

Lee How

"Sauce"

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Verse 1

(Yeah)

(Ha... alright)

Yo

Midnight drive thru

Heard the box speak said I'll have a number three

Sauce please!

Hungry for some elephant but I don't think they're
selling it

So I'll take a McRapper wit cheese on whole wheat

Couple dranks in the tank

New car smells like the hickory

Food coma dreams and David Lynch like imagery

Faint memories and stains of Hennessey

Woke up to eggs and a bad Asian chick next to me

Damn...

Where the f**k my keys at?

Don't matter just tell me where the tree at

Ha!

Cuz I'mma get it started

Yep yep get retarded and crashing parties believe that

Whaa?

I'm foolish... reckless

And when I get money I buy foolish... necklace

Just to show you haters who is running this here

All you nuts should bolt cuz you grind my gears

Can't see clear like the air is smeared

Yes I talk sh*t there's no courtesy flush here

My stinkers linger

My beats grow hands finger f**king your ears

The head banger, I release the anger

Disturb the peace, and welcome the danger

Empty the chamber into the sky

Cuz I'm the hottest thing out so the sun must die

Think you hot now? Try some of these delectable
melodies...

SAUCE PLEASE (3x)

(Gimme that sauce please)

Hold up...

Verse 2

She like oohhh Lee ya sauce is bangin
It's getting everywhere I need an apron
A couple dabs on everything I'm makin
Does the body right (2x)
What you sound like that sh*t is iight
When you add a lil sauce that sh*t'll sound right
GORILLA I say it with my chest n*gga
I got that bang bang krispy kreme thank you J Dilla
Fasho to the Mister, kill it I'm gonna
And after I'mma jam with Miss Marry I wanna
Verbal nun chucka hit ya 1, 2, hiyah
Yeah I'm rolling stoned and it's over rubber tires
Ha! Cuz I'mma rider...
Kick push slider, hustle grinder
Hands in the air n*gga spark up ya lighters
Hands in the air n*gga throw up the fire
I am the dragon, the archer
Fro on my head so I don't need a barber
When I was young I thought I'd wanna be a lawyer
But I don't tell lies cuz the truth hits ya harder
Chi-town warrior, comin for all ya
My benchmob beats are just as good as my starters
Seeing Hollywood make a n*gga feel taller
It seem like Hollywood's how a n*gga gets softer
I'm high off the sauce riding in a flying saucer
Sitting in a circle no front or back seats
With a couple lovelees and a lil bubbly
I mean sh*t what else could I need
SAUCE PLEASE!

Breakdown

Yeah...
Wha...
Yeah...
Sauce please (2X)
Yeah...

It's like 4 in the morning
Think I'm bout to call it a night
She wanna find something open
Cuz she about that life
Yeah she about that life
Yeah...
We bout to take this ride
And you can have what you like
I'mma show you a good time
With some sauce on the side
Yeah... sauce on the side
Yeah
Sauce please (4x)

Yeah... what, what...

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