

## **T.P.E.**

### **"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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