

# Alcoholism (feat. B-Legit)

E-40

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism Pull this bitch over, my nigga, I got to piss  
I stay with some sip in my fist, I drink like a fish  
Sometimes I be sober but most the times I be blitzed  
I'm having my gouda, my nigga, all on her bitch We ball like we hoopers, my nigga, we hood rich  
We winning not losing, my fella, we got chips  
I keep me a steak or a pistol, a grip four 5th  
'Cause I'd rather be judged by 12 then to be carried by 6 Don't wanna be carried by 6, I'd rather be judged by 12  
Suckas be all in my mix 'cause I be up in their girl  
Don't know how to rewrite bail, I can add and count scales  
I can sell a rock to a cliff, I can sell oil to a well Yay area reppin', don't need no swagger injection  
Big oceans 11, hustling and money collecting  
I'm shattered, I'm blundered, mane, I been chiefting that feda  
The po-po's they tripping, mane, they sobriety checking Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism The fur fur is crazy, lucky, I have me a desi  
A designated driver, a rider, we in it heavy  
We knocking 40 Water, he foolish, the boy gone  
That's all they played was his music when I was in a group home Bout to go shoot some balls, shoot some  
dominoes with my fellas  
Get on that patron, call Stella, Ella and Della  
10 to get on the board, I'm fresh off the top  
If I skunk you, my ninja, you gotta drink two shots Or we can play for some fedi or we can play for push-ups  
Or we can put on the gloves go from the shoulders and box  
After that we can hug and get a room with props  
All my fellas is thugs, ball-heads and dreadlocks Right after the function, they continue to get bent  
Last weekend was smacking, my nigga, that shit went  
I left outta there with not one but two women  
I guess you can blame it, mane, on the alcoholism Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism

Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
1300 block ready rock animal sitting in the coupe  
Orange like cantaloupe, something on the mantel fold  
Gears in the rear, old English Beer  
Makes it hard to steer I been getting fucked up since 9th 10 grade  
Bird and grape cool aid and ace of spades  
I swerved and I do thangs against the grain  
And I guess this the money we gave to champagne I pulled in the lot, bullets in the glock  
Hot or not we like to shoot shots  
Stop where I'm hot and I like to drink shots  
And I'm gone off the Julio at the 20th and what not You can say what you say, Imma paper boy  
Little waves up top with the table, boy  
She be playing hard to get but you can make them, boy  
Put some drink in her cup and watch her swish it up  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism  
Please drink responsibly, don't drink and drive  
Please drink responsibly, don't drink and drive  
Please drink responsibly, please drink responsibly  
Please drink responsibly, don't drink and drive

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>