

## Concentration Camp "Sickness"

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\*(J-Von)\*

Now if ya all in wit me,

\*(C-Loc)\*

Come an get me wit some hin,

\*(J-Von)\*

An a fifty, an it stick it in,

\*(C-Loc)\*

Let this begin,

\*(J-Von)\*

Like 10 to the 9,

\*(C-Loc)\*

To the 5, 4, 3,

\*(J-Von)\*

They ain't knowin what this camp life means to meee!

Verse 1 \*(Maxminelli)\*

I'm still a hustla,  
an we know this,  
then you need to quote this on the front page,  
true that,  
never two,  
on paper view,  
wit the blunt blazed,  
last time you heard us rhyme,  
we came out tacklin po-po's,  
now we surely stackin chips,  
but we ain't packagin no doe,  
see the ho-bos an fiends,

they can't get down wit the team,  
oh yeah we bout cream,  
but the colors, mostly green,  
so brace yourself,  
I'm a take yo wealth,  
an leave you traumatized,  
bonified hustla,  
from out the backwoods of the country side.

Verse 2 \*(J-Von)\*

So southside hustlaz throw yo hands in the air,  
eastside, westside, northside dont care,  
over there, over here,  
(what?)  
same thing everywhere you go,  
it's real,  
once they waited fo the,  
bustaz that hear me know we,  
even them guns,  
an they ready to throw it,  
I hope I see a nice night for bein this ghetto poet,  
ya know it,  
so it's like me,  
I'm a play the game rough,  
an like to tear sumpthin up,  
sick shit nigga what?!

Chorus \*(J-Von)\*

Man fuck y'all niggaz,  
man fuck y'all bitches,  
we got the money an switches,  
but ya can't get wit us,  
cuz we the Sickess.

Man fuck y'all niggaz,  
man fuck y'all bitches,  
always runnin to get us,  
but ya can't get wit us,  
cuz we the Sickess.

Verse 3 \*(C-Loc)\*

Nigga I can say,  
fuck 'em,  
cuz they bustaz,  
causin ruckus,  
cuz they know they can't touch us,  
got 'em hollerin "How ya do that there!",  
when I bust 'em, can't trust 'em

struggle fuck that,  
hustle, slang crack,  
the rhyme saw,  
niggaz bust an get back,  
I bust back,  
no hidin, duckin hataz,  
hollerin "Fuck 'em niggaz",  
ain't nuttin,  
now he rich an think a nigga can't touch him,  
so now they bustin,  
an me an my cuz OG,  
an now these fools know they know me,  
last time I spanked that ass they called the police,  
ya gotta,  
know when to hold on, (say what?)  
know when to fold on, (uh-huh)  
you better walk away, (boo-yow!)  
before I make ya run,  
son,  
it's unheard,  
the way we went from slangin birds,  
an droppin bodies on the curb,  
to sellin words,  
platinum,  
that's how it happened,  
it's wicked when I kick it,  
wicked,  
if it ain't broke don't fix it,  
clown,  
cuz we the Sickess MUTHA FUCKA!

Chorus

Verse 4 \*(Young Bleed)\*

Watch me spit the Sickess,  
shit,  
you ever heard,  
an make a million niggaz witness,  
this,  
fresh off the curb,  
hollerin at ya in ya ears like this,  
fuck what ya heard,  
face to face wit confrontation my niggaz,  
ballz an my word,  
now if ya ready let me know this real,  
I'm hoppin out the vehil,  
caddy fools bustin ta kill,  
some is steady buggin fo nuthin,  
lovin my life, keepin my head tight,  
bailin the corner on two wheels,

mashin through red lights.

Verse 5 \*(C-Loc)\*

Where yo hood at, (what?)  
throw it up,  
the club,  
yeah we tore it up,  
soon as this clown get to buckin,  
we gonna rush him,  
must stop playin wit me,  
if ya in wit me,  
you'd a known,  
I get spaced out,  
they mace the place out,  
then I'm gone,  
in the Expo,  
til the next show,  
you never know,  
what we got in stoe,  
til the cap,  
hit the doe,  
hollerin if ya got the paper straight then the show must  
go on,  
but when niggaz get to breakin shit,  
it's time to go home.  
(Ya heard me?)

Chorus

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