

E-40 F/ Suga-T "Lyrical .44"

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[Redman] Selecta come!!!!
[Marley] Play this song on your fuckin radio, play this
song on your fuckin radio

[Verse 1: Method Man]
Oh no, another flow lyrical forty fo'
If it gets deep, jump in feet first then hold yo' nose
I'm a beast when you step on my toe you hear my
whistle
Checkin 'em hoe, you see my pistol lettin it go
I couldn't wait to do a song right, hardly 'gon do ya
wrong
Time to party, Meth, Stephen Marley and Jr. Gong
So selecta, come with it, awww shit it
Now y'all done did it, supper ready y'all come get it
Now who 'gon stop me block me pop lock me knock me
Jamaica posse most high Haile Selassie
Allah willin, another sound boy killin
I'm hot bitch I don't catch cold or catch feelings
The truth be the ghetto youth
And Def Jam y'all know the Meth Man take care of his
fam
That's what y'all better do
Examine our skin we plannin to win
Worldwide tell the people we be jammin again

[Verse 2: Redman]
Make way for Reggie Hammond
I, dig 'em out then tie 'em up for randsome
I, shoot at your feet make you start dancin
I'm pissin on your picnics where ya campin
Doctor got the ziplock from Ziggy
When the zig zag roll I'll rip your zip code
Got bitches fucked up off the hypno
I tip toe, then wait till they bend over
(There I go) Aiyyo money
I got a mo ped in Jamaica sittin on twenties
(Blaow!) Look out, guns in the air
(Blaow!) Selecta guns in the air
No Belvedere it's Tiger Bone to get it crackin
Aiyyo dread right or wrong

I'm a sinner, winner of the underground swimmers
Eat dinner, in front of Bob Marley pin up

[Chorus: Redman]

I don't care about your blinb bling bling
Over here we let them things ring
BLAOW!!! Give it to me BLAOW!!! give it to me
BLAOW!!! Shoot it up BLAOW!!! give it up
I don't care about your blinb bling bling
Over here we let them things ring
BLAOW!!! Give it to me BLAOW!!! One time
BLAOW!!! give it to me BLAOW!!! give it up

[Verse 3: Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley]

I neva wonda why so much ganja reach ya
And dem a wonda how so much conquer feature
Blunt dem so big a must fi bun it Bob and Peter
Teach it like a teacher preach it like a preacher
Put you in a fever
Pussy couldn't style mi up plus no under achieve
Gimme di rizla gimme di cup and a couple seniorita
Jr. Gong di veteran a trouble when mi reach ya
DJ fi fi fan dem inna Grandtsand and di bleacha
Jumpin off on di truck, you best believe yah
Babylon a smell skunk and couldn't get mi neitha
Well ever since a likkle ghetto yute dem get mi crippled
So mi know seh babylon dem a go get a weopen
Everytime when we hear some politician trippin
When a di big ting promote I'm right there wid di clip in
So just smile now yuh flip yuh likkle flippin lippin
Got a big forty five it's trigga finga lickin
Then mi buck up yuh face so far yuh don't know what's
happenin
Dem wonderin how yuh get so slim it's like yuh fat and
go gym
Get mi girl inna mi cabin and mi cabin stabbin
It is slappin jappin dappin it is non stoppin
Hey! No pork caan cook inna mi kitchen
If a gal try dat she's a dead pigeon
Well woman a tear off mi pants stitchen
Natty dreadlocks inna di benz and have recline
switchin
If a bwoy nuh like dat him may end up missin
Rastafari dun tell yuh don't listen

[Outro: Marley]

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your fuckin radio

