

Pitbull

"Sticky Icky (eaturing Jim Jones)"

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Hey Lil' Jon, know we tell these boys
When they campin' out with the blunt, right?
We tell 'em puff, puff, pass with your pussy ass
I said puff, puff, pass with your pussy ass

I smell that sticky icky, who got that sticky icky?
I got that sticky icky, icky, icky
I smell that sticky icky, who got that sticky icky?
I got that sticky icky, icky, icky

I smell that sticky, oh yeah
Who got that sticky? I do
I smell that sticky, oh yeah
Who got that sticky? Me too

I smell that sticky, oh yeah
Who got that sticky? I do
I smell that sticky, oh yeah
Who got that sticky? Me too

You know the drill, break it up, break it up
You know the drill, roll it up, roll it up
You know the drill, light it up, light it up
You know the drill, smoke it up, smoke it up

Now, puff, puff, pass with your pussy ass
You fuckin' up the rotation, that thang there burnin' fast
This ain't a joke, stop playin', I need to smoke
This thang can get dirty and I ain't talkin' 'bout
sprinklin' coke

I need that sticky icky, that Miami crippy
That Washington high purple, watch out that thang will
hurt you
I need that Cali chronic, damn, a Chico on it
Some of that Seattle supersonic will have you like
Nevada want it fucked up

That's right high as a kite
Now roll the next one and pass me the light
'Cause we ready for sure, ready to go
Ready to blow, let's roll

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I got that sticky icky, icky, icky

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If thirty's the new twenty, Patron's the new Henney
Roll in a new Bentley, blowin' like two twenty
That ain't the price of the car, now that's a half ounce
of piff, dawg
You gotta have a strong chest just to hit the raw

Or you'll be coughin' up a lung
Harlem, where we from so of course we gettin' drunk
twisted
We hit the parties, poppin' bottles just for fun
Smokin' weed in your club, call the coppers, let 'em
come

Miami, Trey O Five, we cop it out the bro house
A generator so the lights don't go out
A big profit in that greenery
We now stoppin' by the beach just for scenery

When here it's 45, up here it's 65
Meet you in Carolina, get it for 55
We got them pounds, nigga 'cause everyday we
hustlin'
It's heavy cake and druggin' it, so heavyweight we
smuggle it

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