

Herb Alpert

"Po' Punch"

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Pocket Change, Pocket Change and So So Def Collabo
It's that dunky, not you man, Lil' Jon, East Side Boyz

[Hook]

I bet you loc man, bet you smoke man
Bet you choke man, bet ya girls I bang
Bet you can't hang
Our po' punch ain't nothin' but a gang and grain
I come to buy the fade of lemonade and sugar cane

I bet you drink man, bet you stink man
Bet you lie man, bet you high man
Bet you fried man
Our po' punch ain't nothin' but a gang and grain
I come to buy the fade of lemonade and sugar cane

[Verse 1]

I came from clackey-lackey to the coasts of Hollywood,
California
I smell pneumonia, the music biz is gonna own ya
Hesitation tried to loan it, tried to bone ya
It's a crime I had to sign, new place and time
I had to write my little life on the dotted line
No whisper can mistake Lil' Bubba, I hear yo evil
I see yo evil, I speak yo evil
No evil, a weeble wobble, a weeble wobble
Bobble, bobble in ya upper Adam did flop down
I got the 40 of Ides and the Zima
Craig ain't thinkin' sinkin' thinkin'
Of takin' two sips of this honkey malt liquor
I send all the dodgers just to make it a Babe Ruth
Lay off the snooze, no time to choose
Tippin' back a few, catch a dew, then catch the booze-
cooze
Absolut is the boos, cousin Citron is a choss
Skies wide, fly when I'm lost in that sauce

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

I tend to the album, every hour hear it on the news

Ya comin' back whack, recognize that you through
Ya minute made compared to me and tossin' eatin'
peaty
The explanation highly been for false is drippin' Chinely
Port to shore to shorty comin' back, Lordy pass the
forty
Bad enough to trip and uh, I'm swingin' fast
I break this mirror in half, and shove it up your ass
If you a flea be a flea
Uh swimming in the sea
You talkin' about my bag of forty back to eternity
Drinkin' my drink in the morning like Mo, Hen, and
Chiney
Fast to understand a lyrical blast, can you see me
I fake the shake to the bucket but it ain't Batman
I'm Robin J and you luscious and Vegas scams
And one and under white trash
And listen to my information
It'll make your blood sludge and tell ya bout cremation
I drank 24 puke 12 and drink some more

[Hook]

[Ad-libs to fade]

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