

Junior Senior

"Never in Your Life"

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[Mr. Lil One (Talkin)]

This is a story
Of me
Being a sick ass mothafucka
As a youth
Shootin mothafuckas like you
And bitches like you
You all fall victim to The Sickos
Cause I roam and I don't give a fuck
And I never will, let me tell ya

[Mr. Lil One]

7 8 1 red rum, why?
Really wanna know
Look me in the eye
I trust, not a mothafucka
Get it through your head
You dead mothafucka
Givin out passes, make to the masses
Cause I'm preachin, homicide classes
Glasses could never ever see me
Only the doomed could ever feel me
You and me, could never mix
Grab me a fake, put tape on his lips
Tie em up, fry em up, Sicko style
Flames to his brain, and then I smile
While you, the others dance
See me fuck around do the Devil's dance
Everybody, knows I
Don't give a fuck if you live or you die

[Chorus]

Never in your life could you ever fuck wit me
Well if you're the killer, go ahead and murder
[4x]

[Mr. Lil One]

Six Six Six, damn
Everybody trips, am I a sick man
Well let me tell you a story
Once upon a krime, sick up in the mind

One with the horns, like a mother morns
Kinda how I feel, fuck a last meal
Take the last laugh, beware of my wrath
Never talk shit unless you've walked in my path
Physcopic, all the bitches get erotic
You're a dumb mothafucka if you bought it
What? The lies, she fed to your mind
The bitch is a felon, strike it three times
Krimmes everybody commmits em
But not every criminal is sittin in prison
Listen and learn, before you get burned
Respect you gotta earn, or get smoked like cherm

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One]

Come along for a walk, mothafucka let's talk
The sparks full of boom, your marks on the stone
Capon-e, I'm the shinin
See you can't find, mothafuckas like mine belong
against time
A land full of sin, they execute men
Give a grin then they shoot, with a brim and a suit
I'm off and I stalk mothafuckas that talk
The words from the cross, because it, I lost it
Fuck what you heard, through the birds, stop hopin
Go and rewind these lines just spoken
Feelin and tellin, only I can tell them
The way that I do, they're all about you
Ain't not tellin what I might do, since I don't like you
I feel I got the right to come and strike you, I might you
Feel this, piss in the mist of the fog
I admitt I commit a mob hit on your song
Not it's gone

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One (Talkin)]

Yeah, Mr. Lil One
Remember, enjoy your living
Cause you're for a long time dead
Sicko baby
I hate to say I told you so
I told you so
I told you
I told you
I told you

