

## Sick

## Kardinal Offishall

Huh!!! From J.A. to T Dot, huh!!! respect big you should see that  
Ay Yo!!! Yallo!!! Huh!!! It's Bounty Killer and Kardinal  
Ay yo!!! Yallo!!! Look at dat lord mi gal

Huh! And we do it like huh!!!  
They should know  
Oh!  
That's right!!!  
Yeah, ok, a yagga yagga yagga yagga yo yo!!!  
Lord have mercy

Huh! Yeah! A yagga yagga yagga yo yo yo  
It's Mr. Kardinal comin through my niggas, good morning!!!!  
Are you ready, ok, here we go

Lord have mercy

Mi sing seh, Kardi Kardi, he likes to party  
He cause nuff trouble, drinks a little bacardi  
He's, just the man who's on the mic  
And when he's walkin through a club he likes the skins tight  
For all a y'all thinkin he rhymin well  
It's just to see you smile and enjoy yourself  
Cause it's cool when you cause a Kardi condition  
To spread peace and love ay yo that's my mission  
So a listen, a to what we say  
Silverhouse makes the funky rhythms everyday  
(Bounty Killer: That's Right)  
I, wake up around eight O' clock in the morning  
Practice all my verses cause we soon on tour and  
Go to the bathroom to wash up  
Thinkin 'bout the last female who just got stuck  
And say, mirror mirror, on, the wall  
I know I'm type fresh am I fresher than the mall?  
Yes yes y'all, five minutes it lasted  
My girls got my money like I'm Old Dirty Bastard  
The vibe I spread not just for show  
I get ew Kardinal steady runnin things, still

Mi sing seh, when rudebwoy inna di place  
Not a funny man can't chat inna mi face  
Stand up for di people represent fi every race  
Rockin to di rhythm and we bangin to di bass  
Mi sing seh, Killer Kardinal inna di place  
Watch how di hot gal dem a whine up dem waist  
Anywhere dem legal mi a follow di trace  
Soap man a soap out fi deal with dem case

Yo! Yo! Yo! Bust the ill gramatics hip hop fanactics  
Porno stars couldn't cd my tactics  
Y'all might see me up on your MTV  
So then F the president the government and the beast  
We do the biznass while dealin with business  
Doin pushups at your wife's house for fitness  
And say I never been there and swear on the goodness  
(Bounty Killer: That's Right!!!)  
Some chickens callin me the royal hoodness

Put these rhymes in your magazine for measure  
The triple XL wrapped strapped to give ya pleasure  
Droppin some conscience thoughts and at leizures  
Twistin theoretical thought patterns to seizures (Word)  
Maneuverin mic mishaps to make some, classic type content  
Cleanin up the fake out the average listener, lookin for the cursor  
Look here, do I look like the average person?  
Six foot four mom said don't talk to whores  
Skettles are floozies my attitude's choosy  
So speak up when your addressin the name  
All I want the assets y'all keep the fame, still

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Yo yo yo yo!! Curse if you must cause my whole crew buss  
So big that the streets nickname my mic notorious  
Girls rush to try to blow us like dust  
But we avoid the lust and remain like Cold Crush  
My whole team victorious, old school like Amadeus at the Apollo  
Pop lockin for Rollo sippin on the white bottle  
Right from T Dot or peace tommorrow  
But no squabble just necks gettin throttled  
You thought it was a bottle it was just self control  
From me knockin you the fuck out layin you out cold (God Damn!!!)  
Stop talkin let your records do the walkin  
While I'll be laid up in jamdown sylarkin

From Jamaica back to T Dot  
Killer Kardinal a rip di place tell dem a we dat  
Girls a scream and gallang like dem a idiot  
We have dem weak and everybody see dat  
Perfect lady mi a wonder if a she dat  
Woman a mi dream this girl wanna be dat  
Phat in her jeans Kardinal him would a squeeze dat  
Put on di ring and di Killer nah go leave dat  
I'm fallin, could you believe dat?  
Everything she have fi offer mi waan retrieve dat  
Fashion and mi love you know seh she gwaan receive dat  
Legacy mi real estate she a achieve dat, you must believe dat

Fire!!! Yeah! Niggas is gettin nervous!!!!!!