

# Big Pokey, Sick In Da Mind

(\*talking\*)

Another one, and another one  
Bad Azz (Bad Azz) Mix Tape (Mix Tape), 3 (3)  
M-O-B, Presidential, whoa whoa whoa

(Big Pokey)

I got a heavy attitude, and the balls to match  
Spreweeling up the block, top falling back  
Back dime on my lap, when I'm crawling black  
I treat one's like hunds, cause they all'd stack  
It ain't your cataract cat, you just can't see me  
Bring your A game you still can't beat me, you know it's real  
Chic check niggaz grill, when they disrespect it  
Pop like break dancers, any nigga can catch it  
A 4-5'll clear the lot, like laws  
Your hoe keep riding my jock, bitch pause  
Light on my feet, quick as a cat when I move  
Ride with the heat, fixing your hat see I'm a fool  
With this automatic tool, I can make you feel me  
You can't be scared to die, if you wanna kill me  
A bunch of niggaz, gotta twist it around  
Humble but I'm sick in the mind, really

(Hook - 2x)

Sick in the mind, dog I need to change my ways  
Quick with the iron, like switch blades and K's  
24 on the grind, I ain't changed in days  
Time is money and money is time, so don't play

(Kevo)

Young Fever, I got a flow hotter than a chop shop  
And fold niggaz, like the roof on a drop top  
I squeeze a .50 Cal, when it's time to mob blocks  
Make these niggaz Harlem shake, and throw in a pop lock  
All-Star offense, for you haters that cock block  
Here's something for your mouth, to make you sizzle like Pop Rocks  
You wanna see me cuffed, everytime that the cops knock  
But they lawyers ain't strong enough, to go against my cock  
Bread, because as soon as the cops in  
All the shorties start dropping, I ain't playing I'm hopping  
Who you know besides me, keep the game on screens  
Chain on beams, quick to put your brain on lean  
I'm drain-o-clean, known to spit flames on scenes  
Stain on screens, bout to click my game on mean  
Switch the fears, like Francis twist it with peers  
I've been all about my paper for years, cheers

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil O)

I score the work and hit the kitchen, man it's animal instincts  
And start with them cocoa grams, over my damn sink  
I don't understand, how the fuck could a man think  
That money gon fall from the sky, like an airplane  
But down in H-Town, if you snooze you lose  
You don't grind you don't shine, so I stick to the rules  
All I know is put it in they face, give 'em the blues  
And knock off something foreign, and hit it with shoes  
I'm a fool, in other words I'm sick in the mind  
I turn one into three, dog I'm sick with the grind  
And everytime the sun come up, it's always here is a sign  
It tells me get your ass up, and get on the grind  
I put my back in the game, till it's put up my spine  
Any nigga turn snitch, then hit with the iron

You a backward hustler, I'm a slicker to shine  
Like Bush, Escobar and Noreaga with bombs

(Hook - 2x)