

Anybody Killa

"Sticky icky situations"

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(Anybody Killa)

My teacher always said I wouldn't be nothing
So I met him in the parking lot said I'm a killer and then
I rushed him
Sometimes I feel like a nut
Running through the neighborhood tearing shit up
Straight jacking mothafuckas just to smoke a blunt
Sometimes I feel that my head fucked up
And it really sucks
I hear voices telling me to do it (Do it)
How would you act if you had to live through it?
Turning back on the gat, and I stole me an ounce
Now I'm addicted to the sound of a head getting
whacked
Do I smoke to much cause I choke to much?
Are you mad cause I keep stealing your roaches?
Yo Mike P (Yo what's up?)
Turn my headphones up
Rudeboy got me stoned from the sticky stuff
Weed fucking with my head, man I'm to damn high
Yo Violent J, you want the rest? (Show you right)
Man I can smell it in yo pocket (What's that smell? Roll it
up)
Sandwich bag filled up but you ain't got enough
Only smoke with your road dogs, don't be shy
Cause when a drought comes he might be yo main
supply
Me and J steady smoking pounds
So at least have a sack when you see us around
Like you ain't heard man we flipping the scripts
So unlock yo ziplock and let me grab us a spliff

(Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

When I pass it to you bitch pass it back
Bitches don't smoke for free, where the ass be at?
B-L-A-Z-E, A-B-K
And we got Esham and Violent J
Juggalos outside in the parking lot
Because ya'll know how we spark a lot
Got the Faygo Cola with the Vodka twist

And when we all get together we see diamond mist

(Violent J)

I can smoke a stick of dynamite and not be dead
I like it cause it fuck with my head
I stay weeded indeed, a killa need it
I can eat it to feed it, proceed and keep it heated
Now who the fuck don't like my flow?
You ain't heard my words, I make the beard of a
wiseman grow
Hydro, in a good way it fuck with my head
And without it you fucks would be dead
I rhyme dead and head for the 17th time
We double team rhymes, ABK and Violent J
If I loved Shaggy anymore I'd have to be gay
In Californ-i-a, they pull they socks to they knees
NIA, Ninjas In Action we be dees
I like G's, I'm a cereal please
I bitch slap fans cause I be a dick like that
I get wicked-wicky-wicky rhymes sick like that
I'm fat and fuzzy and I smell like weed everywhere
My homies call me Smokey the Bear
Tell that pokey beware, don't come near here
Don't dare unless you wanna see my axe buddy parting
your hair
I'm a Southwest gangbang gangsta boy
Zug Island, Del Ray, I used to toy
My boy Nate's the boy, my whole crew busts shots
Until you out like quamay's pokadots
I'm trying to smoke a litte something for my dawgs who
smoke
They only sad and stressed because they all to broke
I'm like bew-bew-bew-bew-bew with the Anybody Killa
Blowing Indian Tumbleweed, we bitch booty feelas
Ghetto scrubs flipping nubs at thugs
We drown faggots in Faygo tubs and eating dead bugs
I'm trying to say anything that rhymes
So I can fuck with your head like the cezz do mine

(Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

Break it down and roll it up, smoking blunts all night
Hesitate to hit it to hard, the weeds that tight
Sticky icky situations, dehydrated
Cotton mouth creeping, the gang got me faded

(Esham)

I'm in the water with the sharks bleeding
That's why I be a killa for no reason, speeding
My flows dope like OZ's and crush pounds and trees
and
I'm all season

Veteran, no one does it better than they (We)
E and J, ABK
And that's my man and them (What's up?)
And I always blow ? with them
Detroit plays too advanced for them
We buying out the bar we don't dance with them
So if you ever get a chance to glance at them
Baby boy say holla back, answer him
H-u-s-t-l-e-r
Yes that's what the hell we are
See, me and Blaze, wicked ways
Full body armor, 5000 rounds and about 2k's
I can walk on water, spit fire and ice
Chinese secrets making wine from rice
Still shoot dice up against the wall
So nice, still f-u-c-k the po-lice
Think twice like the Three Blind Mice
But don't give me no advice
I shine like crystals in the jewelry heist
And still pimp hoes like Heidi Fleiss

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