

**Bonney Rice****"Luchini"**

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**Intro:**

This is it (What?!)  
Luchini pourin' from the sky  
Lets get rich (What?!)  
The cheeky vines  
The sugar dimes  
Cant quit (What?!)  
Now pop the cork and steam the vega  
And get lit (What?! What?! What?!)

**Verse One:**

Introducin', phantom of the dark  
Walk through my heaven with levitation  
From efficient  
and these leathers showboatin with Rugars  
Flash vines, Belafonte vigga  
Lets get for what it's worth  
As we confiscate your figgas

Cassanova brown levitatin jiggy in da shiggy's  
In la hotta Car 54 chasin diamond runners  
Headin ice bound, where every chilla dime can get  
Your Harlem buck strut freezin world hice Hollywood  
Madame Butterfly let me in your house of pleasure  
From the knuckle swat shadowboxin catchin black-eye  
blues

I play the deaf (What?!)  
Sensations at the Monte Barbie screamin (Cheeba!)  
For fillin pleasures at my castles (Blow the smoke out!)  
The boss of Vegas substitutes when the Dutch is gone  
The Lo don't stop give me shouts  
Its the season sauters  
Souflers for swervin no corners  
We magnets to moolah  
Livin wit Charlie's Angels hornets  
No smilin were slidin  
That gets you caught up in the octa  
Or deaded for movin

Its just like that as we proceed

Saturday night special better take it lightly Ja-Jiyah  
A happy time quest to the coast of Key Largo wire-ah  
The chain gang keep your ears out for our years  
Sippin' fountain root house of bamboo paradise

Chorus: repeat 2X

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Lets get rich (What?!)  
The cheeky vines  
The sugar dimes  
Cant quit (What?!)  
Now pop the cork and steam the vega  
And get lit (What?!)  
[1st time] This is it (What?!)  
[2nd time] (What?! What?!)

Verse Two:

For these feral herds of seas of black cheese that I  
can't missa  
Silky Days, satin nights taken flights down  
We sensation spanish flyin with the lady Scarface  
Bottoms up sunshine.. Love Potion Number 9

And we headin from the magic city chessin this sweet  
On your orifachiny in London  
Relaxation in Bora Bora  
Got notion to bring it... sing it  
Love up in my function  
Stonin... robbin  
We hiestin merchandise and gunnin  
Love it... leave it  
But bless the war chief or his bison  
Get it... got it  
The Lo will forever be nicin

Yeah; the Sonny Cheeba he be sippin Armaretta  
The Geechie Gracious he be sippin Armaretta  
We float the tri-state drink in this satin vines  
This Coolie High jack pack from the sugar shack  
Then what we do after we sip the Armaretta  
We start the Harlem River quiver  
Dig it sweet daddy  
Sharpen the crimson blade  
High sierra serenade  
Anatomy for seduction be this here  
Jealousy...

Enter the place with grace  
Jersey Armaretta the burstin of clouds  
It pours.. everything seems better  
Or flats with love we move  
Only in the mist  
Its Lo its life  
And we can't get enough of this

Chorus: repeat 2X

This is it (What?!)  
Luchini pourin' from the sky  
Lets get rich (What?!)  
The cheeky vines; the sugar dimes  
Cant quit (What?!)  
Now pop the cork and steam the vega  
And get lit (What?!)  
[1st time] This is it (What?!)  
[2nd time] This is it (What?! (x2)

Outro:

Yeah  
The Sonny Cheeba he be sippin Armaretta  
The Geechy Gracious he be sippin Armaretta  
The Joe King he be sippin Armaretta  
The Chaquita Kid he be sippin Armaretta  
We got high stakes for mine Kiwa Armaretta  
And then my man Ill Will sip Armaretta  
And then my man Cab in the tray sippin that  
We slide through the Tri-State with the hi-hat  
And then I float side-to-side in my Coolie High  
And then I peep the sunset with this Spanish Fly  
Yeah  
And then I float down south with the Boogie Flats  
And then I slide up in-between a ziggy  
And all of that gibs

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