

## **Ganksta N-I-P**

### **"Sic"**

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Picture a room full of candles, it's dark inside  
Newspaper clippings on the wall from victims that died  
Blood everywhere  
You can tell the psych be through  
He had darts in their faces up to number fifty two  
Psyco  
Stalking niggas, Tec-9 stays handy  
He would sit inside the park and laugh and give kids  
candy  
People say he was weird, his mother I'll is in the clip  
He always scratched off people names those ones that  
he killed  
Real slow  
Psych torture style, pass me the scissors, uh  
And cut off microscopic pieces of a mirror  
Out of stomachly  
You can tell the spinal was crumbled  
By the gestures that they made and the words that they  
mumbled  
Shit like Nip  
Don't do it  
It's already dead  
And if his beef is too tight? child in their head  
You got this nigga fucked up  
Ganksta Nip is so bold  
You make him mad, he? that  
You watch him run through a house hall, it's sic

Uh, Rap-A-Lot, Compound, these niggas  
They sic, uh  
Scarface, uh  
This nigga is sic, uh  
Big Chief, Lil J, uh  
My niggas sic, uh

Psyc Ward mercenary  
Stay on them ready  
It takes practice, much training to keep a nail gun  
steady  
When it clicks it thrills deep  
His blood finna sip

And bring a hundred thousand mourners and children  
to weep  
Graveyard's  
In my slaughterhouse we catch you and beat you  
Mutilation plus bacteria that straight cats hit you  
You can bet that he's full of healthy humans and mice  
Kinda looking like a fleshy big pot full of rice  
When you stare it up  
Watch this stiff, a terrible smell  
I walk around with a sign, say? I got gumble to sell  
Big balls  
Cause more than you eat every beating  
People ask me what ingredients  
I put it in this shit  
?It's to meat?  
Child beef different animals look  
And you can bet his heart came out an insane cook  
book now I  
Gotcha hook  
They crowed, they?  
Makes my food with human flesh like the chinese?  
dude?  
This boy is sic

Uh, South side North side East side West side this  
boy's sic, uh  
H-Town in the house  
Bushwick that boy's sic, uh  
It don't' stop  
Master P, Shack: them boys sic  
Lakewood for the track, Le Roy  
Them muthafuckin' nigga sic  
Compound  
They quick to kill

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