

## **E40**

### **"Carlos Rossi"**

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What's up fool, I got like 3 buck on the Rossi  
Let's go get perved, you don't wanna get perved,  
nigga  
You don't wanna fuck wit this Rossi shit  
Man, don't forget the ice man, oh, you want something  
to, okay

Top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi, drinkin' on some of  
Of that top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi

Top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi, man, I drinks it all  
the time  
It's extra satisfying, three of four times a day  
You can catch me drivin' back and forth to the liquor  
store buyin'  
Jugs and jugs of tha shit 'cause I'm addicted wit no  
denying

Perving, swervin', runnin' all into the fuckin' curb  
And if I get one more D.U.I. then it's curtains, I can't  
cope  
I guess I'm a alcoholic sometimes I hit the chronic  
It's just like gin and tonic when it's time to get erotic

5.99 for a big ass bottle of Rossi wine, it's right on time  
Once you become a member of my drinkin' club you  
will find  
The key to set ya free so give it a try  
But don't mistake it for Chablis unless you already high

Spread the word, get sprung and drink it with ya down  
chromes  
That's another word for sohobs, potna, folks, homies  
Every motherfuckin' year we do this shit  
Every other fuckin' day if not everyday but anyway I  
want

Top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi, drinkin' on some of  
Of that top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi

Hocus motherfuckin' Pocus  
The top of the line wine, yeah nigga that's the dopest

And if you in The Click, them motherfuckers notice  
That we be downin' jugs from the tallest to the shortest

Everywhere I go, people wants to know  
What's the name of that shit you and the Click be like  
fuckin' wit  
I keeps it on a hunch on the 'cause brother I be perved  
Fuckin' wit some shit that will send you to the curb

And if you wit a bitch, then nigga you nice  
'Cause Rossi goes good wit some dank over ice  
Take her to the telly let the wine fill her belly  
Fired up some smelly then ya jammin' like jelly

Bust a couple of nuts, hit the butt and than the grill  
Dick hard like I did time up in Vacaville  
But still I be bossy, what you fuckin' wit though?  
Fuck wit some of that top of the line wine, yeah nigga,  
Carlos Rossi

Top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi, drinkin' on some of  
Of that top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi

Sunny day, sky blue, shit, I think I'ma barbecue, let me  
get  
My ass up outta bed and call up the whole  
motherfuckin' crew  
Ray you bring the chicken, Kaveo you bring the links  
Mugzy you bring the hamburger meat and I'll supply  
the drinks

Shit it's good to be on damn it, I got Suga-T in the  
house  
Whippin' up some potato salad, 4 slabs of ribs up in the  
refrigerator  
Marinatin', bring home the, I got tha and I can't be  
waitin'  
Well, what do you know, though the door comes Kaveo,  
you know

Mugzy and Tap that ass, T-Pup and Hell and Moe, thick  
ass niggas  
Like B-Legit and E-Duece, Mac Shawn, Mac D-Shot and  
Little Bruce  
The man behind the counter of the liquor store loves  
me, be and ready  
To hug me on the strength that I done spend over a G  
Within a week on the Carlos Rossi

