

E-40 "Sprinkle Me"

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Intro: E-40

burrp, burp

Yeah, focus pocus, skiggedy-skat

It ain't nuttin but me

That nigga E-40

Finna sprinkle some of you fools with some of this

This G-A-M-E man some of this game

Understand my sista

Finna sprinkle you fools with sprinkle sista

Understand this doe

It don't stop til the motherfucking glock pop

[Don't stop] and fuck a glock I'm fuckin with a Sig Sauer

P226 Diana Ross cousin nina

Misdemeanor, that's what we do, understand it

Verse One: E-40

I be more hipper than a hippopotamus

Get off in your head like a neurologist

Pushin more weight than Atlas

Got a partner by the name of 2Pacalypse

The seven-oh-seven my roost go hella fall back to Floyd

Terrace

I pull a forty out of my ballcap

And den I flush it down my esopha-garus

The group that I'm with The Click

Shigge-D-Shot, Legit

Family orientated

Game related, it's the shit

Killing motherfuckers off crucial

Sittin em down mutual

Running through these lyrics as if I was fibered

Like Metamucil

Timah timah.... forty widah.. forty wide

Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main,
sprinkle me main

Big timah timah, big timah.... forty widah-ahh

Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main

Kick that shit Suga

Verse Two: Suga T

Here comes the top notch, ooh ooh ooh here I be
Clicked out me Suga T from the V
I'm quick to smob (quick to smob), always down for the
job
Ya gotta strut that's a gang of shot (gang of shot)
Ooh ooh ooh I'm a fool
Slangin more mail as I slides through your hood
Straight shakin all, these bustas and busterettes
Tryin to claim fame off my Chavez rep (Chavez rep)
Ohh, why oh why must I be so tight? (Why oh why)
Most folks tell me, Suga you ain't right (Why oh why
Suga you ain't right)
It makes me wanna scream while I make ya holler
Pullin a gang of clout like that al-mighty dollar

Chorus: E-40, Suga T

Suga Suga (ahh yeah that's me) Suga Suga
That's my sista (you know my name!)
Sprinkle me girl, sprinkle me girl (ahaha)
Sprinkle me girl, sprinkle me girl
Suga Suga (that's what they call me)
Dat's my sista (I ain't right!)
Sprinkle me girl, sprinkle me girl, sprinkle me girl,
sprinkle me girl

Verse Three: E-40, Suga T

(Check the flotation!)
Nigga PHin on a playa makin mega
Tryin to knock the hustle just because we way too major
(E they try to test your testicles, you know that shit ain't
cool)
Suga don't make me have to come up out the sound
booth
And act a fuckin fool
(All these old hoe-cake ass niggaz, they make me so
damn sick)
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM ON A TRICK
Playa play her for false and get rubbed off ya don't
want malse
Fuck around and get evaporated

Chorus: E-40

Cause I'ma timah timah.... timah timah
Forty widah... forty wide
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main,
sprinkle me main

Big timah timah... big timah
Forty widah... forty wide
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main
That's what we do, beatch!

Understand this shit, understand it
What's happenin Suga, you in this bitch with me?
(haha thought you heard)
Yeah that's what we do for the motherfuckin... nine-five
(ha for the nine-five, yeah)
Sick Wid It Records, jive all the time
(understandin the system main)
It's Mob City, V-Town, it's Mob City
It's Mob City V-Town niggaz
(mobbin through ya hood)

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