

# Anybody Killa, Sticky Icky Situations

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Hatchet Warrior  
Sticky Icky Situations  
Hatchet Warrior:Sticky Icky Situations

(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 playas 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 3 blind mice  
But don't give me no advice  
I shine like crystals in the jewelry heist  
And still pimp hoes like Heidi Fleiss