

# Pitbull "Sticky"

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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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Who got that sticky? I do  
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Who got that sticky? Me too

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I smell that sticky, oh yeah  
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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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Puff, puff, pass with your pussy ass  
I said puff, puff, pass with your pussy ass  
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