

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

Top of the line wine, 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 liquourstore 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