

**Sophie B. Hawkins****"Clown Wit It"**

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(E-40)

Forty water and Mystikal  
What cha know about that nigga?  
Huh?

(E-40)

What cha want girl?  
You interested in a thug ass nigga  
Wit battle wounds and scars  
Lawyers, doctors, rappers, R&B singers or sports  
stars?  
Wig splittas and dome crackers that s all I'm  
accustomed to  
Allergic to suckas and bustas and get to sneezin and  
shit aaachew!  
Ain't affiliated wit pathological liars and name  
droppers  
Just bosses and mafia niggas  
Slick talkers and collar poppa s  
Drug traffic and racketeer bank robbers  
Young pits pants saggin totin and packin choppers  
I'm having this ghetto money tryin to stay papered up  
like a fax  
I keep tellin all these niggas out this way  
you ain't got to have dandruff to have scratch  
Protect yo neck and yo chest  
See my mentality hasn't changed just my physical  
address nothin less (less)  
I smoke wit the gromiest and the highest  
Takin my chances on hepatitis  
Sharin my forty s of malt liquor drinkin  
211 after any old nigga thinking&

(Chorus)

Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
Pimpin mob wit it  
Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
Player boss wit it  
Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
Give a fuck wit it  
Clown wit it, Clown wid it

I mean sic wid it

Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
Pimpin mob wit it  
Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
Player boss wit it  
Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
Give a fuck wit it  
Clown wit it, Clown wid it

(Mystikal)

Nigga you must have been drinkin dog water  
If you think you can fuck wit the bayou godfather  
Smoke like scaldin water I'm come from the 12th ward  
Cuts and welts and scars whoever face-off  
Burnin and turnin they lights out makin them stay dark  
Body beatin and sweepin keepin em sleepin  
heat seekin deletin  
cause bitch I ain need cha  
feel like bullets hit cha when the rhymes flyin off  
when I get finish wit cha  
you gonna feelin  
Dog tired boss (John Cofey from the Green Mile)  
Jump shop, hop flight, cop ride and  
Tellin finally smell it and chop it up wit Fonzarelli  
These niggas be sounding like they talking bout they  
on one  
but when I come they only fuck up one run like homerun  
Fire-bringa  
Rhyme-singa  
Pussy-banga  
Young dick- slanga  
They funky like Kunta Kinte own thang  
on my bike I'm ridin the fuckin rap game on the handle  
bars

(Chorus)

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Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
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Clown wit it, Clown wid it

Give a fuck wit it  
Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
I'm talkin sic wid it

(E-40)

Livin in California ain't always to cute  
Like New Orleans  
You can fuck around and get yo head put on flat in a  
road rage dispute  
The poor get poorer  
And the rich keep gettin richer  
These hoers keep pourin  
And the spicks keep getting slicker  
I play the game for what it s worth  
Hard like penitentiary steel not soft like a Nerf  
I know some cats, seriously homey maybe twice,  
ain't neva been pass four blocks in they li-a-life  
dudes can't even dream a dream about gettin paid  
just sittin on the corner sittin there for about a decade  
I might not be the sharpest tool in the shed but I'm a  
rebel  
Some cats'll bury their self alive  
just to prove they know how to use a shovel  
And about you sounding like everybody else ass  
rappers knock my flow  
But in the back of your head you really be sayin  
that their nigga right their be snappin  
that nigga from the bay  
I ain't even gon lie pimpin  
That nigga a fool right their  
He got a fool style  
That nigga their can go&go;

(Chorus)

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Pimpin mob wit it  
Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
Player boss wit it  
Clown wit it, Clown wid it  
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