

Down/Kilo f/ Don Cisco, Fingazz, Two

"40 Oz"

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(Fingazz in background)

[Don Cisco] It's Don Cisco, baby

I'm up in here with this forty ounce bounce gangstas

Gettin' more money and gettin' more subs, what you
wanna do

Yeah (Forty ounce)

I'm fucking with Down

The homeboy Two

Complements of Fingazz

Rest in peace, Roger Troutman, my uncle, we love you

It's gangsta shit

[Fingazz] Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 1: Don Cisco]

I got chronic sack dreams

Forty ounce swishas

Bumpin'

Al Green

Dippin' and hittin' switches

High sidin' on the 405 with four or five bitches

.45 in my lap

For them gangsta hatin' snitches

Pranksters like that

Can't ride with us

I roll with Daz & Kurupt, as bitches ride the nuts

Slide in the cut

Puffin' lye, high as the fuck

Fuckin' with Down and Two

Pouring, ridin' the trucks

Our rap expedition

Mexicali thuggin'

Rats

In position for the Henny nut guzzlin'

They got them by the cases

Sittin' all nice

Big bodies, big faces, boy, I'm livin' the life

For those that don't know

I'm spittin' it twice

They call me Sancho

Man, I'm hittin' your wife

A.K.A.

The Don C-I-S-C-O

Blaze up the bomb with the biotch, CEO

Chorus 1: Fingazz

My, forty ounce

Forty ounce

My, forty ounce

"Blaze up the bomb with the biotch, CEO" --> Don Cisco

(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Repeat Chorus 1

[Verse 2: Down]

The phone rang

And I woke up

My little homie said, "Let's get out five cups"

So I jumped in my (???), already dressed up

Grabbed my sack and my gun and got up

Picked up two about ten o'clock

He jumped in my car with this fucking glock

We left his block faster than a fucking dog

Headed for the liquor stop, bumpin' some Zapp

Stop at the liquor store, for some forties

And some regular white zags

So we could roll dank

And put forties in brown bags and drive drunk

And break the Cadillac (You know)

Driving like a maniac

On my way to get the homies are at

Fuckin', talkin' (???) Down, (???) in a cap

With this crazy ass

Me and Ducky was drinking forties

Jumpin' over the wall, doin' Down, pimpin'

Out of the car

With the forty in my hand

Ready to gangbang

Drinking forties up to Vegas

Do the same thang (Same thang)

In Oxnard drift off to summer land

Eastside gang, bang (Bang)

Chorus 2: Fingazz

My, forty ounce

Forty ounce

My, forty ounce

"With the forty in my hand..." (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah)

"Ready to gangbang" --> Down

Repeat Chorus 1

[Verse 3: Two]

Around me

The chronic smoke lingers

And you know that I'm a forty ounce drinker

Bounce to Down's house, so we got the forty ounce now

We're all around town, with the top down

Switches

Hit it

Forties

Tilt it

Juries, wear booties, putting on and exhibit

His gangstas started at the after party (Eastside)

Puffing on chronic to my forty ounce ballot

Break: Fingazz

Get it up

Drink it up

Get that, chronic

Light it up, then pass it around

Round

(Verse 4)

[Down] Walking on the calle with my forty ounce

I had the joint in my mouth, when I left the house

Heavy as fuck cause I just got out

All blue'd up, gangbang the fuck out

With the gangsta talk and my gangsta walk

First day out, getting all fucked up

With the homies in the hood, gettin' out to rub

Homie, what up, let's fire it up

This is for my alcoholics and all my thugs

Let's burn it up

[Fingazz] Sho', bud, baby

Repeat Chorus 2 & Chorus 1

[Fingazz]

Baby

Baby, baby

My forty ounce

My forty ounce

Yeah, baby

Get, get, get, get, get, get out your

Forty, baby

Sip on it, baby

Yeah

Baby

Sip

Your forty ounce

Your forty ounce

Forty ounce

More forty ounce
Baby, forty ounce
My forty ounce
Baby, baby
My forty ounce
Oooh
My forty ounce

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