

I.f.k.**"Talez From the Sicc"**Visit "[Talez From the Sicc](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(equipto)

(chorus)

Yeah...talez from the sicc

Got equipto, dre dog mac-10 and my partna j-lo

These are the talez the talez from the sicc

These are the talez we spit when we lit

These are the talez the talez that we spit

These are the talez that we spit so sick

(Andre Nickatina)

This scrilla game that get yo mane

That like to hook upon your pager rap attack back

That sell dope to ya next door neighbor

Do ya make ya die like an arabian knight

You got the money fuck them hoes cuz the weed is
right

Man I rip em then I hit em well

Bustin like a cannon ball

Treat em like a soda mac you know I got a can of all

(mac-10)

I close my eyes on these haters on these soon seen

This who it be 10 dolla n to loc and the d-r-e

We play this game for real time

And it aint no tellin when I cross the line I want all mine

You better be ready

Im the nigga that'll be up in all ya face

Look around and Im in your place

Aint no runnin or nowhere to hide

Im on your ass for the taste

You fucked up mine for the last time

Now you pay the price

Dont want no excuse for your mistake

You pay with yo life

(II sicc)

We on a paper chase

Down for the bread spittin raps from the head

Catch the vapors from the ledge

You know its dre dog and mac-10
Real g's about they scrill
Type of niggas that keep it real
Niggas that pack that steel triggas
Sportin gold lugz to hilfigers
Still bigga for my kill niggas
Fuck wit my scratch I used to deal niggas
Shit I been down wit dat pimpin hoes
In the black mo black on leather sittin on dubs
Tack the hot side and we be ridin smokin a twomp and
a bag of bluntz

(equipto)

Im movin it like a vandal
Scramble just like Ran ho
Handle on a daily baby lovin a baby lovin to gamble
Takin over on all these channels and save yo scrill
Its top secret please believe its gonna pay the bills
Interprize my weigh in all the homies Johnny Blazin
And tracin on my fashion when I rap I shine amazin
Its time for all the creep slow and like when we grow
I hit em consistent down to dirty and to bell below

(Andre Nickatina)

I brought welcomes to you funeral and flowers to your
wife
I gave yo mom a little money and I also baked a cake
They got me nicktearpin time and you aint heard of
mine
Im loaded like a tommy gun posses the quikin ryme
I climb flimb mine yeah to crack ya alpine
And put together word for the street design
I do it like its critical serve it like its britical
And know nothin now I keep lookin ???

(mac-10)

Look at me fucked like theres some other motherfucas
in here
Im about my scrilla scratch and I bet my life is all
real..... its all real
A lot of niggas that play the game aint feelin the 10
But I bet you wanna fall off in the game you know im
playin to win
I got nothin but slugs for ya nothin but drugs for ya
nothin but mud for ya
In this game of tugga war
Im a boss bitch the John Ross of boss game da boss
fame brought ya niggas the

boss name

(II sicc)

Nicky come and fix this game spit shellin no bailin with
ex-felons
No tellin what we might do when we inhalin the indo
Im here to fuck the world hoppin you hatters all die
Got the game twisted like curls all strapped up in my 4-
5
Real g's about they scrill sayin so nigga thats real
So im stompin up in my steal zippin the side on chrom
wheels
15th on my hit and while your bitch is suckin my dick
got me bumpin II sicc
Got the bud and got lit and now you lovin my shit

(equipto)

Top rappin I make it happen cut off you aint addapin
We laughin off the dank and walk the plank cuz he the
captain
Break em off just like a fraction cant slip equipt traction
We passin the doger get any closer and im mashin
Quadropole up my tatches we blowin like a saxes
With a status that never would of happened without
practice
I hold it to the sky berry still gettin by my life until I die
Ignorin all your replies like

(Andre Nickatina)

Broken feathers keep together hot cold any kind of
weather
Pay a ho no never...she cant hit it aint I clever
Stuck you like the convict especially when the bong hits
Lettin ya know yo how mad shere khan gets
Put you in the basket ya motherfuckin bastard
Shut you like elastic hit you with the tragic
Do it like its magic watch the way I bag it
Shake it up like shake and bake with raps I make

(chorus)

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