

Klank**"Num Num Juice"**

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[* Man talking *]

Yeah, go on pour ya partner some of that there [*
Pouring]

Oh boy, yeah hold on not too much not too much
Right there, yeah see that's that num num juice
(Num num num) Yeah that'll have a motherfucker on
his back

So quick (Num num num) see you gotta sip sip with this
shit here

(Num num num) Cause it'll have ya ass out of
commission

Oh boy (Num num num)

[E-40]

I'm perkin' drunk about a half a liter
Liquor stains all over my cut white woman beater
Fuck Johnny Law, that's the po-po
Outta my body ridin' solo folo, solo folo
Burpin' gurpin' girpin' swirvin' swirve
In my car, rockin' the burgandy Excursion
Music hummin' pedestrians think glossy glossy
You can see yourself in my paint, I'm so damn flossy
Serious about my thuggin'
Had to pinch myself but I couldn't feel nothin'
Uh uh I'm pissy y'all
Cause I been drinkin' out a straw
Uh uh can't tell me shit
Feelin' my cherry beeper on my hip
On my way to see my reala, she hella sprung
Good with her daddy, she like it when I'm num num

[Chorus]

We often num num (Num num num)
Ya know you want some (Num num num)
(I'm hella keyed and I'm perkin' off that num num num)
We often num num (Num num num)
But you can't get none (Num num num)
(I'm hella keyed and I'm perkin' off that num num num)

[Suga T]

You play the role, get outta line you out the door

You want more, I make ya head to the liquor store
One night I sinned but I wasn't sleepin'
My video was rotatin' but I was creepin'
Off that num num juice, they was watchin' me
That night you was liable to see anything
I was too hot to drop, my twat was on pop
The pimpin' don't stop, long grain till I drop

[D-Shot]

I got fifteen numbers one night
And I don't even remember what then hoes looked like
I must have been drunk out my motherfuckin' mind
I took two to the house
And then I put my dick in they mouth
I remember doin' two but it looked like I was doin' eight
In which I was gettin' raped
I woke up the next morning with the rubber still on
But all a nigga's shit was gone

[Chorus]

[B-Legit]

I'ma tailgate fanatic
Barbecues with rowdy crews I'm manic
First round genuine draft pick
I crack the bottle, sippin' on some Sapphire swallow
Insides hollow, niggas like follow me wrong
Two or three pints to the dome, now I'm on
Gone with the wind, clothes sweaty
Cover up the liquor, hoes ready
Niggas bet that nigga B he hella over
But I'm sober, I runs like a Range Rover
Or a Nova, 68 O.G.
In Guatemala, know they can't fuck with me
Act real bad like a Raider fan
Rather argue or fight than understand
But I'm the man, really am tell the truth
I'm hella keyed perkin' off that num num juice

[Chorus x2]

[E-40 to fade]

I'm hella keyed and I'm perkin' off that num num num
(Num num num)

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