

**Linda Davis F/ Reba McEntire****"H.I. Double L"**

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(E-40)

Hey ah, which way should I steer ah  
The beat keeps knockin down my rear view mirror  
Pervin like a mothafucka swervin  
Hope I don't scrub in my '95 Suburban  
To go throughout the community squattin on gold tippy toes  
Peep, breathin on Indian cigarette-Ganish Bidi posin  
niggas tweak  
Quick fast and a hurry don't worry 40 vision blurry  
Shorty hit the freeways climbin like that nigga Joe Torre  
(Celly Cel)  
What do you know it's siggity Cel  
That funky niggero that funky nigga doe  
Kickin in doors you beta grab ya hoe  
I see ya cruisin in the late night  
creepin wit my nigga B-Legit and 40 water, ah shit  
(40)

We're here-we're there-we're everywhere  
Highly intox-icated but we don't care  
(B-Legit)  
I'm from the H.I.L.L. the place where my niggas bell  
A mack muthafuckin 12 will send your ass straight to hell  
(40)

A tick a tock, the shit da spot  
They say them crazy muthafuckas pull out a chop  
(B)  
I watch them muthafuckas run  
I do this shit for fun  
You niggas know you can't get none  
(40)  
Biatch

Chorus-

I'm from the V.A.L.L.E.J.O  
H.I.L.L side doe  
Spittin straight game is all a nigga know and ahh  
and they be like... (there they go, off to the liquor store)  
(B)  
I tell a bitch what the fuck you mean where I've been

And so what I smells like pussy and gin  
I had money to make  
Bitches to break and if the shit was out of line I had  
lives to take  
I told you from the gate that I'm a mobster  
Sippin DP eatin lobster  
Don't get it confused you won't get abused  
As long as you makin' me them revenues  
(Cel)  
That miggity mack, that diggity dang and that niggity  
nut  
Jump in the back of my cut with a tramp slut and hit the  
gut  
Ain't got no love for 'em all I love to do is dick 'em  
Pass 'em to the extra mannish nigga 40 water  
(40)  
If I was popeye with a ?  
You could kiss my big black royal  
I'm not funkkin' over Oliveoil  
Last night I had a superbud in my room  
She sucked me till my dick shriveled up like a prun  
(Cel)  
Well pass the Hussy to the left hand side  
So I can bend her over hit it from the back and let her  
ride  
You know it's Sick Wid It  
Hog gotta put the shake down  
Shot her to the left nigga hit me with the break down

Chorus

(40)

Beefeater, Tanqueray, Safire, Bombay  
? the punch bowl full of hurricane  
That'll last a nigga dang near all day  
Smokin' HERB we gets perved cop a squat  
Let's hang out at the old Cola spot  
(B)

Nigga I'm a Louie smokes damn near Q  
So can I get a Twomp on my pager here  
You been blowin' me up  
I know you know the code  
31 double 07 dash 9 eleven

(40)

High steppin'  
Ya blankin off the blanks  
Cuz I'm a "Rock star"Hate goin dove rock  
Nigga let me use your fuckin car  
All the way to  
sunday,monday,tuesday,wednesday,thursday,friday,saturday  
Threw up money tore up ass botch you call the po po on  
me

Told 'em I was sideways doin about a buck 50 in  
Salonto County  
Sheriffs pull my ass over, and book me caught me with  
a gun  
And a bunch of Alezah bottles and they was askin me  
where I'm from  
And I said bitch

Chorus

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