Mouthpiece

Justo Almario

[Chorus 3x] I don't need no iron I'm already creased
I don't need no money I got mouthpiece
[E-40]Thug wit me who got that indo nigga mug wit me
Stick yo' pistol out the window have a few drinks wit me
Nigga get fired up
Out of state dummy license plate faulty ass tags
Trunk full of out door weed back seat full of garbage bags
Lookin' fo' that money train lookin' fo' that treasure
Like to fuck alot mix the business wit the pleasure
What's up you timer when you gone resign
Put a soul food restaurant in yo' mamas name and own your own clothing line
Ain't no tellin'
that's what Harold told Melvin back in the days of penny loafs
When Teddy Pendegrass was in the blue notes
A big lip street nigga was in the makin' a ferocious dangerous dude
A little microscopic seed maranatin' in the fallopian tube
Ready to face the world ready to say my speech
Ready to come out early feet first nigga breeched
Uno uno dos tres quattro
Drinkin' malt liquor out the baby bottle
Five five six six seven eight
Move from the crest side to the hillside
Go ahead ask the v.p.d.
Betcha they tell you about me
Betcha they tell you they been investigatin' my ass since '83
Betcha they say dude real,
betcha they say I don't know how that nigga did it
but he sittin' on a few mill
All I gotta say is nemesis
Bet I know one thing betch you they know
who shot my mommas house up that night on magazine
Should I say I wanna take a face nah
cause if the district attorney get this tape they might build a case
I'm high as fuck man inhalin' it beatin' on my chest like Tarzan
Hold it fo' ten
Five lucky to be alive
I only got one mo' album to do on jive, an' I'm gone
[Chorus 2x]
I don't need no iron I'm already creased

I don't need no money Igot mouthpiece

Let's go half on a forty an' a twamp sack of broccoli
I got a car deville coupty
So what if its primer colored so what it's a hooptie
So what if the lifters tick I knwo I'm forty water
So what if I gotta get up under the engine an' tap the starter
In the mourning eatin' cereal
Strapped with the 223 infrared material
Who come from nothin' who run the thirteen hundred block
Who used to top have to walk the streets floodin' wit holes in they socks
Who really real, how many know the deal
Who got they church clothed from the good will
Click shit makes a muthafuckas night
Niggas listen to it 'cause it's right
Money don't make me, I make money
What I look like fuckin' over a broad, playboy I'm a macaroni
I mean that bitch got miles on her she's a ho
I mean that bitch can teach the wind how to blow
She's a pro groupie though
Zulu jocka binaca
The hood head knocka'
[Chorus 1x]
I don't need no iron I'm already creased
I don't need no money I got mouthpiece
Sometimes I'm suited up sometimes I don't care
When I'm grindin' I don't brush my teeth or comb my hair
When I'm timin' I like to buy drinks
When I'm timin' it's louie the thirteenth
Ballers you know how we livin'
You know how we meet 'em in the parking lot at popeye's chicken
I can mesmerize a hoe by jowsin
Can you make a g look like ten thousand
Where all my ghetto tycoon, beanie caps, and kangols
Where all my niggas wit them federal beepers on they ankles
Where all the hood-hoe dick teasers
Where all my beautiful black intelligent divas
[Chorus 1x]
I dont' need no iron I'm already creased
I don't need no money I got mouthpiece

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/