

Carlos Rossi

E-40

What's up fool, I got like 3 buck on the Rossi
Let's go get perved
You don't wanna get perved, nigga
You don't wanna fuck wit this Rossi shit
Man, don't forget the ice man
Oh, you want something to
O.K.

Top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi
Drinkin' on some of of that top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi

Top of the line wine Carlos Rossi, man
I drinks it all the time it's extra satisfying
Three of four times a day you can catch me drivin
Back and forth to the liquor store buyin
Jugs and jugs of tha shit cause I'm addicted wit no denying
Perving, swervin rannin all into the fuckin curb and
If I get one more D.U.I. then it's curtains
I can't cope, I guess I'm a alcoholic sometimes I hit the chronic
It's just like gin and tonic when it's time to get erotic
5.99 for a big ass bottle of Rossi wine it's right on time
Once you become a member of my drinkin' club you will find
The key to set ya free so give it a try
But don't mistake it for Chablis unless you already high
Spread the word get sprung and drink it with ya down chromes
That's another word for sohobs, potna, folks, homies
Every motherfuckin' year
We do this shit every other fuckin' day if not every day
But anyway I want

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Hocus motherfuckin' Pocus
The top of the line wine, yeah nigga that's the dopest
And if you in The Click, them motherfuckers notice
that we be downin jugs from the tallest to the shortest
Everywhere I go, people wants to know
What's the name of that shit you and the Click be like fuckin' wit
I keeps it on a hunch on the ... cause brother I be perved
Fuckin' wit some shit that will send you to the curb
And if you wit a bitch, then nigga you nice
Cause Rossi goes good wit some dank over ice
Take her to the telly let the wine fill her belly
Fired up some smelly then ya jammin' like jelly
Bust a couple of nuts, hit the butt and than the grill
Dick hard like I did time up in Vacaville
But still I be bossy
What you fuckin' wit though?
Fuck wit some of that top of the line wine
Yeah nigga
Carlos Rossi

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Sunny day, sky blue, shit, I think Imma barbecue

Let me get my ass up outta bed and call up the whole motherfuckin' crew
Ray you bring the chicken, Kaveo you bring the links
Mugzy you bring the hamburger meat and I'll supply the drinks
Shit it's good to be on damn it
I got Suga-T in the house whippin' up some potatoe salad
4 slabs of ribs up in the refrigerator marinatin'
Bring home the .. I got tha .. and I can't be waitin'
Well, what do you know, though the door comes Kaveo
You know!
Mugzy and Tap that ass, T-Pup and Hell and Moe
Thick ass niggas like B-Legit and E-Duece
.... Mac Shawn, Mac D-Shot and Little Bruce
The man behind the counter of the liqourstore loves me
Be ... and ready to hug me
On the strength that I done spend
Over a G within a week on the Carlos Rossi