

# Sticky Fingaz, Licken Off In Hip-Hop

To my niggas in the 2-1-2 and 3-1-0  
bitches in the 3-0-5 and 4-0-4  
niggas in the 7-1-3 and 2-0-1, 3-1-2, call 9-1-1

[Chorus]

It's Sticky Fingaz lickin off in hip-hop {\*repeat 3X\*}

Every rhyme I kick is a gunshot

[Verse One]

My heart bleed for you, so don't waste your tears  
I'm about 175 in dog years  
My blocks so hot step outside and get sunburned  
Unless you talking business or money I'm un-con-cerned  
I live for now 'cause my days is numbered  
Got a six shot revolver watch the barrel on my gun turn  
I'm like a accident just waitin' to happen  
It's pitiful this game is too political critical  
A nigga front, my killa's in the cut waitin' to clap 'em  
but let's not talk about the big I's and the little U's  
Niggas wouldn't be confused if they mind their p's and q's  
Keep your nose out of mine and I won't have to squeeze the two's  
Everybody know Sticky be puttin down  
And cock the glock, what's that sound?  
So watch out watch out, niggas better clear a path  
Think I'm scared to blast cause I'm doing flicks on Miramax  
and New Line f\*\*k security, my bodyguard is my two nines  
Knew I'd make it big in due time  
My only lie when my lips move  
Until I smell 'em for myself I don't believe shit stink  
Gun in my crotch my forth leg is a pistol; who wanna get shot?  
And all these whack rappers want deals but no can do  
robbing niggas for everything but the kitchen sink  
Labels be like "Don't call us, we'll call you!"

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Verse Two]

and strippin niggas and still gettin' figures  
Back in the day Sticky was stickin' niggas  
and pistol whippin niggas and flippin niggas  
Now wonder if this life fit us in Vegas with strippin white bitches  
I ran with life bidders and ice pickers  
I'm Black Trash true to the streets gritty and grime  
But that's just a deep thought in the back of my mind  
I got a bone to pick a holster with a shoulder grip  
concealed inside my leather camouflage so watch ya eye don't notice it  
Don't tell nobody, but 'tween me and you I'll put three in you  
You want the job done right you gotta do it yourself  
I got blueprints of ya death and I drew it myself  
Add you and ya crew to the M-E-N-U  
My code defending my conscience, my mind inflicted with monsters  
Yo breath stank that's 'cause you be talkin' A TON OF SHIT!  
Kill a nigga over nonsense for five cents  
You a glutton for punishment, I'm the nigga runnin shit  
Killers in front of ya house forget abooooout it  
You can't take me out forget abooooout it  
I'll bring it to your front door and you won't do shit abooooout it  
Y'all niggas don't want no war forget abooooout it  
You dead if you harm a single hair on my head  
You need work come see me son I'm taking applications  
Can't beat me join me save yourself the aggravation  
My payback is going to cost you a arm and a leg

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Outro]

Ooo.....

You can run but you can hide  
when I come it's do or die  
point your guns to the sky  
put em up real high