

Let's get Sick Wid It baby
Sick Wid it baby, yeahehyeahyeahehyeahhahah
Let's get Sick Wid It baby
Said I'm gonna get so Sick Wid It, yeah
Said I'm gonna get highhhhhh

I don't need no doctor, I don't need no shrink
All I need is broccoli and a 40-oh to drink
Smokin that broccoli now, takes me out
Smokin that broccoli now, takes me out

While I was bullshittin,
bitch tried to hit me upside the head with her shoe
Talin bout, "Who the fuck you been doin it to?
Comin home always smellin like tuna fish and brew"
I said "Bitch, if you don't get up outta my talkin face,
I'ma slap you real tough-like
and I can almost rest assure you
that it ain't gon' be no pretty sight, ugh"
2-4-7, 3-6 DeVille
I pull out my dick and spell my name over the bitch
Shoot the hundred fool, let's play for pink slips, whatchu slammin?
That there shit across the street? That ugly ass gremlin?
Buy some sticky, you got the pillow
Here go some Black'n'Mild style, split it down the middle
What's that? That Oakland Crip? Nah it's that white widow
I was about to say cause they'd botha have your ass
up in the hospital, check it out

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Smell me on this one, check it out
Hit up for 5, and hold it for 10, I'm true lung
Let's see who got the most wind, get em sprung
Make em wanna come back and spend, Afghani bomb
From juice and Seagram's Gin
Fuck all of that Cristal-poppin, drinkin Moet shit
I'm from the block
Wheaties, Thunderbird, gorilla milk and Aftershock
?Boom square wide country?, Wild Irish Rose
Smugglin Hennessey and scotch, Jagermeister and Tequila shots
Drinkin 40 ounces was how I first got my figure
Then I graduated to straight hard liquor
So hah, let me take a swig of that Crown Royal
What you puttin on that blunt huh? Hash oil
My Panamanian saha from south San Francisco
on some marijuana farm down in San Luis Obispo
Wake yo' ass up Charlie Hustle, wake yo' ass up, why you asleep?
Cause, nigga that shit got my twaskin?? my life nigga, shit!

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Seein two's and three's
Highly intosticated while I'm slidin on a brim
Set of Z's and V's, spit Long Range Pimpin
L-R-P sophisticated wannabe's, stuck up H-O-E's
Disease-infested back-polluted pussy hoochie mamas, ooh ooh
Give a damn, make that 2-8-9, think I had a V8
Highly carbureator, four-barrel engine scram
Get gas, go in sideways, figured up like a philly
Ready, get that motherfucker hop up away
Everybody got the munchies and they ain't tryin ta miss
We ride around the corner, nigga there go Emmitt Smith
Webulation! Bust a U-ey folker, oh as I'm hoppin out
Damn that's my beeper, I got dinner at the house
The rules and regulations of the game up in the Yay
Just slap a bitch silly if she gets off in my way
She's open to all the brothers, forgive me grandma yay
Three or four different bitches, five or six different times a day

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