

Pass The 40

Black Sheep

Nigga, come off, check this out, check this out
Listen all this shit y'all talkin' ain't got no frills
We'll pass the 40 around and we'll see who's got some skills
I mean if you got 'em you got 'em and if you don't
(I got skins, got skins)
You're over, so Mista Lawnge, listen, I give this brew to you
I'm gonna pour some out for my man pee-wee
(Pee-wee)
And do what you gotta do, all right black, bust it

I'm the sugar dick daddy, f**k what you think
Pass the 40 right by me, 'cause you know I don't drink
I remain sober when I drop a hit
But I put gum in my ass 'cause I like to pop shit
When it comes to pullin' gums I might do it
But put your guard up black and I'm a run right through it
Don't sleep on the side, thinkin' I'm easy to beat
'Cause I'll be up in that ass like a bike seat

And when it comes to boning, I'm Mr. Erecticy
Hoes come by the crib for a free hysterectomy
I've got a dick that I brag about, I put it in fast then I drag it out
Girls, I'll be the special friend see
'Cause your man suffers from pseudo-penis envy
I do damage, oh, uhm
The sugar dick is guarantied to make you come
Now I pass the 40 'cause you heard from me
So, go get a forklift Chi-ali

Well I'm too young for 40's, and too young for blunts
The only thing I'm not too young for is the stunts
The gurlies, the ladies, I love them with a passion
But back to the mic 'cause I'm always down for action
Many M.C.'s fall to the dust, some will rust
'Cause I bust and I crush, you can't touch
I'm the child of the wild, the flavor of the Nile
I gave you plenty of chances still ya f**k with this style
Now that you know, Chi-ali can't be taken
Pass the 40 'cause my mother's not lookin'

Yo give me that, kid, you pah will put you in the mourage
Listen to hot diggity dog
Bibb bow wow wow wow wow
Yipity yie yo, yipity yo yie yeah
Digity dog is rockin' it and
Yes, I'm definitely here to stay
Pass me 40, pass me to 40, pass it if you may
Because my Jimmy is hard and yes I have a hoe to slay

And when I'm funkin' it the bitches they go huhhh
When I'm funkin' the bitches they go huhhh
You'll drink the 40, I drink a guiness staught
And when I see you home, I'm out
You baby Chris, pass me the keys to the car
I'm runnin' late for my menage-a-trois

Pass it, tap it, and then crack it

Take a small swig or down it like a pig
You too tipsys to operate this rig
I'm a mike, you suckers I strike in flight
Here's a D.W.I. for drivin' drunk with the Mike
From Chi to Lawnge and all those in this fight
Loosen your grip 'cause you're holdin' it to tight
I'll take a body count, I know my body count is right
Five drunk niggers from my left to my right
And maybe you hope that I'm with tonight

But it's all right, yo' it's all right
So Dave my grip is getting weak
Grab the 40 so I can hear you speak

I live large, Caviar and Limos
Spent most of my time refusin' bullshit demos
Can you understand, do you you understand?
Well let me explain I'm the A and R man
Dave Gossett, yes I rock it
I rip the mic and I stuff pockets
Don't believe me, ask the sheep see
They got the money, think it's funny
Always scoopin' all the honey

Opps, I meant to say hoes, broke my own rhyme
What'cha didn't know, uh oh
I see a stroblelite hoe, I gotta go, I gotta go
Yo Dres, it's your turn
Act like gonnarhea and burn baby burn

Step into the booth and give 'em proof
That black sheep don't need Jack to get loose
And rip a roof, the center too
You're in my f**kin' way so move
And let a nigga get smooth
Honeys play me close
'Cause my goods are on display
So, I play 'em like vitamins and take a ho a day

I pull 'em like a dentist, mold 'em like a teacher
Knock 'em like a bowler, fleece 'em like a preacher
Step, get a man, go to school, join a band
It makes no difference whether
Dre's is that type of brother
That will hit that ass forever 'cause I'm clever, ever
Have I, ever, lost my sight
Or said, "Mike when I bone this night"

Not talkin' 'bout chicken
But if she's finger lickin'
I will let it be known
Don't bite the bone
Micraphon's I like 'em 'cause they let me amplify
So don't reach for the sky, you know you can't fly
But still you reach up higher, a black sheep is your desire
Then you look up at me 'cause I'm a frequent flyer

So now you got beef chief, grief will be your
I sport a full metal jacket, give your beef some lo mein
'Cause I'mmm swingin' like a swinger, singin' like a singer
I'm lookin' for your finger or your ho so did you bring her
Ah I'm just bullshittin', almost time for quittin'
There's money to be made and booty to be hittin'

Look and you will see, Dre's that's who I be
A divine incline of mine is studio time