

## Young Dro

### "I'm Sick'ud"

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[Intro w/ ad-libs]

Get cool...

Aye, ya know what they be talkin bout when they say I'm sick'ud man?

I had to make this one shawty, I'm talkin' 'bout fo'real  
Ya know we be ballin to the point where we can't take it  
no mo' man.

[Chorus w/ ad-libs]

Man I've been ballin' to the point where I'm sick'ud  
Kush steady fallin' out the blunt and I'm sick'ud  
These hoes tryin' to pull stunts and I'm sick'ud  
Grand Hustle make a million e'ry mont', I'm sick'ud  
Man I've been ballin' to tha point where I'm sick'ud  
Kush steady fallin' out tha blunt and I'm sick'ud  
These hoes tryin' to pull stunts and I'm sick'ud  
Grand Hustle make a million e'ry mont', I'm sick'ud

[Verse 1]

Fuck that, I'm sick'ud, fish scale prickly  
This got irene cuts, I want a stick 'ud  
Hoes can't trick'ud, my dick they lick the tip'ud  
Everyday they test the choppa, they can get tha whole  
clip'ud  
Twenty-nine bitch! don't forget to add an inch'ud  
30 inch Ashanti, I'm muthafuckin sick'ud  
Yea that shit was smokin, but I'd rather have this bud  
Ya broad gave me the pussy, she ain't want nothin but  
a key for'ud  
Drama, I am here for'ud, +King+ like +Clifford+  
+Best Thang Smokin+, gon' take a damn whiff of'ud  
Cocaine game, everybody want a sniff of'ud  
Young Dro, e'rybody holla I'm sick'ud

[Chorus w/ ad-libs]

[Verse 2]

Sick'ud believe me, ridin down Peach Street  
ATL and Dro, I just be hatin where the reefer be  
I can turn a block, and check a bitch who got a G for me  
I can hear 'em charge black legacy wit Cecil "C"

CBE the click, that's where that bad ass reefer be  
Bottom of the list, that's where them mad ass people  
be  
Jag color cream of wheat, lyrics come in fever heat  
Diamonds on my daughter neck, same color as Tweety  
Tweet  
I can make the heater breathe, hanging out the Beemer  
Jeep  
Bitches say they fuck wit Dro, but they ain't never seen  
a "G"  
Drop top, green Chevy, thang look like a pickle too  
Ridin through the hood, all them hoes be like "I'm sick  
of youuuuuuu!"

[Chorus w/ ad-libs]

[Verse 3]

When it come to ballin, I'm sick wit the cheese  
The charm on my neck, cost 8,000 three's (jumpers!)  
I'll sting a nigga, like 8,000 bees (bzzzz!)  
And gettin to the money here, 8,000 keys (that's my  
dough!)  
And tryin Dro, is like tryin 8,000 me's (that's a bunch of  
people!)  
Juve' cool, but this shit here is 8,000 degrees (wassup  
Juve!)  
I moved up out the hood, to a lakehouse in Belize  
(where you go?)  
I poison fake playas, and make 'em break out in  
disease (uuughhh)  
Bullets blow like a breeze, when they take off for ya  
knees (pow! pow!)  
.223's knock yo playas arms straight of ya sleeves  
(where my arm go?)  
Shawty please, I'm the sniper, plus I'm tha greatest  
I'm sick of you, ya'll niggaz need to stop hatin man,  
DROOOOOO!!

[ 1/2 Chorus w/ ad-libs]

[Outro w/ ad-libs]

I'm sick of you, I'm sick Of you  
I'm sick of you, I'm sick of you  
I'm sick, I'm-I'm-I'm sick  
I'm sick, I'm-I'm-I'm sick  
I'm sick of you, I'm sick of you  
I'm sick of you, I'm Sick of you  
I'm sick of you, I'm sick Of you  
I'm sick of you, I'm sick of you  
I'm sick of you - DROOOOOO!!

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