Lieutenant Roast A Botch

E-40

The names have been changed to protect the innocent
The Adventures of Lieutenant Roast a Botch
And Sherrie Stack a Grip
Ay, ay ay, ay nigga pull that motherfucker, ay
Ay, ay hold on playboy
Ay pull that motherfucker over dude
Bu bu bu bu bu bu bu
I know he is not about to bring his motherfuckin' ass over here
Buu, huh? Damn
You had a smile on your face yesterday why you lookin' mean today?
I was tryin' to holla at your potnah that's why
I say, uh-oh, look out danger
Captain Save a Hoe with the Rescue Rangers
You wanna holla right
Hell naw you ain't gettin' the digits
While you was in the Hall of Game you should've checked my exibit
Lieutenant Roast a who, I'll leave you balless
Always can come, this ain't no beach you fuckin' walrus
I'm Sherrie Stack a Grip, known to slap niggas in shit
I'll take your refrigerator and your bank roll bitch
Only way you gone see this
If it's under your tongue
Get out my face you fuckin' eclipse, you're blockin' my sun
Bitch what the fuck you talkin' 'bout?
It ain't like you some kind of notch or somethin'
You know what I'm sayin' bitch
I'm Lieutenant Roast a Botch, you didn't know it huh?
Captain Save a Hoe
Bitch that's my long distance cousin from Boise, Idaho
We cake patnas but dude be savin' hoes
And I be savin' marbles
It's a long ass distance between me and that fool
'Cause he's one of them modest fellows
And I'm Lieutenant Roast a Botch
Known for roastin' hoes like marshmellows
Let you tell it 'cause you a strong black sista about your clout
Knowin' you ain't got a pot to piss in and a window to throw it out
Are you itchin' can't think about sexin'
Irritated by your yeast infection

She's a lazy hoe, y'll seen her
Sit on her ass all day and watch Jerry Springer
Ten kids by ten different dicks
Biotch, your whole house smell like piss
If it ain't about cash, then it ain't about shit
Throw it, money, fonky cock hoe beoottch
Lieutenant, Lieutenant, Lieutenant, Lieutenant Roast a Botch
Lieutenant, Lieutenant, Lieutenant, Lieutenant Roast a Botch
Sherrie Stack a Grip, Sherrie, Sherrie Stack a grip
Sherrie Stack a Grip, Sherrie, Sherrie Stack a grip
Aten-hut
Stand at attention 'cause one of the main thangs you need to learn
Is to shut the fuck up while tycoons is talkin'
Raise your hand and don't be speakin out of tongues
Only when told to speak, spoke
Only time you laugh is when I tell a joke
Nigga damn your personality
You never get no ass from me
Big, bear muthafucka gettin' no pussy, sittin' there mad at me
Ain't it bad business for Pillsbury to be smokin' on Swishers

Lieutenant look like you roastin' more turkeys than bitches
With your fat ass, fix your cash in a grab bag
By the time you touch your toes
Muthafucka I'll be in Baghdad
Ooh, I heard your pussy went platinum
Colomena serpants, herpes, chlymadia in the albumum
Sherrie Stack a Grip nicknamed
Sherrie Stuff a Dick The Ratchet Mouth Biotch
See I go hard on a bitch, like my little cousin
Said those rappin' ass brothers from Dallas go hard black
Gold diggin' bitch I ain't got no scratch
Ah nigga, Sherrie Stack a Grip don't give a fuck about that
If it ain't about cash, then it ain't about shit
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Why are you screamin' at me are you mad from frustration?
It ain't my fault you still masturbatin'
If youse a balla muthafucka help me recognize
Roll over this fifty dollar bill and give me ten fives
Fives ass nigga you weak dick havin', roach clip needin'
Wheezin' tryin' to breath oversleepin' ass nigga

With your fat ass
Always wanna holla sittin' there stank
With your fat ass
Cheesy knuckles marinatin' with your drank
Hey fat ass
You best go tender your vittles
Paw lubricated, dick in hand, poppin' chicken like skillets
I hold your account like clothes
Oh God, you quit it, you don't believe me?
Call your bank and go and ask your bitch
Haven't you noticed?
Put your hand in front of your mouth and smell it yourself
Oh, bitch that's halitosis
When the last time you saw a doctor about your health
Oh you hoes, talkin' 'bout you got the flu
Ignorin' do-do breath you can't avoid
Somebody give this hoe a Altoid
Would you please put some lotion on them scuffed up, ashy knees
Clothes lookin' like they need to see a dry cleaners
You out there bad with your imitation Prada bag
I know your history hoe
Thunderbird and grape Kool-Aid
You remember suckin' dicks in the seventh grade
All you needed was some bamma and a couple hits
That's why the sa-habs called you
Sherrie Stuff a Dick the Ratchet Mouth Biotch
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