

The Click "It's All The Same"

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Nigga, come on, nigga, yeah
Take it to the house
Yeah, yeah, yeah Dub C, 40 Widah
D-Shot

I know ya in the movies and ya pager's goin' off
You got a call from the boss, you seen the code 2236
You makin' excuse, you got to piss
Even though you at the phone dialin' all seven digits
You got to move with the quickness

Before ya dude gets suspicious and shit
Get to trippin' and shit, get the sock in this bitch
Get to turnin' Doctor Jekyll on hoes
'Cause if he flauntin' dough, he can't take the blows

Ay ho, ay ho
Get 'em again, get 'em again

Pick yo celly up, I wanna fuck
Ho, what's happenin' back at cha?
Get it at cha, once the pussy askin'
You know that ignorant bastard

Pockets full of Ziploc bags, it's ripped nasty
Met you at the Benz dealership in T-shirt and khakis
Crafty over the mic like cookie chips, it's the criminal
Known for C-walkin' in the pussy lips

Let them suckers take care of ya ho, like 40
I just wanna click with you and dick you
From Cape to the Bay Area, bury ya
Flashin' the dick in ya tonsils
Bend you over and fuck you by my studio councils

Poundin' a shady nigga layin' the wood
Video tapin' me hittin' it from the back
Throwin' up the hood, yeah, you like that bitch
The square ass weights tellin' you ain't never been
choked
Or done fucked by a felon, no K-Y jellin', just tryin' to
inhale it

So when ya ready for the real bitch hit me on my cellin'

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(These hoes wanna marry a nigga)
The same ol' game
(Then turn around and bury a nigga)
It's all the same
(It's all gravy whodi)
Wherever we go
(Nigga, please believe)

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(Fo' sheezy, baby)
Wherever we go

I set rules in this game, I pop my bra, I claim fame
I do my thug thesis, got the world singin' speak of me
I do no jockin' the clock don't stop clockin'
I'm a top notch and my itinerary stay crackin'

I'm mackin' boss bitch, hell I'm pimpin'
I'm on one, I have no mercy I go sick with it
Like cash money we click with it, hey, hey
Super bad, super bad, say, say

Check the pass man, foot on the gas man
I wrap em' up in cashmere and trade em' for cash man
You dig, my sick face down on the side of my hip
I'm seventeen deep with heat so don't trip

I sip malt liquor all of the suds
My bomb is E-coli the murderous buds
I blaze Philly blunts all in the clubs
Keep a bald fade for the bitches to rub

I thug for mine that's the difference with me
From the ball playin' nigga that ya see on TV
I escalate up to the spot on the Hill
Fill you up with Hennessey and ecstasy pills

Fuck you in the mind if ya just sit still
Opened up some game and I let that spill
Bitches love playas 'cause they keep that real
The shit is all the same, ya feel
Yeah, it's all international baby, ya feel

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But every time I spit this game
These L I P's these niggas know my name
You see my name is E-Feezy
These hoes be lovin' me

Ya gotta be a special lady and a very exciting girl
Yo, I'm slammed, lookin' savy in the back of the
crackhouse
In the bathroom choppin' up and baggin' up my cavy
You must be blankin' off them blankin' thangs

Who the fuck you think you dealin' with?
I hold up, I ain't gon' rescue no bitch
I'll slap ya upside ya nooda, bitch
Talkin' that shit, I'ma buy ya ass some Prada

Some Norman Camali, the Mazda MX or Miati
I ain't gon' lie you got some good ass lush fire punana
But I ain't sprung even though you been handlin' on
Been suckin' the peel off the banana with yo big ass
lips and gums

Swallowin' down my cum, runnin' around there
With yo big ass tongue, you're hangin' out your thong
You wanna stay with ya hard ass workin', baby, dada
He loves ya dirty draws, he'll drink ya bath water

He'll let ya ass go clubbin'
He ain't gon' be trippin' off nothin' you mention
He know you something
He know you can't turn a tramp into a good woman

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