

Click "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 sholl 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 unstumble
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

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