

Abingdon Boys School

"Sticky Icky Situation"

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(feat. Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Esham, Violent J)

[Verse 1: Anybody Killa]

My teacher always said I wouldn't be nothin'
So I met him in the parking lot said "I'ma killer" and
then I rushed him
Sometimes I feel like a nut
Runnin' through the neighborhood, tearin' shit up
Straight jackin' motherfuckers just to smoke a blunt
Sometimes I feel that my head fucked up, and it really
sucks
I hear voices tellin' me to do it (Do it)
How would you act if you had to live through it?
Turnin' back on the gat, and I stole me an ounce
Now I'm addicted to the sound of a head gettin'
whacked
Do I smoke too much, cause I choke too much?
Are you mad cause I keep stealin' your roaches bro
Yo Mike P! (Yo what's up?) Turn my headphones up
Rude Boy got me stoned from the sticky stuff
Weed's fuckin' with my head, man I'm too damn high
Yo Violent J, you want the rest? (Show you right!)
Man I can smell it in yo pocket (Roll it up)
Sandwich bag filled up like you ain't got enough
Always smoke with your road dogs, don't be shy
Cause when a drought comes, he might be yo main
supply
Me and J steady smokin' pounds
So at least have a sack when you see us around
(Biatch!)
Like you ain't heard, man we flippin' the scripts
So unlock yo ziplock and let me grab us a spliff
Lyrics

[Verse 2: Blaze Ya Dead Homie]

When I pass it to you, bitch pass it back
Bitches don't smoke for free, where the ass be at?
B-L-A-Z-E, ABK
And we got Esham and Violent J
Juggalos outside in the parking lot
Because y'all know how we get sparked a lot

Got the Faygo Cola with the Vodka twist
And when we all get together we see diamond mist

[Verse 3: Violent J]

I could smoke a stick of dynamite and not be dead
(POP!)

I like it cause it fuck with my head
I stay weeded indeed, a killa need it
I can eat it to feed it, proceed and keep it heated
Now who the fuck don't like my flow?
You ain't heard my words will make the beard of a
wiseman grow

Hydro, in a good way it fuck with my head
And without it you fucks would be dead
I rhymed dead and head for the 17th time
We double team rhymes, ABK and Violent J
If I loved Shaggy anymore I'd have to be gay
In Californ-i-a, they pull they socks to they knees
NIA, Ninjas In Action we be deez
I like cheese, I'm a serial pleez
I bitch slap fans cause I be a dick like that
I get wicked-wicky-wicky rhymes sick like that
I'm fat and fuzzy and I smell like weed everywhere
My homies call me Smokey The Bear
Tell that pokey beware, don't come near here
Don't dare, unless you wanna see my axe buddy partin'
your hair
I'm a Southwest gang bang gangsta boy
Zug Island, Del Ray I aint's ta toy
My boy Nate's the boy, my whole crew busts shots
Until you out like quamay's pokadots
I'm tryin' to smoke a litte somethin' for my dogs who
smoke

They only cessed and stressed cause they all too broke
I'm like "bew-bew-bew-bew-bew" with the Anybody Killa
Blowin' Indian tubleweed, we bitch booty feelas
Ghetto scrubs flippin' nubs at thugs
We drown faggots in Faygo tubs and eatin' dead bugs
(Ew!)

I'm tryin' to say anything that rhymes
So I can fuck with your head like the cess do mine

[Hook x2: Blaze Ya Dead Homie]

Break it down and roll it up, smokin' blunts all night
Hesitate to hit it too hard, the weed's that tight
Sticky icky situations, dehydrated
Cottonmouth creepin', the game got me faded

[Verse 4: Esham]

I'm in the water with the sharks bleedin'
That's why I be a killa for no reason, speedin'

My flows dope like OZ's and
Crush pounds and trees and, I'm all season
Veteran, no one does it better than they (We)
E and J, (Hey) ABK
And that's my man and them (What's up?)
And I always blow ganj with them
Detroit playas too advanced for them
We buyin' out the bar, we don't dance with them
So if you ever get a chance to glance at them
Baby boy say holla back, answer him
H-U-S-T-L-E-R
Yes, that's what the hell we are
See, me and Blaze, wicked ways
Full body armor, 5000 rounds and about 2 K's
I can walk on water, spit fire and ice
Chinese secrets, makin' wine from rice
Still shoot dice, up against the wall so nice
Still F-U-C-K the po-lice
Think twice like the 3 blind mice
But don't give me no advice
I shine like crystals in the jewelry heist
And still pimp hoes like Heidi Floess

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