H.i. Double L.

E-40

(E-40)
Hey ah, which way should I steer ah
The beat keeps knockin down my rear view mirror
Pervin like a mothafucka swervin
Hope I don't scrub in my '95 Suburban
To go throughout the community squattin on gold tippy toes
Peep, breathin on Indian cigarette-Ganish Bidi posin niggas tweak
Quick fast and a hurry don't worry 40 vision blurry
Shorty hit the freeways climbin like that nigga Joe Torre
(Celly Cel)
What do you know it's siggity Cel
That funky niggero that funky nigga doe
Kickin in doors you beta grab ya hoe
I see ya cruisin in the late night
creepin wit my nigga B-Legit and 40 water, ah shit
(40)
We're here-we're there-we're everywhere
Highly intox-icated but we don't care
(B-Legit)
I'm from the H.I.L.L. the place where my niggas bell
A mack muthafuckin 12 will send your ass straight to hell
(40)
A tick a tock, the shit da spot
They say them crazy muthafuckas pull out a chop
(B)
I watch them muthafuckas run
I do this shit for fun
You niggas know you can't get none
(40)
Biatch
Chorus-
I'm from the V.A.L.L.E.J.O
H.I.L.L side doe
Spittin straight game is all a nigga know and ahh
and they be like... (there they go,off to the liquor store)
(B)
I tell a bitch what the fuck you mean where I've been
And so what I smells like pussy and gin
I had money to make

Bitches to break and if the shit was out of line I had lives to take
I told you from the gate that I'm a mobster
Sippin DP eatin lobster
Don't get it confused you won't get abused
As long as you makin' me them revenues
(Cel)

That miggity mack, that diggity dang and that niggity nut
Jump in the back of my cut with a tramp slut and hit the gut
Ain't got no love for 'em all I love to do is dick 'em
Pass 'em to the extra mannish nigga 40 water
(40)
If I was popeye with a ?
You could kiss my big black royal
I'm not funkin' over Oliveoil
Last night I had a superbad in my room
She sucked me till my dick shriveled up like a prun
(Cel)
Well pass the Hussy to the left hand side
So I can bend her over hit it from the back and let her ride
You know it's Sick Wid It
Hog gotta put the shake down
Shot her to the left nigga hit me with the break down
Chorus
(40)
Beefeater, Tanqueray, Safire, Bombay
? the punch bowl full of hurricane
That'll last a nigga dang near all day
Smokin' HERB we gets perved cop a squat
Let's hang out at the old Cola spot
(B)
Nigga I'm a Louie smokes damn near Q
So can I get a Twomp on my pager here
You been blowin' me up
I know you know the code
31 double 07 dash 9 eleven
(40)
High steppin'
Ya blankin off the blanks
'cause I'm a

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