

# Pass the 40

## Black Sheep

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Nigga, come off, check this out, check this out  
Listen all this shit y'all talkin' ain't got no frills  
We'll pass the 40 around and we'll see who's got some skills  
I mean if you got 'em you got 'em and if you don't  
(I got skins, got skins)  
You're over, so Mista Lawnge, listen, I give this brew to you  
I'm gonna pour some out for my man pee-wee  
(Pee-wee)  
And do what you gotta do, all right black, bust it I'm the sugar dick daddy, fuck what you think  
Pass the 40 right by me, 'cause you know I don't drink  
I remain sober when I drop a hit  
But I put gum in my ass 'cause I like to pop shit  
When it comes to pullin' gums I might do it  
But put your guard up black and I'm a run right through it  
Don't sleep on the side, thinkin' I'm easy to beat  
'Cause I'll be up in that ass like a bike seat And when it comes to boning, I'm Mr. Erecticy  
Hoes come by the crib for a free hysterectomy  
I've got a dick that I brag about, I put it in fast then I drag it out  
Girls, I'll be the special friend see  
'Cause your man suffers from pseudo-penis envy  
I do damage, oh, uhm  
The sugar dick is guarantied to make you come  
Now I pass the 40 'cause you heard from me  
So, go get a forklift Chi-ali Well I'm too young for 40's, and too young for blunts  
The only thing I'm not too young for is the stunts  
The girlies, the ladies, I love them with a passion  
But back to the mic 'cause I'm always down for action  
Many M.C.'s fall to the dust, some will rust  
'Cause I bust and I crush, you can't touch  
I'm the child of the wild, the flavor of the Nile  
I gave you plenty of chances still ya fuck with this style  
Now that you know, Chi-ali can't be taken

Pass the 40 'cause my mother's not lookin'Yo give me that, kid, you pah will put you in the mourge

Listen to hot diggity dog

Bibb bow wow wow wow

Yipity yie yo, yipity yo yie yeah

Digity dog is rockin' it and

Yes, I'm definitely here to stay

Pass me 40, pass me to 40, pass it if you may

Because my Jimmy is hard and yes I have a hoe to slayAnd when I'm funkin' it the bitches they go huhhh

When I'm funkin' the bitches they go huhhh

You'll drink the 40, I drink a guiness staught

And when I see you home, I'm out

You baby Chris, pass me the keys to the car

I'm runnin' late for my menage-a-troisPass it, tap it, and then crack it

Take a small swig or down it like a pig

You too tipsys to operate this rig

I'm a mike, you suckers I strike in flight

Here's a D.W.I. for drivin' drunk with the Mike

From Chi to Lawnge and all those in this fight

Loosen your grip 'cause you're holdin' it to tight

I'll take a body count, I know my body count is right

Five drunk niggers from my left to my right

And maybe you hope that I'm with tonightBut it's all right, yo' it's all right

So Dave my grip is getting weak

Grab the 40 so I can hear you speakI live large, Caviar and Limos

Spent most of my time refusin' bullshit demos

Can you understand, do you you understand?

Well let me explain I'm the A and R man

Dave Gossett, yes I rock it

I rip the mic and I stuff pockets

Don't believe me, ask the sheep see

They got the money, think it's funny

Always scoopin' all the honeyOpps, I meant to say hoes, broke my own rhyme

What'cha didn't know, uh oh

I see a strobleelite hoe, I gotta go, I gotta go

Yo Dres, it's your turn

Act like gonnarhea and burn baby burnStep into the booth and give 'em proof

That black sheep don't need Jack to get loose

And rip a roof, the center too

You're in my fuckin' way so move

And let a nigga get smooth

Honeys play me close

'Cause my goods are on display

So, I play 'em like vitamins and take a ho a dayI pull 'em like a dentist, mold 'em like a teacher

Knock 'em like a bowler, fleece 'em like a preacher

Step, get a man, go to school, join a band

It makes no difference whether  
Dre's is that type of brother  
That will hit that ass forever 'cause I'm clever, ever  
Have I, ever, lost my sight  
Or said, "Mike when I bone this night" Not talkin' 'bout chicken  
But if she's finger lickin'  
I will let it be known  
Don't bite the bone  
Micraphon's I like 'em 'cause they let me amplify  
So don't reach for the sky, you know you can't fly  
But still you reach up higher, a black sheep is your desire  
Then you look up at me 'cause I'm a frequent flyer So now you got beef chief, grief will be your  
I sport a full metal jacket, give your beef some lo mein  
'Cause I'mm swingin' like a swinger, singin' like a singer  
I'm lookin' for your finger or your ho so did you bring her  
Ah I'm just bullshittin', almost time for quittin'  
There's money to be made and booty to be hittin'  
Look and you will see, Dre's that's who I be  
A divine incline of mine is studio time

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