

Enrique Iglesias % Patrick Leonard

"My Drinking Club"

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Step right up!
From the East to the West, from the North to the South
Sign up right'ere, your scheduled membership
to the drinkin club

Uhh...

chorus

They got you soaked (that's right)
I see your cup up (drink it to em)
Let's get drunk
and get my fortune out of my drinking club

[E-40]

E-40 in the C-L-I-C

Stuck up in the house, party top celebrity
Burpin and gurpin, gelchin the bourbon, lurkin around
I'm seein all kinda broads, from outta town
Uhh, top hots, tycoons, big cheeses
Plus the perpetual jahahnjawel priestess
Homies and lurkers and things like that up under the
vertical shade
Rovers in lamborghinis swimming pink bikinis, lingerie
Tryin to knock her big ass by all bus lights on Fridays
If you're not a member of my drinking club, sideways
What kind of motherfuckin perculatoins you niggaz got
up in the refridgerator?
Who wanna join my drinkin club, sign up the legislature
Might not know how to read and write but I do know how
to count money
You can call me Lieutenant Fuck a Hoe but all the ruskie
runny
You can dip but don't screw up, speakers on sub
Beat your ass, my drinking club

chorus w/ variations 2X

[Young Mugzi]

I got you perved on some of the righteous, who's the
tightest
I'm down with pipes fifth and gallons of the finest

nitrous

Oh girl now pass the joint to the nigga big head
Where I hear about your schemin but the rotations I
don't jinn
Who dog sin? Big fin is what I'm rollin
You know how I do, I got bunny boo boo grippin and
totin
Fools be pimpin, we guaranteed to have you spittin
Bobcat tight, while I'm pullin secure out my linen
I'm nothin but a baller, alkaholic bitches pop my collar
Tearin down pussy walls in your motherfuckin daughter
M-O-S, S-I-E
M-U-G, and K-I-V
Always to' with E-4-0
Hit the air like cubes by a liquor store

[E-40]

Motherfuckers better know, we gets down like that
Straighten up, beer mugs, my drinkin cup bitch!

chorus w/ variations 2X

So damn deep, I can't call it
I guess I'm just an alkaholic
Huh, dagnabbit, doggonit
Ya Hillside hillbilly vomit
Back and forth to the bathroom constantly
All the actors gather up, and watch me
Get super twisted highly afflicted every day a cherry
Go on my body and throw up on the bartender
Pull out a wad of money, ballers up to par
Treat the whole party, by buyin up the bar
Sharp pain and orange juice got my moose up
Stainless artichokes, tequila poppes, Medusas
Better prepare myself for the upset stomach, ohhh
Stop by the M.P. on the way home and pick up a bottle
of Pepto-Bismol

Step right up now last call for alcohol
Get your hurricane gorilla member here ya monsters

That's right, cause when we and my motherfuckin
entourage
get together and we come back from a motherfuckin
concert
and the afterpaty jumpin off, I wanna see ID's, we got
video cameras
We checkin all you bastards under 21 or under 18 or
whatever however
Ya understand that? You better have your membership
card

if you wanna come join my motherfuckin drinkin club,
understand that bitch?

A: It's the drinkin club, we gets to' back main
Once you drink with us, you won't be the same
The drinkin club, we can't slow down main
We're gonna drink you all, we got a monster pit

That's right

B: I wanna get high, I wanna get loaded
and tuck, throw up, and drink again

repeat A, first line of B, then chorus 5X (E-40 talking
throughout)

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