

Fortin Fred

"Lickupon"

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Confirmation of your worse fears
Ever since his first years had a thirst for beers
Back from the future, it'll make you more sober-er
And brought back a long list of fakers who crossed
over
I'm like, fuck it, bubble-baller
Catch 'em up at Bob's show, stall him with a troubled
caller
Bastard, who could make G's faster
Than a newly re-mastered while being truly plastered
There's four sides to every story
If these walls could talk, they'd probably still ignore me
Contemplate war over a cup of warm coffee
It's really getting gory, tell your problem to Maury
Don't bore V with the "glory, hallelu-ey"
Crews be like, foo-ey he's just a buncha hoo-ey
I knew he had new G, who he? Viktor Vaughn
He had a new sicker song, I think he call it "Lickupon"

Umm but uh, he study rhymes and patter-ins
Climb so steep sometimes the beat don't be mattering
Sounded like a half-dead from [???Scurvy band
rock???)
A programmed, computer bio-grafted Herbie Hancock
Maybe next life he'll try harder
Died a martyr at the hands of the fire-starter
More scripts ripped available for via barter
Transport a stack to the lab via charter
On the microphone he came to daze and amaze ya'
What a guy, practice banging flies with razors
And watch out for the robot, he got eyes with lasers
Tell 'em when they come with more topics besides
blazers
Enough with the guns already, they're all toys and
lames
The joy's in the aim, he asked him, how's ya' poison
game?
Do you bust your crossbow? Also, more so
Accurate body blows to torso, thought so
These flows you won't find in no "how-to"
If the blacksmith doubt you, he smack the shit out you

Make nothing gone, let nothing twitch
Just don't be near the mic when the on-button switch
V bring the beef like a trucker to Fuddrucker
Delivery to all y'all motherfuckers and bloodsucker
Coping more pleas than when a rap nigga bicker on
And that's my word is bond, I think he call it "Lickupon"

Umm, he wrote this one with a fever sick in bed
With his dickhead inside a chickenhead
No, a dead chicken's head, he said it help his nausea
If he lost ya', wait 'til he tell you about the flying saucer
Dag, the kickback'll leave your wig ragged
For a big bag of good grizzle and some Zig-Zag
Survival, keep a rival in denial
And bust what he got just for coming out his pie-hole
Die calmer than a suicide-bomber
V just the type to do a hoo-ride with momma
Said to James Bond, my name is Viktor, Viktor Vaughn
Told the chick the quickest way to get on, lickupon

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