

**Kutz Brooke****"1990-Sick"**

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Chorus:

Kill em all (4X)  
Cause everybody dyin on this motherfuckin album  
Kill em all (4X)  
Don't kick up in the dirt when I'm puttin in work  
Kill em all (4X)  
Cause everybody dyin on this motherfuckin album

[Spice 1]

I murda like this (this) I murda like that (that)  
Pull an AK-47 up out my motherfuckin gangsta hat  
Professional, Columbian, Necktie, barbwire  
strangula, over killa, dead fuckin body hanga  
Peepin out the window with an A.K., pullin up on these  
copper  
helicoptas, squad cars, swat teams with choppers  
They tellin me, "Nigga, get the fuck out before ya die  
If you surrender, we'll make sure that you quickly fry"  
Should I kick open the door and go to war  
or should I stick my throat  
Leave a pipe bomb and a fuck you note  
Hallucinations of seein lynched bodies burnin  
and all the po-po had faces like Mark Fuhrman  
Tear gas through my glass window pane  
They wanna put me back up in the nut house again  
But I'm not goin back and take my prozac  
They can keep the straight jacket  
and leave a straight motherfuckin jack  
a straight motherfuckin jack  
a straight motherfuckin jack

Chorus

(Get the hell off my dick, I'm 1990-sick)  
(1990-sick) \*repeat 4X\*

[Spice 1]

Nigga's to pull the lynch, yayo case and stick  
Marcia Clark screamin out murda, jumpin on OJ's dick

Motherfuckers still sufferin and healin  
Some high tech knowledga white boys blew up the  
fuckin fed buildin  
Crazy niggaz still bangin and slangin crack  
to the death, when the game put em up on they back  
Motherfuckers catchin AIDS, from shootin hop  
And phony niggaz still get sprayed up on the block  
And I ain't changed much, hell  
I'm still smokin four or five motherfuckin choppers  
before it's twelve  
Motherfuckers think they know me, but they don't know  
I'm sellin first class tickets to the murda show  
Don't wanna rap about no nigga, let's get it on  
Bustin domes, buck shots through your rib bone  
So all you niggaz up in the magazines talkin shit  
Get off my dick, I'm 1990-sick

Chorus

[MC Eiht]  
1990-sick, I grasp my dick  
The lunatic quick to grab my tech  
put slugs up in your neck  
Compton is the city where I come from  
Desert Eagle packin dum ditty ditty dum  
I won't just smoke you  
I be terrifyin horrifyin gyeah I'ma choke you  
The killa niggaz on hop  
We tear up your spot, Eiht, Spice, and my fuckin nigga  
Pac  
Don't cross my path, no class  
I be like shit in your motherfuckin ass  
Bullets I spit at you, your hood I slid through  
Evil niggaz tryin to get rid of you  
No witnesses so don't ask no questions  
Flee the scene, one-time'll be arrestin  
Killa niggaz don't play that  
It's Compton on no like your dome we stompin  
But in that gang affiliation  
Shit goes pop, we won't stop  
Uhhh, in 1990-sick

Chorus: repeat 2X

(Get the hell off my dick, i'm 1990-sick)  
(1990-sick) \*repeat 4X\*

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