the 44 mag-a-num,
yo who was out there crackin 'em
I don't kno, he was supposed to go, its crazy
mothafuckas in the "o"

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Keak da Sneak]

Strapped, with a tech and a chop, to the nutty block to
get a dub
Cuz furly markets, and my nigga they don't got love,
for yo nigga name sneak
Cuz I beez servin off ridin with ease feelin the breeze
25 for sacks of 3's, Hennessey and squeeze, not
thinking about 5-0 and freeze
cuz I be G'd, and don't like my dick to be teased, bitch
on yo knees
the F to the L-O type speakin never said please, slappin
'em silly
and not a gentleman like willy, sockin a hoe, buckin at
her nigga with my fully
the shit goes down, like a 7-4 in the "O", now u kno the
fact from fo
buckin fast not slow, cope with willin to hit the chest
and hit the flo'
Disgrace unload on yo face, with the clenched fist,
Hennessey sippin gradually
And thinking about a casualty that killa don mentality in
me and comin naturally
Turn yo day into a tragedy, buck up and watch him
drop with the gravity
Had to be 3 times flow 9 brutalized mind naked off a
shrine and a jug of Rhine
And can't even walk a straight line...Doin the shit,
pullin licks on lick
Cuz these three mothafuckas from the town, is comin
with that crazy shit

[Chorus]

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