

Jimmy Soul

"Sticka"

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[Ice-T]

That's fucked up... where your bodyguards at
Godfather?
Chillin

[Chuck D]

You know, every now and then
I think people want to hear something from us, nice
and easy
But there's just one thing you see
We never (never) ever (ever) do (do) nothin nice and
easy
We always gotta do it hard and rough
We're gonna take the meaning of this song, and make
it hard
But at the same time, we're gonna do the style rough
(rough)
And we're bout to let you know that we (can't) can't get
with censorship
And the bottom line is that the sticka ain't shit
Hit me off one

The boom, the boom, the boom

Verse One: Chuck D

Ha! I take the sticka, wear it like a badge you can pick a
Buckwild style raw like a hardcore Jack the Ripper
Can't take away my freedom I'm, gettin some
Run run against censorship like a slave ship
I'm having none of this racist, hit or miss
I'm like a doc on the rock, I gotta cut it off
I won't let em off and don't forget em
Remember the Feds said to a nigga, "Go get him"
And all I got left is a swift def rough rhythm and rhyme
and a piece of my mind, yo!
And now I got a little help from my friends
Cause you know I can't do it myself
Can I get some help? (Yes yes you can!)
Ah can I get some help? (Yes yes you can!)
Ah can I get some help, y'all? (Yes yes you can!)

Well, can I get another (the boom) boom (the boom)
Boom (the boom) boom (the boom) boom

We laugh at the sticka, ha ha ha sticka (Repeat 3X)
C'mon Terminator can I get another hit? (Yeah)

We laugh at the sticka, ha ha ha sticka (Repeat 3X)
So here's another motherfucker kickin that shit!

Verse Two: Ice-T

Bang, motherfucker, bang, I kick street slang
Cause this is a G Thang so I'ma let my nuts hang
Nigga; I pull the trigga, blow out your fuckin guts
Violent? Yeah, I'm the LA MC tyrant
Huh, the bigga the sticka the bigga the bank, thanks
I gank punks, funk trunks and give a fuck bout what a
censor think
Ice nigga, Ice nigga step and die twice nigga
Rollin with the X, yo censor this, bitch!
I rock the ill rhymes, you trip you get flatlined
It's war time, soft MC's hear a beat and it's bore time
Yo, no pretendin, I'm independent
Cause I kill cops yo nigga Warner got dropped

We laugh at the sticka, ha ha ha sticka (Repeat 3X)
So here's another motherfucker kickin that shit!

Verse Three: MC Lyte

Yeah! You say sticka, I say 'Who gives a fuck?'
I don't front, I do what I want and I'm runnin amuck
"Don't do this, accentuate the positive"
You want Positive? I'll show you where that nigga live
Cause if I'm positive, it's cause I choose to be that way
Not cause you told me to, cause this ain't no Simon Say
It's representin that I like it like this
Two shits, three fucks, and one bad motherfuckin bitch

(Ha ha ha sticka. So here's another motherfucker kickin
that shit)

Verse Four: Ice Cube

How the fuck you think you're gonna stop me with a
sticka? (Bitch)
I'm under twenty-one still gettin liquor
Buckin niggaz down on Sega
Now I got my nine like Arnold Schwarzenegger
Terminator X rock and roll, if you're able (Yep)
Checkin out the Playboy Channel on cable

Wish I had a missile like they showed on CNN Desert
Storm
I'm just gettin warm
Kill em and kill em and then watch it drop
And they'll let me, blame it on Tupac
Say 2 Live Crew, and you jerk out
Show the same amount of ass on the Jane Fonda
workout
You wish I was in church, in the right attire
To see Jimmy Swaggart, fuck the whole choir (Wassup)
How the fuck you think you gonna punk me?
When Elvis was a motherfuckin junkie!
A fat ass slob and a tramp
Now we need to put Cypress Hill on a stamp
From my nigga Ice-T, all the way to Chuck D
See, we down and you can't seem to fuck me
With a sticka so now I guess ya figure
You'll have to kill a nigga, and that's when it's on

(Bitch!)

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