

Jay-Z F/ Timbaland**"Carlos Rossi"**

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(B-Legit)

What's up fool, I got like 3 buck on the Rossi

Let's go get perved

(E-40)

You don't wanna get perved, nigga

You don't wanna fuck wit this Rossi shit

(...)

Man, don't forget the ice man

(E-40)

Oh, you want something to

O.K.

(Chorus)

Top of the line wine, Carlos Rossi

Drinkin' on some of of that top of the line wine, Carlos

Rossi

(E-40)

Top of the line wine Carlos Rossi, man

I drinks it all the time it's extra satisfying

Three of four times a day you can catch me drivin

Back and forth to the liquor store buyin

Jugs and jugs of tha shit cause I'm addicted wit no
denying

Perving, swervin rannin all into the fuckin curb and

If I get one more D.U.I. then it's curtains

I can't cope, I guess I'm a alcoholic sometimes I hit the
chronic

It's just like gin and tonic when it's time to get erotic

5.99 for a big ass bottle of Rossi wine it's right on time

Once you become a member of my drinkin' club you
will find

The key to set ya free so give it a try

But don't mistake it for Chablis unless you already high

Spread the word get sprung and drink it with ya down
chromes

That's another word for sohobs, potna, folks, homies

Every motherfuckin' year

We do this shit every other fuckin' day if not every day

But anyway I want

Chorus

(B-Legit)

Hocus motherfuckin' Pocus

The top of the line wine, yeah nigga that's the dopest

And if you in The Click, them motherfuckers notice

that we be downin jugs from the tallest to the shortest

Everywhere I go, people wants to know

What's the name of that shit you and the Click be like
fuckin' wit

I keeps it on a hunch on the ... cause brother I be
perved

Fuckin' wit some shit that will send you to the curb

And if you wit a bitch, then nigga you nice

Cause Rossi goes good wit some dank over ice

Take her to the telly let the wine fill her belly

Fired up some smelly then ya jammin' like jelly

Bust a couple of nuts, hit the butt and than the grill

Dick hard like I did time up in Vacaville

But still I be bossy

(E-40)

What you fuckin' wit though?

(B-Legit)

Fuck wit some of that top of the line wine

(E-40)

Yeah nigga

(B-Legit)

Carlos Rossi

Chorus

(E-40)

Sunny day, sky blue, shit, I think Imma barbecue

Let me get my ass up outta bed and call up the whole
motherfuckin' crew

Ray you bring the chicken, Kaveo you bring the links

Mugzy you bring the hamburger meat and I'll supply
the drinks

Shit it's good to be on damn it

I got Suga-T in the house whippin' up some potatoe
salad

4 slabs of ribs up in the refrigerator marinatin'

Bring home the .. I got tha .. and I can't be waitin'

Well, what do you know, though the door comes Kaveo

(Kaveo)

You know!

(E-40)

Mugzy and Tap that ass, T-Pup and Hell and Moe

Thick ass niggas like B-Legit and E-Duece

.... Mac Shawn, Mac D-Shot and Little Bruce

The man behind the counter of the liquourstore loves

me
Be ... and ready to hug me
On the strength that I done spend
Over a G within a week on the Carlos Rossi

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