

Bizzy Bone

"Stick Icky"

Visit "[Stick Icky](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I got that sticky-icky... (3 x's)
I got that sticky-icky...blue bonic shizzle for yo grizzle
nizzle...
Fa'shizzle. Nigga fo'sheezaay!

[Hook]
[I got that sticky-icky...blue bonic chronic for yo shizzle
nizzle...
In yo' grizzle. Nigga fo'sheezaay... (2 x's)]

Verse 1:
OOH WEE! Nigga got that good sticky weed! There! He
bent a swisher
Pass it to my nigga. Mothafucka, pick up a gun, you
better prepare
Cuz my eyes closed, if the smoke go everywhere
45 on the freeway, nigga gimme le-way
Higher than a kite while I'm rollin throught the alley
"Pass me a black and white." Bout to ask my boy if he
and his kids is tight
And the weed is lime-green, gotta catch it from a
chronic seed
And it was callin me...oh yeah. I can't wait 'til this shit's
in the air
Smoke everywhere...
I hail...a little bitty nigga that was sellin the rocks on the
Clair
And the devil is here...and he wants your soul. To rot
with his in hell, hell...
Then again they could put a nigga in jail...when I'm just
tryna get by
But I use to sell...and now I leave it alone cuz I'm doin
well, well..
I never sold out!
I can do what I wanna. My baby momma want money. I
never hold out!
Hey, the bitch rolled out. And try to leave me all
thawed-ed out
Man, I'ma be fucked up. No doubt! I'm blowin up...

[Hook]

Verse 2:

Rap and the crack, and the dice, like when I get on
bracklin'

And it'll be the Dope Man. And that nigga sold crack
And crack man...humiliation to the black man, black
man...

My momma smoke weed, my daddy smoke weed
Hell, we all smoke weed...

So I'm havin my fun, so give me what me need, baaby
I like ta got up in "High Times", I even gotta dail for my
nigga "0-9-9"

Dail for the chron, nigga, don't let the cops come
Cuz I'll be runnin wit mine, like he got robbed
Feelin fine, and my heart's already runnin

I get the drama and it's steady comin, a c'mon...

(Inhales) "What you wanna do?" "It's on you, man...all
day everyday" hey...

Fuck! Gotta do shit. Got thangs to do

A nigga really got kids and bills, wit the crew

I'ma pay them nigga, you already knew-baby baller I
call all my trues

"How does it relate to weed?" "Fuck the weed! Relate to
me. The real nigga with the T.H.C.

And no G.H.P...these are the last days. Roll me a sweet!

A-c'mon! A-c'mon!

[Hook]

I'm blowin up... (8 x's)

(Chronic, chronic, chronic...)

Verse 3:

I'm ready for the war...still got time to let the weed cure

Watch for the women with STD sores, blessed in the
rythm I got to get soar

And full of adrenaline...in your...mellinium...full of my
drink

And me in the back wit titenium..."ooh, that's the shit
I'm smokin'"

Weed got a mothafucka thinkinn...Yeah. Up, jumped in
the cab and rushed

Run, BK, catch the bus. I'm goin to see my broad. And
fuck y'all niggaz, I'm in love. Ain't nobody finna stop
me, dawg...

"What's with the dreads? You might be wanting to mind
ya bizness there, yellow man."

Ey, man fuck you nigga! Young nigga to the hood,
dawg. I got the weed and I'ma break her bed,
yeah...uh...

On the freeway coasting like we was riding the limo.

Fuck that.

Windows is tinted. It's me and it's like Sizzler-crush
grass.

'Til it finished, we puffed puffed and pass (give it
back!)

And Im still on point, I got my mind on the hour glass
"Ey, why the fuck you not driving fast? Hurry up, I got
ass-to-math.

And I'm there.

[Hook]

Visit [Bizzy Bone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.