

**David Lee Roth****"Try Me"**

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[Intro: Bookie]

You know what?

I'm gettin' tired of you bitch niggas

Comin' around tryin' ta put my whole court  
like I left my muthafuckin' nuts at the house

Fuck you niggas

You niggas wanna try me?

Come and try me

I ain't the type of nigga that'll get scared just because a  
nigga sizin' me up

That don't mean shit ta me

Muthafuckas wanna be callin' my house, threatenin' ta  
kill me and shit

Won't leave no kinda connection for a nigga ta get  
back at y'all punk asses

Fuck you niggas

[Chorus]

Niggas tempted ta try me, get the fuck on

Feelin' the rage when the heat is on

Do I have ta spell it?

Got all these niggas behind me, grippin' they chromes

Seen bloody days when the heat is on

I thought I told ya

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[Bookie]

Alota niggas wanna test me, seein' if I'm weak

Like alota bitch niggas in the pen, spreadin' out they  
cheeks

Believe me, I'm far from it

Who wanna talk shit ta this nigga

that's ready ta brawl and mo' cheese than a hundred

I got killas representin' me

So what the fuck a nigga like you doin' talkin' shit ta  
me?

I'ma let you know the real  
Niggas from Neil, we call em bitch made  
A pretty flower, a maggot  
This nigga Bookie ain't no faggot  
I reside on the Eastside, that's where I'm from  
Even got killas who claimin' the West, strappin' up they  
vests  
You best  
Believe that if he tryin' ta make me bleed  
Yes indeed, I come and proceed ta put him on his  
knees  
Now I don't bang, but often hang wit the killas  
Slang wit the killas  
Do my thang wit the killas  
I'm from the ghetto, I done seen it all  
So if you want it, come surprise me  
Regrettin' that you tryed me

[Chorus]

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[E-40]

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Me and my whip-i-ly-zation be on some got it  
Take off the head and then I kill the body  
One in the ground, the other one in the pen  
Livin' that extra man is like ran up in this den  
Finger fucked and raped his box, tied him up and  
made him watch  
Pistol whooped his face, got him for a safe  
Bookie  
These niggas got me bent, I ain't no sucka  
I'm a magazine street hustler like Larry Flynt  
Rapper slash P.I. pimp  
Pistol packin', always hot, P.I. pimp  
These niggas don't wanna go ta war  
These niggas ain't tryin' ta funk no mo'  
Them niggas know that they can't score  
Y'all niggas scared ta see us toe ta toe

You monks ain't got the wind  
Don't act like we don't know  
You niggas be too looped  
You niggas be on blow  
You niggas be too soup  
You niggas just don't know

[Chorus]

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[Bookie]

Ran into this nigga at the club one night, tryin' ta get  
my groove on  
He bumped into me, got mad, and had the nerve ta tell  
me ta move on  
What?  
Nigga you got me fucked up  
Who in the hell you think you is,  
comin' up in the club, actin' all stupid and stuck up?  
What, you thought I was gonna be a bitch nigga and  
bow down?  
Give you a smile and look down?  
Nigga you 'bout ta get took down  
Who you lookin' for, the bouncers?  
Just lookin' at you shakin'  
Makes me realize that you faker than any nigga that's  
scared ta take you  
Oh, you was lookin' for your homeboys ta help you  
But when they saw my squad they got scared, claimin'  
they neva met you  
So you get the fuck on, regretin' that you tried me  
You thought you had some homeboys, but find out the  
niggas behind me  
So what's wit the ill face?  
That I was weak without no balls, thinkin' Bookie was  
faked  
Sorry ta disappoint you  
So now you know  
The next time that you see me up in the club wit my  
back turned

And you behind me, neva ta try me

[Chorus]

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[Outro: E-40]

And there you have it  
One more end  
E-fee-zy Fon-za-ree-zy A.K.A. Charlie Hustle  
Smell it  
Me and my nigga Bookie  
Doin' our thug Fi-za-ma-jig up in this muthafucka  
Unda smell me  
19-99, 2000 on you hoe ass muthafuckas  
Hoe!

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