

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

### **"Victor Baron"**

Visit "[Victor Baron](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[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

Visit [T.P.E.](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.