

OMD

"Sprinkle Me"

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Intro: E-40

burrp, burp

Yeah, hocus pocus, skiggedy skay
It ain't nuttin but me
That nigga E-40
Finna sprinkle some of you fools with some of this
This G-A-M-E man some of this game
Understand my sista
Finna sprinkle you fools with sprinkle sista
Understand this doe
It don't stop til the motherfucking glock pop
[Don't stop] and fuck a glock I'm fuckin with a 6R
P226 Diana Ross cousin nina
Misdemeanor, that's what we do, understand it

Verse One: E-40

I be more hipper than a hippopotamus
Get off in your head like a neurologist
Pushin more weight than Atlas
Got a partner by the name of 2Pacalypse
The seven-oh-seven my roots go hella far back to Flor
Terrace
I pull a forty out of my ballcap
and den I flush it down my esopha-garus
The group that I'm with The Click
Suga, D-Shot, Legit
Family orientated
Game related, it's the shit
Killing motherfuckers off crucial
Sittin em down mutual
Running through these lyrics as if I was fibered
like Metamucil

Timah timah.... forty wata.. forty wata
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main,
sprinkle me main
Big timah timah, big timah.... forty wata-ahh
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main
Kick that shit Suga

Verse Two: Suga T

Here comes the top notch, ooh ooh ooh here I be
Clicked out me Suga T from the V
I'm quick to smob (quick to smob), always down for the
job
Ya gotta strut that's a gang of shot (gang of shot)
Ooh ooh ooh I'm a fool
Slangin more mail as I smobs through yo' hood
Straight shakin all, these bustas and busterettes
Tryin to claim fame off my Chavez rep (Chavez rep)
Ohh, why oh why must I be so tight? (Why oh why)
Most folks tell me, Suga you ain't right
(Why oh why Suga you ain't right)
It makes me wanna scream while I make ya holla
Pullin a gang of clout like that al-mighty dollar

Chorus: E-40, Suga T

Suga Suga (ahh yeah that's me) Suga Suga
That's my sista (you know my name!)
Sprinkle me girl, sprinkle me girl (ahaha)
Sprinkle me girl, sprinkle me girl
Suga Suga (that's what they call me)
Dat's my sista (I ain't right!)
Sprinkle me girl, sprinkle me girl, sprinkle me girl,
sprinkle me girl

Verse Three: E-40, Suga T

(Check the flotation!)
Nigga PHin on a playa makin mega
Tryin to knock the hustle just because we way too major
(E they try to test your testicles, you know that shit ain't
cool)
Suga don't make me have to come up out the sound
booth
and act a fuckin fool
(All these old hoe-cake ass niggaz, they make me so
damn sick)
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM ON A TRICK
Playa play her for false and get rubbed off ya don't
want malse
Fuck around and get evaporated

Chorus: E-40

Cause I'ma timah timah.... timah timah
Forty wata... forty wata
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main,

sprinkle me main
Big timah timah... big timah
Forty wata... forty wata
Sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main, sprinkle me main
That's what we do, beatch!

Understand this shit, understand it
What's happenin Suga, you in this bitch with me?
(haha thought you heard)
Yeah that's what we do for the motherfuckin... nine-five
(ha for the nine-five, yeah)
Sick Wid It Records, jive all the time
(understand in the system main)
It's Mob City, V-Town, it's Mob City
It's Mob City V-Town niggaz
(mobbin through ya hood)

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