

## Lace Me Up

E-40

Ahhh..

UHH, yeah, uhh! (UHH, yeah, yeah)

(Click Click, Click Click Click) Yeah, Click shit

Oh boy (oh boy) Suga (oh boy)

Want me to tie yo' shoes? Yeah (YEAHHH)

Want me to lace you? Lace me (lace me up!)

Suga, I'm a man and believe me, most men is faulty

They only out for one thang and that's to get between them drawers

Now dere you go with that dry drama Captain

I know you mobbin, but why you tryin to stop my action?

Tear that off! You better get somewhere with that, you trippin

You know how long we been long range pimpin

I'm sayin, have a little class

I'm 'posed to break his ass right, right?

Den give up the ass!

Okay, let's go hit the pot

Watch 'em serve a knot and get two hundred off that cot

That's trill; crack him for his change

Get off in his narrow mind, exercise yo' game

Like that? (Oh boy) So quick

They call me Suga Break-A-Trick

You mean like Sherrie Stack-A-Grip?

Yeah; ain't nuttin to it

Us females ball too - somebody gotta do it!

I got, three switchin beotchies, Christine Irene and Dorene

Cleanin and clurvin, Listerine and chlorine

I got, trick willies, kickin me down allowance

Buyin me clothes, that they can't even pronounce

I got, game - off the backboard

I got, materialistic shit most females can't afford

How bout - fame, money, cars

and (they love the way us "Rappers Ball")

But let me put you up on these schemes females practice

Screw you real good and steal the money underneath the mattress

You got to be an actress, it's conniving and cunning

We fake orgasms, and make 'em think we cuming

Okay; dem some cool clues

I ain't gon' lie, you laced my tennis shoes

I'ma go back and tell all my dudes

Y'all's playin football with basketball rules

Jewels - our niggaz, we make 'em

buy engagement rings and give ultimatums

But see Suga you ain't dealin with no square ass figure

They call me Earl; I can show 'em the newest way

to play the oldest game in the world

I ain't never been one to be suckin up to no chick

My granddaddy told me to whip the pussy,

don't let the pussy be the whip

I tried to told you about a batch (what they did?)

Hit yo' windows out with a bat and put yo' tires on the flat

Now we can be some skanless sneaky sly hoes

Burnin indo even though to' up from the flo'

I smell you cause I be hustlin, tryin to make some mail

But my broad keep tryin to send me back to jail  
She caught you fuckin?  
Yeah, now she holdin grudges  
Took her keys and scratched up my Cutlass  
You gotta watch us slick talkin bay area niggaz off that gin  
We'll fuck around and get drunk and run up in yo' best friend  
We pop bra straps  
We pop collars  
We bout that scrilla scratch  
We bout them dollars  
It ain't gon' be no, "Fuck Faces," no dick tasters  
without them big faces (what I do?) He already tied my shoelaces

It is so enthusiastic to hear my mouthpiece as I spoke upon the game  
I promise you pimpin I am so open to the public about these LRP's  
Come on down, to my soil right?  
And I can lace the tardy people up, I'm havin a tutorin class right?  
And if you need to be tutored man,  
come on down to Shoestrings'n'Things they'll lace you up real good  
You underdig? The Pop Ya Collar Network  
Up under the Bosses Will Be Bosses umbrella  
And I promise you, my mouthpiece is so devastatin  
and it can not be paralyzed man because I promise you  
It ain't nothin but straight G-A-M-E comin up outta here pimpin  
Oh boy, oh boy!