

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)