

Eric Burdon & The Animals**"20 Blunts A Day"**

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(Numskull talking)

Like they always say, what's good fo Num, is always
good fo Yuk. Let's
get high.

(Christion)

20 blunts, a day,
Hin, an ala-zae.
20 blunts, a day,
Hin, an ala-zae.

(Christion, Numskull, Yukmouth)

One,(echos),(Drink-A-Lot.... all day)
Two,(echos)
Five,(echos),(Smoke-A-Lot.... all day)
Twenty,(echos)

Verse 1 *(Numskull)*

You know what I came to do,
came to drink wit a gold face same as you,
drop a fifty on the bar,
for a fifth of Hindu,
got freaks wit me gotta get gin too,
I know hoes think the same as me,
cuz they came to the club lookin like freak nasty,
pullin niggaz on the floor,
dance nasty as you wanna,
rub-a-dub-dub,
lap dance in the corner,
same ol shit,
same ol hits,
same ol click,
same ol dick,
bitch don't look in my eyes,
cuz I ain't payin,
ya shoulda known pimpy-doo niggaz ain't playin,
juss pull down yo drawls so a nigga can see,

cuz I doubt that the pussy is fuckin wit me,
pop a coochie to the back,
pop a coochie to the front,
but damn, open yo thighs pick up my nigga BLUNT,
what ya really want,
what ya really need,
pop the breaks on that shit an lets get keyed,
girl I always pictured you in neon lights,
big 44 double D's,
what a sight,
you an me both we can get respect,
two triple shots of hin an we'll be on deck,
you my type,
you ol hoe,
you my type,
you know.

Chorus *(Christion)*

Hin, an ala-zae, I'm feelin like I wanna hurl.
Hin, an ala-zae, I think I'm gonna leave this world.
Hin, an ala-zae, I been drink-a-lot all day,
Hin, an ala-zae, that's why I'm lookin this way.
Hin, an ala-zae, I think I need a lil mo.
Hin, an ala-zae, send yo mama to the store.
Hin, an ala-zae, I can't keep my vision straight.
Hin, an ala-zae.

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*

ZAE??

Smoke-A-Lot, Smoke-A-Lot,
why you smoke??
20 blunts a day, you don't choke,
why bitches doggystyle, nut down yo throat,
get up while my dick on yo coat,
an I'm bumpin Too \$hort,
down the block,
three on fourth,
my nigga Num drunk on the porch off a mutha fuckin
quart of O.E.,
nickle an dime ass nigga,
to a top hat balla,
big rigga like E-Fourtee,
niggaz know me,
Smoke-A-Lot only smoke weed, blow trees,
whole keys,
see me in a E-3 dub,
rollin sweet up, everytime you see Yuk,
peep us,

only bad bitches beep us,
turn yo main squeeze into a cheata,
smokin reefa,
took off my DK's,
an she fucked us up wit the whole sneaka,
an her pussy,
lift yo ass cheeks up so I could see,
mix the hashes up wit the back yard boogie,
woogie,
bust nuts on yo Donna Carra hoodie if it's all goodie,
an be a,
ride a Benz wit my knees what??
breakin trees up,
rollin weed up,
on my way to the V-up,
to put the g's up,
see Yuk,
hella high, tinky eyed like Korea.

(chorus)

20 blunts a day, I been gettin high all day.
20 blunts a day, an the blunts get bigger.
20 blunts a day, excuse me if my eyes are glazed.
20 blunts a day, that's why I'm lookin this way.
20 blunts a day, eenie-meenie, minie-mo,
20 blunts a day, sticky, sticky indo,
20 blunts a day, step aside an let me blaze
20 blunts a day.
Blazed.

(2 live Crew)

Verse 3 *(Black Marquis)*

Do it on the way to San Jose,
20 blunts a day from the dock of the Bay,
niggaz I'm scratch,
but they call it Killa Kali,
I'm walkin through the spot in my crocodile ballies,
20 bag please,
20 Deep East,
I finna smoke a stanky an get high as a tree,
wit my dime piece mommie,
queen bees keeper,
when the bitch shake her ass,
nigga you should see her,
wit a taped on bracet,
diamond laced watches,
Moskimo jeans,
wit her condoms in the pocket,

the bitch is real bad in a drop-top Jag,
sittin on chrome shelf on paper tag,
slidin off g-string off in a coach bag,
dolla sign eyes, an a stash full of hash.

Verse 4 *(Young Smooth Ice)*

Back to the side where niggaz blaze,
home of the crew, an the booty shake,
straight packed club where the hoes be poppin,
dick all hard, tryin to shake a lil sumpthin,
lookin fo the one that'll do me right,
who keep me cummin all through the night,
ain't no pitty if you fall to your knees,
fuck me,
suck me,
but nigga please,
let a nigga hit it,
bitch I know you wit,
from the back, cuz my dicks all in it,
I stick it in, like it ain't no thang,
dick stay hard,
OD'd on Ginseng,
come an be my private dancer,
a playa like me is yo only answer,
holla at yo boy if you wanna play,
I got hoes from Miami, up to the Bay. (echos)

(chorus)

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