

E-40

"Sick Wid It II"

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(feat. Turf Talk)

[Turf Talk + (E-40)]

Damn nigga, ay where Mikey at mayne?
Ay, ay Droop-E, Droop-E! You old enough to drink
nigga?
Whassup cousin? (Whassup tycoon, what's goin on?)
It's your young nephew Turkey mayne
(What is it boy? What's goin on family?)
There's a lot of shit that need to be said big cousin
(Talk to me, I'll talk back)
First of all I'ma start by just sayin we can't be fucked
with
And you know it!!! (Ooooh)
Got all the whole hood in this motherfucker (the whole
soil)
Sick Wid It nigga (now) been runnin this shit

[E-40]

Look out pimp!
Oyster Perpetual, cushion cut bezel
I'm busy I ain't even had time to eat a fortune cookie
Since I signed with BME every promoter
and every agency in the industry been tryin to book me
Mackin-ass 40, what that do?
Sometimes me, always you
Man you a real-ass nigga, man you a boss
If I had yo' hand I woulda been done cut mine off
A cult following, hustlers they love me
Kill a tree and put a rock in the hospital over me
If you see me up in the mountains with a lion, I ain't lyin
Nigga don't help me, my nigga help the mountain lion!
Uhh, chalupas {?} thousand dollar stacks
Turn a couple of ki's into a couple hundred racks
The main drag, the soil, the blacktop
The gravel, the D-spot, we open like IHOP

[Turf Talk]

Yea mayne! These motherfuckers know!
Nigga this is big 40-Water motherfucker!
The ambassador of the Bay nigga!
Nigga we stay eatin over here motherfucker!

You niggaz need to step your motherfuckin weight up
nigga
Sick Wid It, BME motherfucker

[E-40]

Look out pimp!
Hit me on my chirp, I got that work
Fuck e'rybody else, I got myself on my shirt
Better hurry up and come and get 'em we got the
lowest rates
I'm tellin you pimpin cause they goin like hotcakes
Cops come and spoil it we flushin it down the toilet
Throw it in the battery acid and then destroy it
Pay attention and learn, while I teach you how to grit
and grind
Fifteen five? All the time (cool)
These square-ass rappers, they get a few bucks
Then they, lose contact get out of touch
With the, with the streets, we stick to the turf like cleets
Off the leash, we thirsty we hungry we beasts
Look out, watch out, here come the jumpout
Hide your dope in your anus, and put the weed out
'Fore they beat us and choke us and take our funds
And shoot us with them tazer guns

[Turf Talk]

You niggaz'll get your motherfuckin head knocked off
fuckin with us boy
Nigga we been doin this shit nigga
Niggaz need to bow the fuck down and pay homage
nigga
Niggaz been stealin our shit for years 40!
Niggaz brave to talk around these motherfuckers,
WATER!

[E-40]

The whole enchilada, the whole taco
Motherfucker I'm a capo!
Play with hundred round drums
Me and my u-salaam(?)
A stingy nigga, watch every penny that I spend
Go to any hood in the world and fit right in
A young nigga, with an old soul
A busy nigga, put the President on hold
Ride Vogues, 26 inch toes
Got the inside of the laws smokin like broke stogs
You can find me in the mall, buyin up all the clothes
Or in A-T-L or Club 112, throwin them 'bows
Left and right arms froze, cold like the ice from the
cooler
Just left the jeweler, rose gold, Frank Mueller

I smoke big, growin weed in my garage
Police roll up, I got a cannabis card

[Turf Talk]

Wait wait wait! Money.. power and respect
motherfucker

40 told you niggaz mayne! We hongry nigga!

We eat soup with a fork around this bitch mayne!

Knahmean? Step your motherfuckin weight up nigga

You niggaz pockets is touchin motherfucker

You starvin! *[laughter]*

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