

Pass The 40

Black Sheep

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 guaranteed 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 mourage
Listen to hot diggity dog
Bibb bow wow wow wow wow
Yipity yie yo, yipity yo yie yeah
Dignty 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 slay
And when I'm funk'in it the bitches they go huhhh

When I'm funk'in the bitches they go huhhh

You'll drink the 40, I drink a guinness 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-trois
Pass 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 tonight
But it's all right, yo' it's all right

So Dave my grip is getting weak

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

Spent most of my time refusin' bullshit demos

Can you understand, do 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 honey
Opps, I meant to say hoes, broke my own rhyme

What'cha didn't know, uh oh

I see a stroblelite hoe, I gotta go, I gotta go

Yo Dres, it's your turn

Act like gonnarhea and burn baby burn
Step 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 day
I 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
Microphon'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'm 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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