

Sippin' 40z

Gravy Train!!!!

One additional word of advice

If you get behind when listening to this record

Simply go back to the beginning of the cut and start over

All you need is some patience and a little practice

And you will soon be Disco Dancing with the best I had some 40z on my mind when I woke up this mornin'

I was sick of fancy drinks from the bitches I'd been bonin'

Wanted to get trashed, lay down and drink my stash

Get up and make a quick dash then bat my fuckin' eyelash At the big nasty bottle of the shit I drink

You may call me a ghetto freak but I won't even blink

Don't even try to contain the 40z that I drain

I leave a malt liquor stain like a fucking freight train I go to the high school, I go to the high school

To find me a bitch, a young virgin switch

I go to the high school, I go to the high school

I find a young gun, I drench him in cum I go to the high school, I go to the high school

Make him kiss my gash, then I fuck his tight ass

I go to the high school, I go to the high school

If you make your momma cry I'll give you some of my St. Ide's Sippin' on some 40z Like I learned in third grade

For me the drink was made and I won't ever trade

The taste of sweet malted sex on my pussy lovin' tongue

First time I drank it it stung and then some little bells rung And I knew that I loved you, I knew that I loved you

Put nobody above you, rather sip you then get screwed

I knew you were somethin', had my little brain bumpin'

'Stead of doin' my man last night, it was you that I was humpin' I go to the high school, I go to the high school

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I find a young gun, I drench him in cum I go to the high school, I go to the high school

Make him kiss my gash, then I fuck his tight ass

I go to the high school, I go to the high school

If you make your momma cry I'll give you some of my St. Ide's Sippin' 40z

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