

Beanie Sigel f/ Bun B

"Purple Rain"

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[Intro]

caution
do not mix wit alcohol
it may cause drowsiness
keep out of reach of small children

[Verse 1: Beanie Sigel]

I roll a bat, crack a dutch, have a sizzip
get introduced to this drink that I sizzip
Pearlmethozine with codeine that's my twizzist
it might lead me to the left or make me izzitch
pearlmeth with the tuss', some like the mizix
cordin' to they physics and how they wanna dizzip
but be careful it ain't your ordinary liquid
first time you sip it, you might get addicted
matter fact, I know you gon' get addicted
Cause it's so sweet like licorice, plus it's good for your
sickness
I used to watch my uncle sip it, goin' through his
glas in my grandmother's kitchen
head in his lap, grandma bitchin'
pocket full of scraps, plus scratchin' and itchin'
back when they sip breaulm and smoked cheeba
took dawton's 4's and chewed ceebas
this one is for my real mud-mixers, who get screwed
up, my thick juice sippers
shoutout, to my man Lil' Flip, Big Mo, Project Pat and
the whole Three 6
yea I know about them Texas boys
who keep a liter in the cup, and a heater in the tuck
think a Xanax and indo sack make me slack
cocktailed or v'ed up, swiss-cheesed up

[Chorus]

Please don't blow my high (blow my high)
when I'm sippin' that purple rain
said don't blow my high, blow my high
when I'm sippin' that purple rain
I know it may sound crazy, keeps me lazy

[Verse 2: Bun B]

way back in '94 Bruce Steel had his date up
he called over to his house and he poured me an 8' up
I asked him what it was, he said Bun, get your weight
up
this is lean, them white folks call it pearl methozone
shit, but we gon' call it drink dog cause that's what we
be doin' to it
now take this big red and pour about a 2' into it
I said 2's and 8's, that the fuck is you trippin' on
he said man that's an ounce of the cough syrup that you
sippin' on
so shit I poured it, I sipped it, then I tipped some mo'
I fired up a green moster, and I hit that ho'
started relaxin', shit and to my surprise
I was noddin' off, starin' at the back of my eyes
they tried to wake me up, but shit I just kept yawnin'
I fell out in my chair and woke up there the next mornin'
God bless my nigga, cause it's then I been spawned
on my white muddy go, but can't taste a seed at all

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Beanie Sigel] + (Bun B)

I roll a bat, crack a dutch, have a sizzip
get introduced to this leaf in my splizzif
no stem, no seeds, no stizzicks
the ultimate, experience, like Jimi Hendrix
I like to roll up, cowboy tradition
or burn a peace pipe and burn a cythe like the Injuns
or burn a big spliff, Bob Marley Style
"Buffalo Soldier," Rastafari style
we smokes on pizurp
(we sips on syzurp)
get it by the 8', by the pint, (or by the kizurp)
some might take a (high), or a down (or a bizurp)
whatever you can stand, floats your boat (make ya'
twizurp)
yes I fucks wit' ya' if you smoke on green (or sip on
lean)
yea whatever, click or teen (strip for a scene)
nigga burn your spliff one time
(say Beans, swing your big body Benz and I'll swing
mine)

[Chorus]

(Bun B ad-libs fade out)

