

E-40

"L.I.Q."

Visit "[L.I.Q.](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mobb that shit out nigga
Bosko, Mobb that shit, beotch
Mobb shit
(Mobb shit)
We invented this shit
(What'd we do?)
Boy I helped pioneer this
Boy I helped pioneer this
Hoe beotch

I'm irkin', head spinnin' dome swervin'
Emergin' to the right to the left, see three, hallucinatin'
Stoned ain't got a lick but a bra protection on my phone
Therefore that'll make it this that much easier
For anybody with a computer that got the right data
information

Software to clone, clone it off the streets how much?
Bass head dis down playa price boy a hundred piece
(Hundred piece)
Shit I don't figure dat dere ain't no mo' worse than
clonin' sheep
Just understand, I dub this for my weepies

More hair on my face than my daddy do
(Daddy do)
I guess it's them steroids that they been puttin' in our
food
(In our food)
Shit the man behind the counter at the liquor store
asked him for ID
Before he get to askin' me and if he ask me for ID

Then I'ma get [Incomprehensible] bitch
To use some of that swindlin' ass fast-fast talkin'
Con man [Incomprehensible] in the ghetto urban
reverse psychology
Niggaz got it tough out here, tough out here, it's rough
Niggaz got it rough out here, nigga out here, it's tough

Let's hit the weed spot, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the liquor sto', let's hit the L.I.Q.

Let's hit the house party, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Pull up sideways, doin' about a buck-fifty

Let's hit the weed spot, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the liquor sto', let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the house party, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Pull up sideways, doin' about a buck-fifty

Hello my friend, whassuper dude?
Give me a pack of sunflower seeds
And a box of larger size Magnum rubbers
A generic lemon squeeze lime juice and a bottle of
Goldschlager

A pack of licorice, lick 'em and lock 'em zig-zags
A hard boiled egg and them pickled pig feet
(Pickled pigs feet)
Shit I gotta do as much fuckin' and partyin' as I can
I gotta go turn myself in next week
(Beotch)

I'm up all night, playa what chagonna be doin'
Up in somebody's [Incomprehensible] layin' pipe
Bitch be talkin' about suin' and try to accuse yo' ass of
rape
'Cause you rap sa' hoe, I ain't even tryin' to entertain
that

See I dip in mo' holes than a golf ball
Pussy fallin' all out of my Granada
Squabs in Kansas City, squabs in Colorado
Learned how to pop my collar in the city where they
shot The Mack
Dem were some of the players that helped tie my shoes
and lace me
Name was Curtis and B.O.

Well whaddya know? Doo doo dirt clucks
[Incomprehensible]
Messy and tap that ass fool we in hella mo'
(Beotch)
Bitch-ass niggaz like B-Legit and [Incomprehensible]
And Mac-Shon, mack D-Shot and Lil' Bruce, beotch

Let's hit the weed spot, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the liquor sto', let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the house party, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Pull up sideways, doin' about a buck-fifty

Let's hit the weed spot, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the liquor sto', let's hit the L.I.Q.

Let's hit the house party, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Pull up sideways, doin' about a buck-fifty

On the dope track where the bass heads be comin'
through
I see more killings and more hop than the kangaroo
My baby's momma she sick, she on that glass dick
Be crawlin' all on the rug lookin' for that shit

Hogan High School prom queen right?
On her hands and knees pickin' up lint and anything
that's white
That's how you can tell that a dope fiend's gone psycho
When they get to hah lookin' all out the curtains with
they high beams

On the corner, be that dice game unfoldin'
(What happened?)
One of my dudes, seriously, he rollin'
Then a couple of fools pull up and went for theirs a-
course
With intentions of splittin' my wig but it wound up
gettin' reversed

I left they kite flyin', down for the grind, witnesses
dissolve
(Dissolve)
A prime example of bad karma, Murphy's Law
(Murphy's Law)
If you gon' be a fool then be a fool, shit
But just know when to act a fool and who to act a fool
with

Let's hit the weed spot, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the liquor sto', let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the house party, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Pull up sideways, doin' about a buck-fifty

Let's hit the weed spot, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the liquor sto', let's hit the L.I.Q.
Let's hit the house party, let's hit the L.I.Q.
Pull up sideways, doin' about a buck-fifty

Hoe shit
I don't care, call the cops
Mob shit
I don't care, call the cops

Mob shit'll never fall
Mob shit gon' always sell through, smell that?
What mob shit do?

I don't care, call the cops

All mob shit do is quadruple
I'm in this bitch, irkin' like a motherfucker
I don't care, call the cops
Fuckin' shit, beotch

I don't care, call the cops
Yeah that's that shit
I don't care, call the cops

See that's that shit that get a nigga krunk, right there
That's that shit that'll get a nigga buck, on they hoe ass
Mobb that shit out nigga
Bosko, Mobb that shit they ain't knowin'

See I spit that shit too look here
Make the shit go like this here

Visit [E-40](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.