

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!)  
(HOT!)