

## T.P.E.

### "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

