

Black Sheep, Pass The 40

(feat. With Guests)

[Intro:]

Nigga, come off. Check this out. Check this out.
Listen all this shit y'all talking ain't got no frills.
We'll pass the 40 around and we'll see who's got some skills, I mean,
if you got 'em you got 'em and if you don't
(I got skins. I got skins.)
...you're over. So Mista Lawnge, listen, I give this brew to you.
I'm gonna pour some out for my man pee-wee. (Pee-Wee!)
And do what you gotta do, all right black. Bust it.

[Verse One : Mista Lawnge]

I'm the suger dick daddy,
Fuck what you think.
Pass the 40 right by me
Cause you know I don't drink.
I remain sober when I drop a hit,
But I put gum in my ass cause I like to pop shit.
When it comes to pullin' gums I might do it.
But put your guard up Black
And I'm a run right through it.
Don't sleep on the side
Thinkin' I'm easy to beat.
Cause I'll be up in that ass like a bike seat.
And when it comes to boneing I'm Mr Erecticy
Hoes come by the crib for a free hysterectomy.
I've got a dick that I brag about.
I put it in fast then I drag it out.
Girls, I'll be the special friend see,
Cause your man suffers from pseudo-penis envy.
I do damage, Oh, Uhm.
The Sugar Dick is guaranteed to make you come.
Now I pass the 40 cause you heard from me,
So, go get a forklift Chi-Ali.

[Verse Two : Chi-Ali]

Well I'm too young for 40's, and too young for blunts.
The only thing I'm not too young for is the stunts.
The girlies, the ladies, I love them with a passion.
But back to the mike cause I'm always down for action.
Many M.C.'s fall to the dust.
Some will rust cause I bust and I crush.
You can't touch.
I'm the child of the wild, the flavor of the Nile.
I gave you plenty of chances still ya fuck with this style.
Now that you know, Chi-Ali can't be taken.
Pass the 40 cause my mother's not looking.

[Verse Three : Diggedy Dog?]

Yo give me that, kid. You pah will put you in the mourage.
Listen to hot diggity dog.
Bibb bow wow wow wow wow,
Yipity yie yo, yipity yo yie yeah.
Digity dog is rockint and,
Yes, I'm definitely here to stay.
Pass me 40. Pass me 40, pass it if you may.
Because my jiumy is hard and yes I have a hoe to slay.
And when I'm funkint the bitches they go huhhhhhh.
When I'm funkint the bitches they go huhhhhhh.

You tall drink the 40, I drink a Guinness Staught.
And when I see you home, I'm out-
You baby Chris, pass me the keys to the car.
I'm runnin late for my menage-a-trois.

[Verse Four: Chris?]

Pass it, tap it, and then crack it.
Take a small swig
Or down it like a pig.
You too tippys to operate this rig.
I'm a mike, You suckers I strike in filght.
Here's a DWI for drivin' drunk with the mike.
From Chi to Lawnge and all those in this fight.
Loosen your grip cause you're houlding it to tight.
Itll take a body count, I know my body count is right.
Five drunk niggers from my left to my right,
And maybe you hope that I'm with tonight.
But it's all right. Yo! It's all right.
So Dave my grip is getting weak,
Grab the 40 so I can hear you speak.

[Verse Five : Dave Gossett]

I live large, caviar and limos.
Spent most of my time refusing bullshit demos.
Can you understand, do you you understand.
Well let me explain I'm the A and R man.
Dave Gossett. Yes I rock it.
I rip the mike and I stuff pockets.
Don't believe me, ask the Sheep see.
They got the money, think it's funny,
Always scooping all the honey.
Opps. I ment to say hoes.
Broke my own rhyme.
What'ca didn't know, ut oh.
I see a stroblelite hoe, I gotta go, I gotta go.
Yo Dres, it's your turn,
Act like gonnarhea and burn baby burn.

[Verse Six:]

Step into the booth
And give em proof
That Black Sheep don't need jack to get loose
And rip a roof, the center too
You're in my fuckin way so move
And let a nigga get smooth
Honeys play me close cause my goods are on display
so, I play em like vitamins and take a ho a day
I pul1 em like a dentist
Mold em like a teacher
Knock em like a bowler
Fleece em like a preacher
Step, get a man, go to school, join a band
It makes no difference whether
Dres is that type of brother
that will hit that ass forever
Cause I'm clever, ever
Have I, ever, lost my sight
Or said mic when I bone this night
Not talkin bout chicken
But if she's finger lickin
I will let it be known
Don't bite the bone

Micraphon's I like em cause they let me amplify
So dontt reach for the sky, you know you can't fly
But still you reach up higher, a Black Sheep is your desire
Then you look up at me cause ltm a frequent flyer
So now you got beef chief
grief will be your
I sport a full metal jacket
Give your beef some lo mein
Cause lim swingin like a swinger
Singin like a singer
Il'm lookin for your
or your ho so did you bring her
Ah I'm just bullshittin
almost time for quittin
There's money to be made
And booty to be hittin
Look and you will see
Dres that's who I be
A divine incline of mine is studio tim