

**411****"Sticky Now"**Visit "[Sticky Now](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* send corrections to the typist

(Scratching) 4x

Smoke smoke smoke

Smoke smoke smoke

Smoke smoke smoke sticky now

(City Spud)

Now for real I be the break 'em off

Ho hopper, trick knocker

Nobody does it like we do we's proper

Biggie like Papa when I dropper

Lying on that ass now we fucking till the beat don't stopper

Could it be I move too smooth?

Grooves that will make the whole party move

Spots I keep them hot so honies be out to trot

Yo I got this game on lock when I pull up on the lot

(Hook City Spud)

So watch me now

Niggas wonder how

I'm spiffy now

So the bitches pick me now

See watch me now

Niggas wonder how

I'm spiffy now

So the bitches pick me now

Tell them watch me now

Niggas wonder how

I'm picky now

Smoke sticky now

Tell them watch me now

Niggas wonder how

I'm spiffy now

Bitches pick me now

(City Spud)

Now everyone wanna try and stop this dude

Pop this dude, drop this dude

Try to top this dude, plus test my crew

Watch me drop a jewel while they jock this dude  
But why every time I around we's cool?  
Watch them act a fool  
When I leave swiftly, sixty when I cruise  
My dues been paid  
Rats been laid  
Many gats been sprayed  
Plus tracks been made like yellow dude face  
See me through your shades, blow up like grenades  
Try to fade this team, you know what that mean  
Head full of dreams  
Go on watch us hit the seams with this million dollar  
team  
Shining like rings  
Taking over everything with this lyrical scheme  
We be like fiends when it comes to the money  
Be are end for hur-tin-in'

(Hook)

(Murphy Lee)

I keep's it going on and on  
Little T I like's to rock shit  
Keep that head pop shit  
Keep on making profits  
What you know about this?  
Nothing at all, cause my shits gall like these hos on my  
balls  
I be that "Hit 'em once see you later" I holler  
No need to bother little Torii about a dollar  
Ask Ali Baba and he'll tell y'all  
"A po's office ho about to get you for your L dawg"  
Tell those low-down dirty gold diggers  
Torii "Murphy Lee" ain't your average rich nigga  
Saint Louis representer and I remember  
Hos can give a fuck about my beater in December  
But now it's a holiday and follow me  
Up North like Hollany  
Booty call like Bellamy  
Nag, what you telling me?  
Now it's all-good  
You's a star spelled backwards  
Go on back to your hood

(Nelly)

Now it goes hos and niggas, sit back and relax Fri. and  
Sat.  
Pay attention while as I drop this shit on y'ass  
Thinking I wanna smoke a blunt  
Got them ??? on their knees  
You cats that wanna be down you just get ready for

your lead  
Now I know niggas trying to say that Lunatics East  
Coast  
Cause my lyrics boasts with flavor but fool I'm just your  
neighbor  
One of Saint Louis' finest, just keep a cover like Linus  
Stop your ass like sinus, congestion 'till you learn your  
lesson  
Confessin' in a danker cruiser supposedly with no  
future  
Mammas call me a loser  
Huh, but watch me prove I can Buckeye like Ohio  
Keeping Pace like Orlando  
I'm running out from the 5 O's cause all I herr is "Book  
'em Dano"  
Practice cause I can't be touched, I'm just too much  
I'm packed like lunch with more skills than such and  
such  
I'm plus, never a minus, bumping Johnny Unitas  
Out that Hall of Fame  
Lyrics ride tracks better than trains  
Coming flier than planes, crossing niggas like lanes  
Backstabbing, but peep out my game as I explain  
Everybody shake your hand ain't your partner fool  
Just because I give you dapper that don't mean we cool  
Clearer than ice water  
See your whole plans to shake me up  
Let up before I wet up your whole fucking getup  
Spit up a lung you'd got that wind knocked out  
Who get the clout? Ain't no doubt  
Lunatics run the house

(Hook)

(Scratching)

Smoke smoke smoke sticky now

(City Spud)

So watch me now

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