E.I.

Ali G Indahouse

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, wait a minute now
Uh, oh
Uh, uh
Can ya'll hear me out there?
Lunatics, is y'all ready?
Let me hear ya
Uh, oh
Uh I'm a sucka for corn rows and manicured toes, hey
Fendi capri pants and Parasucos, alright
Passadity is a city, with one or two throws
I'm droppin' 'em outta high school straight into the pros
Who knows? I know
And I love it when you make your knees touch your elbows
And break it down low to the flo', and there you go
Now throw it on me slow
And everytime I Busta Rhyme, baby gimme some mo'
And you say you like that, when I hit it from behind
And I'll be right back, yeah that's my very next line
I use it, time after time, when I'm speakin' my mind
It's no matter if I'm shootin' game to a pigeon or dime
I ask her, "Who dat is, talkin' that shit about the 'tics?"
Somebody probably jealous, 'cause they bitch got hit
But ain't nobody else droppin' shit like this
Should we apologize? Nah fuck 'em, just leave 'em pissed, hey!
Andele andele mami, E I E I
Uh-oh! What's poppin' tonite?
Andele andele mami, E I E I
Uh-oh! If the head right, Nelly there every night
Andele andele mami, E I E I
Uh-oh! What's poppin' tonite?
Andele andele mami, E I E I
Uh-oh! If the head right, Nelly there every night
We can gamble to the break of dawn, nigga
Money long, nigga, pass up the skirt to talk to the thong, nigga
Some say I'm wrong, but fuck it I'm grown, nigga
If you ain't bout money then best be gone, nigga
I'm fast, uh double takes when you walk past me
Nasty, don't be scared boo, go 'head and ask me

I drive fastly, call me Jeff Gordon
In the black SS with the navigation
See the joint blaz-on, somethin' smells amaz-on
I got a chick rollin up, half black and Asian
Another one pag-in, tellin' me to come home
Her husband on vacation and left her home alone
I used the V-12, powers, weight loss, powers
From Phat Farm to Iceberg Slim in one shower
Get a room in Trump Towers just to hit the P hours
Kicked the bitch up out the room 'cause she used the word 'ours', hey!
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Aiyyo, I smash mouth a whole ounce of that sticky
Wash my hands under a gold spout, when feelin' icky
Let go off in a hoe's mouth, I ain't picky
Start frontin' when the shows out, whatchu mean?
Twenty inches when they roll out, come and get me
Big faces when they fold out, is you wit me?
Don't make me pull that fo-fo out
I keep it closer when the dough out
Then I slide up in the Escalade
Me and E is solid like the Ice Capades
And me and Heezy, frosty, project mo' wrapped up than Bugsy
You understand me, wrapped wrists like mummies
If you compare me to your local grocery
Then you'll see I got more carrots than Aisle D
More bread than Aisle G, then bag and scan me
Sure like Aisle B, meet the 'tics in Maui, Hey!
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Andele andele mami, E I E I
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Andele andele mami, E I E I
Uh-oh! If the head right, Nelly there every night
St. Louis y'all, uh, uh, uh oh
Uh, can you feel that?
Lunatics y'all, uh, uh, uh oh

Uh, uh, Uncle Phil up above y'all, uh, uh
Uh oh, yell it universal y'all, uh, uh
Uh oh, uh, uh, chillin', chillin', chillin' with the crew y'all
Andele andele mami, E I E I
Uh-oh! What's poppin' tonite?
Andele andele mami, E I E I
Uh-oh! If the head right, Nelly there every night
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