

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!!!!!!