

Kames And The Happy Organ Featuring The Fowl Four Bob "Neighborhood Sickness"

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[Party Arty] Now look me in my eyes and tell me what
you see

[A.G.] The neighborhood sickness (You know my shit is
hot)

So bear witness (Repeat 2x)

[Party Arty]

Yo! You step to me with a style that's good, miss
Battle me around, bitches when I'm finished they say
"Oh my goodness!"

I grab the jack and shank the nigga with a knife
The last nigga that fought me ended up fighting for his
life

WHAT? I'm quick to leave a nigga comatose
I'm putting niggas to rest from the East or the West
Coast

A crazy motherfucker if you've never seen one
Always pack the heat and I sleep with a machine gun
Now you know you can't see this
Where I come from, many die, you'll get crucified like
Jesus

Nobody move, nobody get hurt
Seventeen in the clip, so nigga put your dick in the dirt

[A.G.]

The best that ever did it, so back up and maintain
I manifest who I be on your chest just like a name chain
They think they know of me because of my poetry
You think you're nice, right? Then grab the mic and try
to flow with me

It's a shakedown, no ends when I'm in town
Wear my fake smiles since I put them corny Tims down
I was still cool when it comes to the lyrical
You want to get physical? That's a Goodfella ritual
Get with you? Yeah, I can get with ya
Step to me, A.G., it's got to be for my signature

[Party Arty]

Yo, you know my style, gimme yours since I got mines
Step up and get done with a gun, call the crack line
I get the nappy heads blowing

I get wreck with a Tec under my Woolridge, when it's
snowy
Ayo, I gots to keep it real, G
I get crazy, so please don't please me, nigga chill, B
I'm running wild like a gang from L.A.
Telling "Don't think, give me your link and your Pelle
Pelle"

[A.G.] Look me in my eyes and tell me what you see
[Party Arty] I see the A to the G-I (Rolling with) Show B-I
(Repeat 2x)

[A.G.]
It's the A to the G so don't sleep
My second LP and I'm in too deep
Always keep a low so you know I'm going to creep
Always had to rumble in the jungles of the concrete
Now a nigga try to set it? He'll regret it
If he's the crowd favorite, then he'll just get upsetted
Brothers have a fit when I get into my shit
Today, tomorrow, hollow fever order it
I'm the nicest, like almighty Isis
You want my flow? No, it's priceless
Got to set it, G, to let 'em know my pedigree
If your skills ain't rap, then perhaps you should let it be

[Party Arty]
Yo, I'm not Cypress Hill but I'm still insane
I come with this ruggedness that be fucking with your
brain
Niggas always talking about how hot they are
But I got that boom bap, original rap like the KRS-One
The 6'4" wrecking team is killing crews
Fuck around and get broke down like syllables
It's Party Arty and the nigga that you've heard of
Son, my rhymes are like Tech 9's, my techniques are
murder, what?

[A.G.]
I'm strange, deranged, mentally disturbed
A lunatic that's soon to flip on any nigga (Word)
Chill in my rest 24-7, no less
Don't test cause I'm so def (Oh yes)
My brother's keeper with the flow like Aretha
Like the Grim Reaper, my murder weapon is a speaker
If a sucker steps he'll get ate up
Cash for the blast, I'm smoking White Owls straight up
And I'm a leave it on that note
Cock T, L.D., and Wally World pass the smoke

[A.G.] Look us in our eyes and tell us what you see

[Party Arty] Some real brothers from the gutter, that's
word to mother (Repeat 4x)

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