

## Fierce Wendy

### "No Chaser"

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Now if you thought that was fat...  
Wait until you get a load of this shit right here  
You know what I'm sayin?  
I'm on a whole other level

Man, ain't this a muthafucka  
(That's Hennessy)  
Bitch, dontcha - this shit weaker than a muthafucka  
If you don't get down right...  
Man, I'ma beat this muthafucka's ass  
I don't want no Coke in my shit, bitch

I like my shit straight, no chaser

[ VERSE 1: MC Breed ]

Hey, I walk off in the club with two dubs off in my socks  
Straight to the bar, order up a double on the rocks  
(Why you drinkin, honey?) shit, what you got?  
(I got Hennessy, Tanqueray...) it's a gang of us, we  
need a lot  
I'm tweakin, hopin nobody's reachin for my weapon  
Cause for me, I keeps it on cue, dog, I'm steppin  
With Smith & Wesson, even when I'm drunk I'm givin  
lessons  
And please no questions, it's just a part of my  
profession  
I'm feelin twisted, the whole room starts shiftin  
This double shot really got your nigga lifted  
And you know Breed, I be all about the weed smoke  
Tang or Boo-Boo no juice, Hen no Coke  
And hoes start to provoke you to buy a drink  
(Man, what's this?) shit, now what the fuck you think?  
Now you're either drinkin with me or you're not  
(Bam-Bam, what we drinkin?) a double-shot  
Bitch

I like my shit straight, no chaser

What the fuck y'all trippin on?  
You don't I like no muthafuckin Coke in my shit  
What?

I ain't...about no muthafuckin drink  
You out your mind

[ VERSE 2: MC Breed ]

Now tonight I think I'll have shot of Bumpy Face  
(Okay baby, what else?) Heineken for the chase  
(Okay) or better yet (what?) since me and my niggas  
stay paid  
(Ah-ha) we'll have a couple of of bottles of Blue for  
Dollar Day  
(Oh okay) I smokes mo' endo than you could grow  
And I drink more drink that they could sell at the sto'  
Woah! (what's this?) hoe's sippin on Moe  
(Hey baby, what y'all drinkin?) a double shot to the flo'  
I tips the waitress before I go, so she remembers me  
I'll have no Coke off in my Hennessy

I like my shit straight, no chaser

[ VERSE 3: Jazze Pha ]

D-r-u-n to the k  
Jazze Pha sip the AlizÃ© anday  
(\*burping\*) drunk as a fuck pervin  
Straight swervin in my '94 suburban  
All of a sudden I drop the bomb  
Hit the dank, now I'm gone  
What the fuck you drinkin?  
(Straight Tanqueray, nigga, why?) it's got me thinkin  
(That muthafucka breath is just so) stinkin  
(Old broke-ass muthafucka) I might not be rich  
But I gets drunker than a fat bitch  
(Oh, so you tell me that you sip on a Colt 45 straight)  
All anday, Saturday (Sunday?) one way  
(Straight up on the rocks, no chase)

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