Fuckin' They Nose

E-40

[E-40]Let's make it happen
Mmmhmm.. I mean it can't get mo' mobber
Y'know, we like to buy our shit in bulk
Y'know in VOLUMES
Y'know like CostCo? We fuck with Bosco
(Fuckin with Bosco) You smell me?
It's that mob shit nigga, so damn sinister
Sssshit, BEOTCH!
Chorus: {all}
Fuckin they nose like this
[T] Your nose, fuckin your nose like this
[E] Like that? [T] It's like that
[E] Like this!
Fuckin they nose like this
[T] It's like this
[E] Like that? [T] Like that
[E] Like this! (Weeee, beeee)
Fuckin they nose like this
[T] Your nose, fuckin your nose like this
[E] Like that? [T] It's like that
[E] Like this!
Fuckin they nose like this
[T] It's like this
[E] Like that? [T] Like that
[E] Like this!
[B-Legit]I be the first out, nigga shady bring the worst out
Black beretta put the thirst out
See I'm rollin in my truck, dick hardest to fuck
Hit a block, and let the bitch blow on my sock
I got bass rock tips, red-nose tits
Las Vegas chips better dub out here (uh-huh)
Spend G's overseas got 'em sprung on the game (sprung on the game)
And all in Amsterdam you was hearin my name
I move raps over beats, tales from the street
Concrete walker, straight male stalker
(??) broken temple of hemp, I keep it simple
Money all mine, I give a fuck if you fine
My crew, doggish, Sic-Wid-It hoggish
Ball in two-thousand, suckers ain't allowed in

Catch me on the track with the froze up wrists
and I'll be fuckin they nose, like this (BEEOTCH!)
Chorus w/ minor variations
[Suga T]These bitches in competition (what what)
but ain't gon' bust a grape in a food fight
and nigga, you blowin hot air
I don't care, I keep a spare square
Bitches better beware, run up I dare you
Suga T the boss bitch, hittin switches
Mobbin old school then beatin down bitches
I'm struttin my tools, fool; give it up or shut up
Been done mess around and got stuck-up, set up
I still ride with yola copped in my cot
Impulse with chops and still be a top notch

Fuckin your nose, and yo' dome (and yo' dome)
Man Shot, let these haters know
[D-Shot]I was intrigued by the way things ran
How it was done (what else) how a bitches mind was run
So I hollered at the master pimp, who was dressed in mink
I asked him could I buy him a drink
He said, "What can I do for you son?" I said I wish to pimp
I want yo' same stroll, and I want yo' limp
I want my mail to be as long as yours
Sport big cars and breakin all the whores
Load me up with your finest disk
I'm only fifteen and I'm ready to pimp
I want my hoes to pull in all the tricks
I'm fuckin they nose like this
Chorus w/ variations
FUCKIN THEY NOSE LIKE THIS
Aowwww, aowwww, I can feel it when you talk
[E-40] When you talk
Even when you walk
[E-40] Whenever I walk
Won't you sprinkle me
[E-40] Sprinkle me mayne
Just thank you, thank you
[E-40] Just what? Sprinkle me mayne
FUCKIN THEY NOSE LIKE THIS
[E-40] Uh-huh
Just thank you, thank you
[E-40]BEOTCH! Remember me?
From "I got a mirror in my pocket and I practice lookin hard"
I'm in the traffic pervin ridin on about a buck-oh-fever

down (??) Boulevard
I does the thing to do peddle to the metal
Punchin on the gas, great dipped Caddy showin my ass
Flamboastin, straight out of Vallel'
but I got this mack game, comin from Oakland
Niggaz love me, I'm a boss *I'm a boss)
My accountant Keith say that I should lease
but see I'm ethnic, FUCK A TAX WRITE-OFF
I'm off that St. Ide's, I got that Charlie in my deck
I'm dang near paralyzed, runnin over the yellow reflectors about to wreck
I'm seein two's, three's, oasises and mirages
Bumpin into trees, leaves, garbage cans and garages
Under my seat, military issue
Spoofed up insurance, SR-22
A sack of broccoli and a bunch of bottles, I'm grounded
Fuck around and got my vehicle impounded
Shit BEOTCH, fuck, Elroy's roughed me up
Them bitches knew I had power cause I got out within a month
Chorus w/ variations
[ad libs to fade]

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