

SickTanicK

"6 Minutes Of Shame"

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I've got a 1000 plus units hanging off my belt
You've got a 1000 plus vibrators up on your shelf
Feel special little faggot that I even dropped this
Cause you ain't getting one single cent or profit
I'm your worse nightmare
The devil in the flesh
This be a fight to the finish
a battle to the death
Once again I'm triumphant while you're living in a
dream
And I'd have to bring you glasses to see me
You wanna be me
I know that you're hurting
And you won't live forever cause your death is certain
And while I'm laying back at home
Fucking the finest of bitches
You're busy sucking dick off for some wrestling tickets
You wanna talk hip hop and punchlines
Well ask your boy about a punch bitch because he
caught mine
That wasn't no cheap shot
We were face to face
So tell me bitch, how the fuck does my fist taste?
And while you sit at home scared under covers
I'm outside of your house jacking off to pictures of your
mother
And then I'll switch and jack off to my own
Yo, my mom might be dead
But you still suck on the microphone

[CHORUS X2]

Everybody wanna hate what they didn't create,
But I ain't going nowhere because I'm here to stay
I'm here to stay
I'ma keep it popping
Keep the records dropping
Keep them haters watching

You're a clone and a drone, all alone
Calling sex lines on the cell phone
Cause you can't get your own
And you're wife left you cause of lack of genitalia

You're wife left you cause you're nothing but a failure
[oh!]
And I really don't care what you faggots say
I'll put you out like a cigarette in the ashtray
And what's this about a order trying to stop me, shit!
I'll cut yall up with this lyrical autopsy
Gut you out, weigh your organs on a scale
You can't stop the rise
All you haters fail
All you punk mother fuckers
You will never stop me cause yall are straight bitches
My philosophy is misogyny
I come from the land of the South-West
Getting dirty in the desert smoking all the finest sess
While you bitches be hating trying to place bets
On who will take me out
I'm glad to know I'm in your breath

[CHORUS X2]

Everybody wanna hate what they didn't create,
But I ain't going nowhere because I'm here to stay
I'm here to stay
I'ma keep it popping
Keep the records dropping
Keep them haters watching

All you myspace rappers please put down the mic
And do something with your lives instead of wasting
my time
And keep spreading hate cause it's free promotion
And if I suck so bad then what the fuck is the big
commotion!?
I move units across the ocean
While you new school killas on the myspace promoting
And when did horrorcore become acceptable to
Christians?
I thought the Bible said plainly no killing?
You fucking hypocrites
Get your Bibles write your verses
Yall some fake mother fuckers
The wicked shit ain't for the churches
There ain't no god that condones any violence
So put down the mic
And be good with the silence

I'm dropping verses that be so hot
They make the devil get down on his knees and wanna
suck my cock
And some of the things I say may leave you shocked
So in simple don't listen try that as a thought bitches

Oh no here I go with another diss track
But i won't drop names cause their shit is that whack
I i stay intact with the paper while you concentrate on
beef
And you wonder why your records broken slain on the
concrete
You couldn't sell a record to a retard with millions
I burn your rhymes up like the twin tower buildings
I got legends on my label
You're an unestablished artist
talking big about connects when your their favorite
artist money target
Little bitch, Little bitch that be me
But this little bitch here is taking over your scene
Everywhere that you go
I know you're seeing my face
How does it feel to be no one
That you're a straight disgrace
Don't waste no time
And don't spit no rhymes
I'd rather kill myself then hear you on the mic
That's right, I said it
And I hope my words embedded in your mind before I
call AL queda have your ass beheaded, were sitting
here, talking lyrical supremacy the don perrion of the
game you the hennessey
Take a step down
Let a real man spit
I'm the leader of this new breed of wicked shit
I built a single empire in about three years
While you're playing with fire
And burning down all your bridges

Take notice and respect to my dialect
I keep it all in check while you're still placing bets
I cut cheques to my artists
While you're checking out the telly got degrees in
street hustle while your still on your GED
Graduate then talk to me
Until then imitation for you is the only key
So keep buying, keep writing to increase your sales
and you can sit and serve in heaven

While im raining down in hell
I dwell in an another underground
Fuck a backpack
I prefer another brutal sound
A wickedness brought up by suicidalist
The dawn of this mother fucking South-West wicked
shit

I never needed anybody in this rap game
No radios, be jamming this killer everyday
But you used up like an old meth pipe
And with hair like that i should call you a Frisco dyke
On the mic I drop bombs causing harm
While you're masturbating and fantasise about my
songs
I'll smoke you out like a bong
Weak bitch don't trip
When I exhale the smoke your career ends quick
I pack clipz full of lyrical slugs
They penetrate and deform your face worse than it
ever was,
Get Proactive you drug addict bitch
And I'm not from city of Compton
But I still drop hits
Underground 24 years old
Making money off this music while your style runs cold
Let me unfold, project and then manifest
While you punch every bar cause you ran outta breath
Don't step to me
No disrespecting me
I'll do you like cube did in no Vaseline
Straight fucking the game with my soulless dick
You can call me SickTanick
I fiend for the wicked shit

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