Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Sticky Icky

(I Got That Sticky Fool, Ha Ha, What Nigga?) I Got That Sticky-Icky Bubonic Chronic (Bubonic Chronic C

I Got That Sticky-İcky Bubonic Chronic (Bubonic Chronic...) For Your Grizzle Nizzle, Fo' Shizzle Nigga, Fo' Sheezy

Ooh-Ee! Nigga Got The Good Sticky Weed

We Dampen The Swisha, Pass It To My Nigga

Motherfucker Better Pick Up Your Gun; You Better Prepare

Got My Eyes Closed, Let The Smoke Go Everywhere, 45 On The Freeway, Nigga, Give Me Leewa Higher Than A Kite When I'm Rollin' Through The Alley

Pass Me A Black And White

But That's My Boy Cauze Me And His Skeez Is Tight

And The Weed Is Lime Green, Better Catch It For My Chronic Seed And It Was Callin' Me

Oh Yeah, I Can't Wait Till This Sh*T's In The Air, Smoke Anywhere

High, Hell

A Little Bitty Nigga That Was Sellin' The Rocks On The Claire And The Devil Is Here And He Want

Till Again They Can Put A Nigga In Jail When I'm Just Tryin' To Get High

But I Used To Sell And Now I Leave It Alone Cauze I'm Doing Well, Well

I Never Sold Out, I Can Do What I Want To

My Baby Momma Want Money? I Never Hold Out

Hey, B*Tch Hold Up

You Tried To Leave Me All Fortied Up

You Got Me Fucked Up No Doubt, I'm Blowin' Up

Wrappin' The Crack And The Dice

Like When I Did On Brackland And Lil' B The Dopeman

And Lil' Sold Crack And Crack, Man

Humilitation To The Black Man, Black Man

My Momma Smoked Weed, My Daddy Smoked Weed, Hell, We All Smoke Weed

So I'm Havin' My Fun So Give Me What Me Need, Baby

I Like It And Got Up In High Times

I Even Got It Down For My Nigga On 99

Down For The Crime, Nigga Don't Let The Cops Come Cauze I'd Be Runnin' With Mine Like We G

Feelin' Fine And My Heart's Already Runnin' I Got The Drama, Hear Them Steady Comin'

Uh Come On {Inhales} What You Wanna Do? Throw You Away All Day Everyday, Hey! Fuck Attitu I Got Thangs To Do

A Nigga Really Got Kids And Bills With The Crew

I'm A Pay Them, Nigga You Already Knew

Baby Father, I Call On My Trues

How Does It Relate To Weed? Fuck The Weed, Relate To Me; A Real Nigga With The T-H-C, And

These Are The Last Days Roll Me To Sleep Come On, Come On

I'm Blowing Up, I'm Blowing Up

[Bizzy Bone:]

I'm Ready For The War

Still Got Time To Let The Weed Cure

Watch For The Women With S-T-D Sores, Less Than The Rythym, I Got To Get Some

And Full Of Adrenaline, A New Millenium

What Am I Drinking? I'll Be In The Back With Titanium

Damn, What's This Shit I'm Smoking? The Weed Got A Motherfucker Thinking, Yeah

Up, Jump In The Cab And Rush

What? We Can't Catch The Bus? I'm Goin' To See My Broad And Fuck Y'all Niggas, I'm In The Lov

Ain't Nobody Fin' To Stop Me, Dog

What's With The Dreads? " You Might Wanna Be Mindin' Your Bizness There, Yellow Man&q

A Nigga To The Hood, Dog, İ Got The Weed, I'm Gonna Break The Bread, Yeah On The Freeway Coastin' Like We Was Ridin' The Limo, Fuck That

Windows Was Tinted, It's Me, Menace License With Crushed Grass [Laughs] Tell The Fetish, We I