

**Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul****"Spittin'"**

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[E-40]

Woke up in the A.M., toasted out of my cranium  
Gotta take a shit, took a dump in the Mediterranean  
Flushed the toilet, hit the shower  
Snatched a fit up out the clos'  
Miles of a '96 broom handle  
Hangin half-way out my drawers  
You niggas better feel me I got patrons to serve  
Nigga got to starts pay props will deserve  
Fuck my trunk against my medley  
An' ya might do dirt, fuck you on my way to see Miss  
Chiminey  
Cause since Chiminey is a good friend of me  
She likes to go ah, downtown  
She likes it when I, pound pound  
Here's a whoppin' bitch  
Call me uh-Bah uh-Barney Rubble stick the beast down,  
so duck  
Had the pussy poppin bubbles  
Scratchin the paint off up of the walls  
Pickin off in them drawers, rebel without a pause  
She could feel a gnat sting, swimmin' in Niagara Falls  
Now no matter extra meal, managin the place  
All up in the motherfuckin' tall can face  
Streets make you broke, Forty Water ain't no joke  
Make way, say hey, check my display  
Buck the shit til your tape busts (Buck the shit til ya tape  
busts)  
And youse a bitch if you ain't got no clit  
(And youse a bitch if you ain't got no clit)

Chorus: E-40

40 took a forty to the fuckin dome  
And now they got me spittin on the microphone...  
40 took a forty to the fuckin dome  
And now they got me spittin on the microphone,  
beeitch!  
Drunker than a motherfucker spittin that shit

[E-40]

High rank, nigga poor  
Scratch scratch taller than Manute Bol  
Cash rules everything around me  
40 why they why they get the money  
Oh tell me baby gon' be no catchin', bet ya catch before  
40 7-11  
ah big Danz said a step man, can't win (uh)  
1-Luv to my niggaz in the Youth yo  
Gettin' swoll, bulkin' up, drinkin' pruneau  
Y'all stay the same, got some extra whoop I think I need  
a drink  
The waiter got me fuckin like me right in here  
bitches sooner than I think  
The LAPD's on crack man  
They shot my nigga Tone Tucker in the back man  
Prejudiced motherfuckers!  
What niggaz need to do is fuck a-lo a-lo key now  
Squash the fuh-ah fuckin' spot, ain't nothin' wrong?  
(Squash it)  
Hang with tactical edged (staple?) highly easy  
to be converted to Mack-1  
Twice as righteous (righteous), make them po-po's like  
us  
Drink with me, second base, and I'm gone for home  
I drunk a 40 to the fuckin dome

Chorus

[E-40]

I ain't no guide (I ain't no guide)  
so don't call me hostess (hostess)  
Nigga don't you know I'm all open to explosives (I'ma  
explode)  
Let tha bed bugs bite, sleep light  
Be ready for the tip-toein phantoms at night  
When I open em for risk (when I open it for risk)  
Smokin somethin for the hatest terminator instigator  
(terminator instant trader)  
Nigga just bought from Traders  
Tyler lookin for all some of that fit, ya gotta admit  
nigglet your life is set why you ungreatful  
motherfuckas  
you better get somewhere where they love you at  
your life is set why you ungrateful motherfucka  
I've been strugglin strivin so hard to make my shit  
obese (uh)  
Pacin back and forth (uh)  
Bear to grit my teeth, C-C-L-L-I-I-C-K, Northern  
California beat  
I feed your ass, with my ambitiousness about the fuckin  
bumble

Lookin ambitious as the motherfuckin bumble  
Soundin' off car alarms  
My shit ain't nothin humble  
Gotta say wassup (gotta say wassup) to some niggaz  
on my team  
Niggaz like Rec-Street and Nicky motherfuckin Green  
(motherfuckin Green)

Chorus

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