

# Sick

Infinite

## Verse 1

We pull mad triggers  
War what we used to, some done buried before  
What we used to, dropping bodies under the floor  
Not what it looked like  
It's what it really be  
And they could tell you in your next life  
You're still parrow  
For whatever dinero  
Blackout dirty barrels get stuck for your dinero  
But who's ta blame  
Me or this dirty game  
My blood forever cold  
Just like my last name  
The world is like this  
My blood froze up my vein  
Stick you for your drug money  
Chip ice off your chain  
Your life just blacked like dirty burns to your left jaw

## Chorus

We sick yeah yo my crew run wild  
Yeah yo we sick, we on some other shit  
Yeah yo we sick, long pipe between your lips  
We sick, some burn you for your necklace  
We sick, my crew run wild  
We sick, from cradles to caskets  
We sick, long pipe between your lips  
Yo we sick, yo we on some other shit

## Verse 2

Ah yo we sick  
We wild like 2 nines and 4 clips  
My crew make ghosts  
Ride close with the toaster  
Wanted face on posters  
Guess they tell you we armed like we supposed ta  
Gats in holsta, drink white rum all day  
Straight 'till dinner  
Show up at your party  
Turn your dance into a thriller  
I guess it only takes much to know about my family  
We all about Bibles and kronze  
Money and robberies  
The speaker chosen  
The amount of heat we holdin;  
The amount of grams loadin'  
The amount of man we foldin' no lie  
Sometimes I feel nothing to live for  
I seen my days in a shoot out with 5.0  
Ah yo we sick

Chorus

Verse 3

We were brought up by the older gangstas  
Off the block who ran the turf  
I'm from the murder capitol of my town  
You better research  
You know it got worse so sail on  
Years upon the time it wasn't this bad but the earth crumbled too fast  
Dirty money runnin' da block  
At twin towers airport searching bottles of rum for baby powder  
Can't catch us on bare face moves intoxic  
Catch us on your news mask up like smarter convicts  
Represents the hustlers on streets or in cells  
The truth always flashes in light  
When time tells I'm your LDC time  
Reality will tell it  
On the opposite of the gun smoke and I could smell it  
We sick

Chorus x 2