

Lamonnaye Bernard

"Licken Off in HipHop"

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To my niggas in the 2-1-2 and 3-1-0
bitches in the 3-0-5 and 4-0-4
niggas in the 7-1-3 and 2-0-1, 3-1-2, call 9-1-1

[Chorus]

It's Sticky Fingaz lickin off in hip-hop {*repeat 3X*}
Every rhyme I kick is a gunshot

[Verse One]

My heart bleeds for you, so don't waste your tears
I'm about 175 in dog years
My blocks so hot step outside and get sunburned
Unless you talking business or money I'm unconcerned
I live for now because my days is numbered
I got a six shot revolver watch the barrel on my gun turn
I'm like an accident just waiting to happen
A nigga fuck, my killas in the cut waitin' to clap 'em
It's pitiful this game is too politcal critical
but let's not talk about the big I's and the little you's
Niggas wouldn't be confused if they mind their p's and q's
Keep your nose out of mine and I won't have to
squeeze the two's
And cock the glock, what's that sound?
Everybody know Sticky be puttin down
So watch out watch out, niggas better clear a path
Think I'm scared to blast cause I'm doing flicks on
Miramax
and New Line fuck security, my bodyguard is my two
nines
Knew I'd make it big in due time
My only lie when my lips move
Gun in my crotch my forth leg is a pistol; who wanna
get shot?
Until I smell 'em for myself I don't believe shit stink
robbing niggas for everything but the kitchen sink
And all these whack rappers want deals but no can do
Labels be like "Don't call us, we'll call you!"

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Verse Two]

Back in the day Sticky was stickin' niggas
and strippin niggas and still getting figures
and pistol whippin niggas and flippin niggas
I ran with life bidders and ice pickers
Now wonder if this life fit us in Vegas with strippin white
bitches
But that's just a deep thought in the back of my mind
I'm Black Trash true to the streets gritty and grime
I got a bone to pick a holdster with a shoulder grip
concealed inside my leather camoflaug so I can ride
notice it?
Don't tell nobody, but between me and you I put three
in you
Add you and ya crew to the M-E-N-U
I got bloopers of ya death and I draw it myself
Want the job done right you gotta do it yourself
My code defending my conscience, my mind afflicted
with monsters
Kill a nigga over nonsense for five cents
You a glutton for punishment, I'm the nigga runnin shit
YO BREATH STANK THAT CAUSE YOU BE TALKING A
TON OF SHIT!
You can't take me out forget about it
Killers in front of ya house forget about it
Y'all niggas don't want no war forget about it
I'll bring it to your front door and you won't do shit
about it
You need work come see me son I'm taking
applications
You can't beat me join me save yourself the
aggravation
You dead if you harm a single hair on my head
My payback is going to cost you a arm and a leg

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Outro]

Ooo.....

You can run but you can hide
when I come it's do or die
point your guns to the sky
put em up real high

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