

Klank

"Hurricane"

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(E-40 talking)

It's just like moonshine, have you on yo face
I mean you be slutterin and what not, next thing you
know
You don't know how you got home
I mean this shit is so damn serious playboy
I mean the sherry bombay, ????? on some thang's like
that
So dig what I say

Verse 1:(E-40&B-Legit)

I'm so tore, look like my eyes been stiched together like
stitches
Ho hopin around wit these bitches, get ya garbage
dump wit crickets
But you know me, the life of the party, slurricane anthem
Do what ya mean and make ya fight ya folks wit dr.jekyl
Like the other day I gulped to many swallows
Had them nigga's actin bad at the club wit them
power's
Coppin limp dick problem's tryna to get it up
Well oh well, come wit me, i'll have yo shit on stale

(B-Legit)

I wakes up in the mornin and i'm seperated
In the bag wit my homie's and I shall hate it
Billy Dean he be trippin cause they don't respect him
The nigga rum, man that nigga get's dumb
I can't wait until they mix me
I'm goin in they mouth, down they throat, into they
kidney's
Hurricane havin muthafucka's seein thangs
Courage juice, watch when I get loose

Chrous:2x(Suga T)

Hurricane, but you can call me slurricane
Slurricane, strong enough to start a engine mayne

Verse 2:(D-Shot&Suga; T)

I'm hurvin, swirvin, fuckin wit tycoon shit
Shit, it's time to swip up another mix

Smovin to the sto', oh, it's 1:51
Got to catch Charlie 'fo he close
Too many ho's at the studio that ain't lit
I likes to bring out the freak in a nasty bitch
Studio tone, pop off the shit that ??? wrote
(Freaky, freak, freaky, freaky)

(Suga T)
My crips got hot, seat sweat and all
That hurricane anthem ain't no joke, it'll make a playa
fall
Creepy eyes on the sticky rug
But them fools who staright check make em think that
hell arose
Knock, knock, hella greedy, got greedy, gotta stay strong
But if I get wrong enough to deal, I can't go wrong
This trick juice will have a playa on his face
Worst then poppy face gin wit no fuckin chase

Chrous:2x

Verse 3:(B-Legit&E-40)
(B-Legit)
Life of the muthafuckin indo weed
Me and nigga's at the bar, keyed
Walkin threw the joint un stumble
They bumpin to bubble
Face like I hate the taste, but now i'm humble
Whisper to a bitch, baby I been watchin you
But when i'm pervin, everything lookin cute
So if you get the boot when my hang over sober
Don't even trip, get yo shit out my range rover

(E-40)
I get's to put how this Spanish fly 90 fin
Influence yo bitch to go both ways, and eat her friend
Shit locked down, muthafucka don't be carin
Who ridin wit my dank cousin Victor Barrin
Hurricane, but you can call me slurricane
Strong enough to start a engine mayne

(B-Legit)
BITCH, and that's how we do for the nine-teen-ninety fin
And we out this biotch

(E-40)
Out this biotch

Chrous:5x

