

Andrew Lloyd Webber

"Sick in Da Mind"

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(*talking*)

Another one, and another one
Bad Azz (Bad Azz) Mix Tape (Mix Tape), 3 (3)
M-O-B, Presidential, whoa whoa whoa

[Big Pokey]

I got a heavy attitude, and the balls to match
Sprewheeling up the block, top falling back
Back dime on my lap, when I'm crawling black
I treat one's like hunds, cause they all'd stack
It ain't your cataract cat, you just can't see me
Bring your A game you still can't beat me, you know it's
real
Chic check niggaz grill, when they disrespect it
Pop like break dancers, any nigga can catch it
A 4-5'll clear the lot, like laws
Your hoe keep riding my jock, bitch pause
Light on my feet, quick as a cat when I move
Ride with the heat, fixing your hat see I'm a fool
With this automatic tool, I can make you feel me
You can't be scared to die, if you wanna kill me
A bunch of niggaz, gotta twist it around
Humble but I'm sick in the mind, really

[Hook - 2x]

Sick in the mind, dog I need to change my ways
Quick with the iron, like switch blades and K's
24 on the grind, I ain't changed in days
Time is money and money is time, so don't play

[Kevo]

Young Fever, I got a flow hotter than a chop shop
And fold niggaz, like the roof on a drop top
I squeeze a .50 Cal, when it's time to mob blocks
Make these niggaz Harlem shake, and throw in a pop
lock
All-Star offense, for you haters that cock block
Here's something for your mouth, to make you sizzle
like Pop Rocks
You wanna see me cuffed, everytime that the cops
knock

But they lawyers ain't strong enough, to go against my
cock
Bread, because as soon as the cops in
All the shorties start dropping, I ain't playing I'm
hopping
Who you know besides me, keep the game on screens
Chain on beams, quick to put your brain on lean
I'm drain-o-clean, known to spit flames on scenes
Stain on screens, bout to click my game on mean
Switch the fears, like Francis twist it with peers
I've been all about my paper for years, cheers

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil O]

I score the work and hit the kitchen, man it's animal
instincts
And start with them cocoa grams, over my damn sink
I don't understand, how the fuck could a man think
That money gon fall from the sky, like an airplane
But down in H-Town, if you snooze you lose
You don't grind you don't shine, so I stick to the rules
All I know is put it in they face, give 'em the blues
And knock off something foreign, and hit it with shoes
I'm a fool, in other words I'm sick in the mind
I turn one into three, dog I'm sick with the grind
And everytime the sun come up, it's always here is a
sign
It tells me get your ass up, and get on the grind
I put my back in the game, till it's put up my spine
Any nigga turn snitch, then hit with the iron
You a backward hustler, I'm a slicker to shine
Like Bush, Escobar and Noreaga with bombs

[Hook - 2x]

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