Britney Spears F/ Pharrell Williams "Wicked, Wicked, Wicked"

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What's up

I think I saw him standing over there just a minute ago Who?

Lil' Rob, he's pretty bad on the mic you know

Lil' Rob, Lil' Rob It's the wickie wicked

Putos step and trip, I rip em up from the heart to the

I remain the same, and I won't change You can't stop this so stop this nonsense People got this because they want this Little cholo, oh no, Lil' Rob coming with my steelo ma Lyrics are like the bullets out of a quette, time to reload And make sure I never run out of ammunition til I finish my mission

Fix all the mistakes that these putos make, oh man grow up

Shutting doors in your face so that you can't blow up Do you know who you're fucking with? Lil' Rob con gonega neta

Leva you can bet your butt I'm down Little vatos follow as I lead the way

And I say no to the bottles that you need some day Never fuck with the calm one, the one that likes to kick it

It's me the sly, the slick, the wickie wickie wicked

Yea, that's the way to do it It's the wickie wicked Oh yea, that's the way to do it It's the wickie wicked

Wickie wickie wicked (wicked)
Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)
Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)
Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)

I take the negative and turn it into positive energy The people in my memory remember me It'll never be the way you want it to be It's not in my destiny, don't mess with me, you envy me, offending me, I'll let it be

Can it be I be the only one who knows the rules
All these people yapping wanna meet their end too
But it won't happen cuz I know you lose respect when
you talk petho

Report the detho, chinga tu respecto porque no lo quiero

No necesito suavecito es mi steelo

Keeping the smooth ambitions, like a genie I grant wishes

Stop, look and listen to the magician I got more tricks up my sleeve than I need Hocus pocus, abracadabra my lyrics'll grab ya And make you press rewind more than a couple of times

Where the fuck do I reside (wickie wicked 619) It's no thing, they want to kick it, the one keeping them sick and twisted

Lil' Rob, the sly, the slick, the wickie wickie wicked

Wickie wickie wicked (wicked)

It's the Satanical, magical, Lil' Rob from the battle I'm coming at you with horns, make you regret I was born

And I know you like it like porn, sweep the streets like I'm evil torn

And I drop my rhymes like a storm on their brains I take form

I just be the baddest you see representing city, it's the invisible

Fool you can't see me cuz I be extraordinary
And I hold my own manuscript to all of the shit that I

But ever since I was born I was diagnosed to be sick Whew, oh man take a breather, and one more thing before I leave ya

Suprised that I'm back? Of course you where I'm the torturor, Lil' Rob the Mexicano sorceror

Lil' Rob has come to town to see who he could rock

He blew away all the crew he faced even when he reached our block

He's the wickie wicked

Wickie wickie wicked (wicked)

Yea, I told you he was bad on the mic man You should've believed me when I said that he was bad Lil' Rob, 1998 And who has the last laugh now

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