

Korn & Ross Robinson "Wicked"

Visit "[Wicked](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo chuck

We got runnin' mixes and da headfones

Wicked

1 2 3 and I come with the wicked

Style and you know that I'm from the wicked crew

You act like you knew but I got everybody jumping to
the voodoo

You kickin' wicked rhymes, picket signs

Me and my mob, got a truck full of 9's

Chuck it out, I'll slay ya [Incomprehensible] for the hey-
a

Ready to buck, buck, buck

But it's a must to duck, duck, duck

Before I bust ya looking for the one that did it

You want my vote, no you're never gonna get it

'Cos I'm the one with the tight mad skills

And I won't choke like the Buffalo Bills

Sittin' at the pad just chillin', Larry Parker just got 2
million

Oh, what a fucking feelin'

That nigger done pass me the pill

And I slam dunk it like Shaquille O'Neal

Wicked, wreckin' baby

I'll rock that test tube baby, take it

Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire

Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire

Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire

But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire,
wicked

Don't say nothin' just listen

Got me a plan to break Tyson out of prison

You going my way you get served

Still got a deuce that'll bunny hop the curb

Nappy head, nappy chest, nappy chin

Never seen with a happy grin

Gonna phat frown cause I'm down, so take a look
around

All you see is big black boots
Steppin' use my steel toe as a weapon
[Incomprehensible]
And they want to label this nail out to with a stick
Hopn' that's not a stick 'cause I got a body count like in
the city
From men in New York
I get them skins and I ain't talking about pork

Ya slut, you pig, dig
Listen from the flow from a soul fro'ed Caucasian
Oh, your picket signs, you know all
This funky ass wisdom picket budget talking

Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire,
wicked

People wanna know how come I got a Gat
And I'm sitting at the window like Malcolm, ready to
bring that noise
And going to get heavy like the Ghetto Boyz
April 29th was power to the people
And you might just see a sequel 'cos police got equal
pay
A horse is a pig that don't fly straight

I'm doin' Daryl Gitts but it's Willie Williams
I'm down with the pilgrims
I'm through with the pig so I think the job is dead
Get out and die

'Cos I get wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire,
wicked

Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire,
wicked

'Cos I get wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire,

wicked

Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
Wicked, I told them not to keep on their fire
But now I'm in your face, so you'll keep on your fire,
wicked

Ooh, asshole, well, I come
I come, say

Visit [Korn & Ross Robinson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.