

St. Lunatics

"Sticky now"

Visit "[Sticky now](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* send corrections to the typist

(Scratching) 4x

Smoke smoke smoke

Smoke smoke smoke

Smoke smoke smoke sticky now

(City Spud)

Now for real I be the break 'em off

Ho hopper, trick knocker

Nobody does it like we do we's proper

Biggie like Papa when I dropper

Lying on that ass now we fucking till the beat don't stopper

Could it be I move too smooth?

Grooves that will make the whole party move

Spots I keep them hot so honies be out to trot

Yo I got this game on lock when I pull up on the lot

(Hook - City Spud)

So watch me now

Niggas wonder how

I'm spiffy now

So the bitches pick me now

See watch me now

Niggas wonder how

I'm spiffy now

So the bitches pick me now

Tell them watch me now

Niggas wonder how

I'm picky now

Smoke sticky now

Tell them watch me now

Niggas wonder how

I'm spiffy now

Bitches pick me now

(City Spud)

Now everyone wanna try and stop this dude

Pop this dude, drop this dude

Try to top this dude, plus test my crew

Watch me drop a jewel while they jock this dude
But why every time I around we's cool?
Watch them act a fool
When I leave swiftly, sixty when I cruise
My dues been paid
Rats been laid
Many gats been sprayed
Plus tracks been made like yellow dude face
See me through your shades, blow up like grenades
Try to fade this team, you know what that mean
Head full of dreams
Go on watch us hit the seams with this million dollar
team
Shining like rings
Taking over everything with this lyrical scheme
We be like fiends when it comes to the money
Be are end for hur-tin-in'

(Hook)

(Murphy Lee)

I keep's it going on and on
Little T I like's to rock shit
Keep that head pop shit
Keep on making profits
What you know about this?
Nothing at all, cause my shits gall like these hos on my
balls
I be that "Hit 'em once see you later" I holler
No need to bother little Torii about a dollar
Ask Ali Baba and he'll tell y'all
"A po's office ho about to get you for your L dawg"
Tell those low-down dirty gold diggers
Torii "Murphy Lee" ain't your average rich nigga
Saint Louis representer and I remember
Hos can give a fuck about my beater in December
But now it's a holiday and follow me
Up North like Hollany
Booty call like Bellamy
Nag, what you telling me?
Now it's all-good
You's a star spelled backwards
Go on back to your hood

(Nelly)

Now it goes hos and niggas, sit back and relax Fri. and
Sat.
Pay attention while as I drop this shit on y'ass
Thinking I wanna smoke a blunt
Got them ??? on their knees
You cats that wanna be down you just get ready for

your lead
Now I know niggas trying to say that Lunatics East
Coast
Cause my lyrics boasts with flavor but fool I'm just your
neighbor
One of Saint Louis' finest, just keep a cover like Linus
Stop your ass like sinus, congestion 'till you learn your
lesson
Confessin' in a danker cruiser supposedly with no
future
Mammas call me a loser
Huh, but watch me prove I can Buckeye like Ohio
Keeping Pace like Orlando
I'm running out from the 5 O's cause all I herr is "Book
'em Dano"
Practice cause I can't be touched, I'm just too much
I'm packed like lunch with more skills than such and
such
I'm plus, never a minus, bumping Johnny Unitas
Out that Hall of Fame
Lyrics ride tracks better than trains
Coming flier than planes, crossing niggas like lanes
Backstabbing, but peep out my game as I explain
Everybody shake your hand ain't your partner fool
Just because I give you dapper that don't mean we cool
Clearer than ice water
See your whole plans to shake me up
Let up before I wet up your whole fucking getup
Spit up a lung you'd got that wind knocked out
Who get the clout? Ain't no doubt
Lunatics run the house

(Hook)

(Scratching)

Smoke smoke smoke sticky now

(City Spud)

So watch me now

Visit [St. Lunatics](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.