

Uhh  
H2, 26 inch shoes  
Big boy toys, air traveller iceman shoes  
Straight fool, look at the way that I wear my hair  
Look at the pants and the clothes I wear  
Look at the way my that my necklace glare  
Cars exotic pimpskillet narcotics  
Got 'em pimpskillet, sippin on some Hypnotiq  
Pimpskillet a bossy alottamajig, and Sic' Wid It  
We pack staplers and zigs and hunting gear equipment  
Rug-ers are rigged, I spit at chickens and pidgeons  
I flip the clippers at falcons and box Chevy's dippin  
Thou'n! Smokin with my next door neighbor  
Coughin - turtle and tobacco paper  
Gangsta - read all about it  
Northern Califoolya got THE talent  
Play mindgames and talk slick and slide in  
That's why the P's be poppin and the mackin be multiplyin

Me and my weeples natural hustlers  
If you need that then come get plugged by us  
223's comin out the state from us  
This is Sic' Wid It, you can't fuck wit us

The Candyman, in the kitchen with the pots and pans  
Fiends makin bass pipes, out of ink pens  
Where the cherries'll let ya hustle forever  
But soon as the murders start occurin they gon' come get ya  
Soon as the money start to flowin somebody gon' snitch ya  
Soon as the rellis get to knowin that youse a fixture  
Off in the bushes on surveillance takin a picture  
So the poorer get poorer and the richer keep gettin richer  
Real like estate, my works carry a lot of weight  
Never on time, always late on a concert date  
Get it Raoul, does he know what flavor the Bay  
Back up in three-one-oh they give me the playa rank  
Born on a MON-DAY! .. Forty Bela-FONTE!  
Skippin and skatin and slidin, bouncin and dippin and glidin  
Spittin and rappin and rhymin, ballin and wellin and timin

Boy you the opposite of cold!  
Your lyrics stick out, like a turd in a punchbowl  
You don't give a man fish, you teach him how to fish  
You don't give a broad chips, you reverse that shit  
I'm talkin about cheese (cheese)  
Only time that you 'sposed to do that when, she's yo' main squeeze  
Got your babies, drive Mercedes  
No if's or maybe's, that's your lady  
Quiet on the set!  
E-40 Belafonte the greatest game spitter of all time beatin down vets  
Comin around the corner in that clean-ass convertible droptop Corvette  
How can I forget a lil' bumpy face and a bottle of that there Moet  
I bumped into this HOTTIE .. at a ghetto-ass PARTY  
Frankie V jeans I seen, lookin so fresh and so clean  
Got her all up on my team, jockin my glare and my gleam

(HOT!) 40 Water is

(HOT!) Sic' Wid It still  
(HOT!) #1 and we  
(HOT!) ..  
(HOT!) 40 Water is  
(HOT!) Sic' Wid It still  
(HOT!) #1 and we  
(HOT!) ..  
(HOT!)  
(HOT!)  
(HOT!)  
(HOT!)