

## Abk "Sticky Icky Situations"

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### "Sticky Icky Situations"

(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

*[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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