

E40

"Sprinkle Me"

Visit "[Sprinkle Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 till the motherfucking glock pop
And fuck a glock I'm fuckin' with a 6R
P226 Diana Ross cousin Nina
Misdemeanor, that's what we do, understand it

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
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main
Sprinkle me main, kick that shit, Suga

Here comes the top notch, ooh, ooh, ooh, here I be
Clicked out me Suga T from the V
I'm quick to smob, always down for the job

Ya gotta strut that's a 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

Ohh, why, oh, why must I be so tight?
Most folks tell me, Suga you ain't right
It makes me wanna scream while I make ya holler
Pullin' a gang of clout like that almighty dollar

Suga Suga, Suga Suga, that's my sista
Sprinkle me, girl, sprinkle me, girl
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
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

Cause I'ma timah, timah, forty widah
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main
Big timah timah, forty widah
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main
Sprinkle me main
That's what we do, beach

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)

Visit [E40](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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