

## The Click "Hurricane"

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(E-40 talking)

It's just like moonshine, have you on yo face

I mean you be slutterin and what not, next thing you know

You don't know how you got home

I mean this shit is so damn serious playboy

I mean the sherry bombay, ????? on some thang's like that

So dig what I say

Verse 1:(E-40&B-Legit)

I'm so tore, look like my eyes been stiched together like stitches

Ho hopin around wit these bitches, get ya garbage dump wit crickets

But you know me, the life of the party, slurricane anthem

Do what ya mean and make ya fight ya folks wit dr.jekyl

Like the other day I gulped to many swallows

Had them nigga's actin bad at the club wit them power's

Coppin limp dick problem's tryna to get it up

Well oh well, come wit me, i'll have yo shit on stale

(B-Legit)

I wakes up in the mornin and i'm seperated  
In the bag wit my homie's and I sholl hate it  
Billy Dean he be trippin cause they don't respect him  
The nigga rum,man that nigga get's dumb  
I can't wait until they mix me  
I'm goin in they mouth,down they throat,into they  
kidney's  
Hurricane havin muthafucka's seein thangs  
Courage juice,watch when I get loose  
Chrous:2x(Suga T)  
Hurricane,but you can call me slurricane  
Slurricane,strong enough to start a engine mayne  
Verse 2:(D-Shot&Suga T)  
I'm hurvin,swirvin,fuckin wit tycoon shit  
Shit,it's time to swip up another mix  
Smovin to the sto',oh,it's 1:51  
Got to catch Charlie 'fo he close  
Too many ho's at the studio that ain't lit  
I likes to bring out the freak in a nasty bitch  
Studio tone,pop off the shit that ??? wrote  
(Freaky,freak,freaky,freaky)  
(Suga T)  
My crips got hot,seat sweat and all  
That hurricane anthem ain't no joke,it'll make a playa  
fall  
Creepy eyes on the sticky rug  
But them fools who staright check make em think that

hell arose

Knock, knock, hella greedy, got greedy, gotta stay strong

But if I get wrong enough to deal, I can't go wrong

This trick juice will have a playa on his face

Worst then poppy face gin wit no fuckin chase

Chrous:2x

Verse 3:(B-Legit&E-40)

(B-Legit)

Life of the muthafuckin indo weed

Me and nigga's at the bar, keyed

Walkin threw the joint unstumble

They bumpin to bubble

Face like I hate the taste, but now i'm humble

Whisper to a bitch, baby I been watchin you

But when i'm pervin, everything lookin cute

So if you get the boot when my hang over sober

Don't even trip, get yo shit out my range rover

(E-40)

I get's to put how this Spanish fly 90 fin

Influence yo bitch to go both ways, and eat her friend

Shit locked down, muthafucka don't be carin

Who ridin wit my dank cousin Victor Barrin

Hurricane, but you can call me slurricane

Strong enough to start a engine mayne

(B-Legit)

BITCH, and that's how we do for the nine-teen-ninety fin

And we out this biotch

(E-40)

Out this biotch

Chrous:5x

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