

T.P.E.

"Victor Baron"

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[E-40 talking]

Testing, testing...testing testing
Uh, Sick Wid It, Sick Wid It
707, Sick Wid It Records, Sick Wid It
Click shit, Click shit nigga
Click shit, Click shit nigga
Click shit, Click shit nigga

[E-40]

Skit, skank, ska-dattle, made ya truck rattle
Grimey on the grind, extra dark like a shadow
Money on my mind, G's to stack
26 glock nine split ya wig back
I gotta pocket full of duckets
You about to get off all nuggets
Gutter ghetto, money by the sewer
Broccoli head, lookin' kind of super
Life, right, almost white
She had a fresh shot, vice grip tight
She said don't stop, I said alright
Humongous ass, I punched the gas
And my speed racer go fast, super-endurance
Souped up with a kit, high-performance
Gettin' scratched off the block
Alpine, Foxgate, monster cables, speakers
And woofers the whole doo-wop
Yeah, skee-skirt eeh-skirt hop a lil' way and mo' turf
Lil' mama said "Cool I like that South shit"
But I'm really off that 40 and The Click
Don't you got a friend girl about the same height
You know two thongs don't make a dyke
Two thongs don't make my night
Let's get up out of dodge
Me and yo friend girlfriend...Econo Lodge

[Hook: E-40]

Why you bullshittin' you need to stop starin'
As you peekin' I'm speakin' I'm seein'
You need to lose what you wearin'
Lil' mama you got that Victor Baron

[B-Legit]

Girl I'ma fool with it, hella laced up and cool with it
Went to school with it, never did get to hit it
Mixed weight, played for the tennis team
A lil' grain we weighed upon my triple beam
Full of schemes with dreams to be a boss
Candy colored and buttered, cameras turn soft
Gettin' off, my nina ross spit the venom
Fuck bitches at lunch with days lit em' up
Start sendin' em' now I'm gettin' ends from em'
Even friends of em' lines of tens of em'
I'm tryin' to win something, baby can I talk to you
What with you, is it mildew or barbecue
She worked back, asked me how I'm gon' act
You wasn't with me way back when the albums flat
Remember that yeah but now it's flarin'
Got me starin' baby got that Victor Baron
I ain't carin' if ya boyfriend live with ya
I'm out to get ya, hit ya, and take the picture
Post you up on the Internet dot com
Lil' baby got the bomb

[Hook x2: E-40, B-Legit]

Why you bullshittin' you need to stop starin'
Is ya peekin' or speakin' I'm seein'
You need to lose what ya wearin'
Lil' mama you got that Victor Baron

[D-Shot]

I see ya creepin' but she ain't speakin'
Steppin' through the club, laughin' and sneakin'
But you keep puttin' yourself in the angles of the
eyesight of me
Now I gots to go real deep
Deep, deep, deep into my game zone
Cause I'm peel her and take her to my home
Toss her up, toss her up with the agility of a big body
Look bitch I thought you knew this was my hobby

[B-Legit]

You know I ran mine straight, don't fuck with punk
bitches
Hella vicious, tradin' stitches for the riches
If it itches my left hand we gon' get it
Keep her fitted, make niggas wanna hit it
And when they visit pass go and pay a fee
They be thankin' me, baby keep bankin' me
Kind of stankin' you know how these hoes be
But this bitch got that V

[E-40]

V as in Victor, capri jeans fit her
Have to pick her, thicker than a Q-sized nigga
A church girl, used to like to read the Bible
Turned out wanna fuck me on her menstrual cycle
High-powered spit from the lungs
Suck dick like an ol' lady al gums
Sweetheart ain't no comparin'
You got that Victor Baron

[Hook x2: E-40]

Why you bullshittin' you need to stop starin'
As you peekin' I'm speakin' I'm seein'
You need to lose what you wearin'
Lil' mama you got that Victor Baron

[The Click talking]

Man that Victor Baron is serious dog, ya know
That shit is so potent, know what I mean
What, that bomb shit
Hey you know I was with that Vietnamese
And bright skin last night right, right
Suck a nigga real proper like right, right
Shit was way cool nigga
Hey it wasn't no Victor though nigga
That shit was Victor Baron nigga
Hey look here ol' boy
I had an epsode the other day right
I mean the bitch, I mean I stuck the shit in right
And the bitch just clamped on my shit real tough
Ya know what I'm sayin' right
Then I pulled my shit out right
Next thing ya know hella rain came out her crevice an
shit
That bitch had some Victor Baron
Victor Baron ass pussy, oh boy oh boy
I knocked the breeze on the ocean the other night
Ya understand, till she slide off
Had me hittin' that pussy real deep
Yeah, was it Victor, it was Victor
You know what I mean it was live
Victor Baron man, Victor what
Victor Baron man, Victor who
That's smob

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