Hodgy Beats
"Wicked"

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(Hook x2)
You should be careful who you hang with, who your
friends are!
You get in trouble fuck with rock-stars and gangsters!
Wicked! Bitch I am not your fucking friend!
Wicked! Bitch I am not your fucking friend!

(Verse:1 Hodgy Beats)
You know where I'm from, coming from where I'm from
Suck a thumb, or get your hi-hat built by Toms Drum
You know God I'll introduce you to his Godson
Fairly Odd son bang your head and let it throb some!
It's that rock shit, fuck a cop pork chop shit
Squeeze your fucking Glock and spit flames in the
drought bitch!
You're not a kin to me, my fires never friendly,
adrenaline got me trembling
Thirsty to kill an enemy!

(Hook x2)
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(Bridge x2)
Grab this tulip, strangle you till you die
Truth in my heart, lust and hate in my mind
Multiplied emotions soon will divide
Yourself from the crash reality will collide

(Verse:2 Hodgy Beats)
My friends and my imaginary adversary, actually
Mind blows like fragmentaries manditarily
Don't cross the roof with sand altin fluids
Lucid enough to see through it
Trespassin feet, tuli's a suit, fit a new flesh
Call it trash mob, bring mafia rep that you set
Burst you like the Klu Klux crosses, the grandmas do
vet

You were never kin to me, fuck you and your resource
The fuck you bunch, we kill em
Feel no remorse

(Hook x2)
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