

Spice 1, 1990 - Sick

Chorus:

Kill 'em all (x4)

'cause everybody dyin' on this muthaf**kin' album

Kill 'em all (x4)

Don't kick up in the dirt when I'm puttin' in work

Kill 'em all (x4)

'cause everybody dyin' on this muthaf**kin' album

I murda like this (this)

I murda like that (that)

Pull an ak-47 up out my muthaf**kin' gangsta hat

Professinal, columiban, necktiea, barbwire

Strangula, over killa, dead f**kin' body hanga

Peepin' out the window with an ak

Pullin' up on these coppas

Helicoptas, squad cars, squat 10's with choppas

They tellin' me "nigga, get the f**k out before ya die

If you surrender, we'll make sure that you quickly fry"

Should I kick open the door and go to war

Or should I stick my throat

Leave a pipe bomb and a f**k you note

Hallucinations of seein' lynched bodies burnin'

And all the po-po had faces like mark furhman

Tear gas through my glass window pane

They wanna put me back up in the nut house again

But I'm not goin' back and take my prozac

They can keep the straight jacket

And leave a straight mutha f**kin' jack

A straight mutha f**kin' jack

A straight mutha f**kin' jack

Chorus

(get the hell off my dick, I'm 1990-sick)

(1990-sick) (x4)

Nigga's to pull the lynch
Yayo case and stick
Marcia clark screamin' out murda, jumpin' on oj's dick
Muthaf**kas still sufferin' and healin'
Some high tech knowledga white boys blew up the f**kin' fed buildin'
Crazy niggas still bangin' and slangin' crack
To the death, when the game put 'em up on they back
Muthaf**kas catchin' names, from shootin' high
And phony niggas still get sprayed up on the block
And I ain't changed much, hell
I'm still smokin' four or five muthaf**kin' choppas before it's twelve
Muthaf**kas think they know me, but they don't know
I'm sellin' first class tickets to the murda show
Don't wanna rap about no nigga, let's get it on
Bustin' domes, buck shots through your rib bone
So all you niggas up in the magazines talkin' shit
Get off my dick, I'm 1990-sick

Chorus

Muh-uh-mobbin' up out the cu-uh-cut
With a ready to pow one
Nuh-uh-90 sick content of the album
If there's a cure for this, don't cure me
I'm comin' with the fury
Playa hata's gettin' hung up like a jury
So peep the game from an old school g you know so well
The east bay gangsta, leaving caution tape and faces pale
I bails on a full moon like the 12 o clock
Neighborhood watch scared to look and see who on the block
Just fed a rallys, no po-po come around here
'cause it's a different time, different game, different year
1990 sick

Chorusx2

(get the hell off my dick, I'm 1990-sick)

(1990-sick) (x4)