

# E-40, Fuckin' They Nose

[E-40]

Let's make it happen

Mmmhmm.. I mean it can't get mo' mobber

Y'know, we like to buy our shit in bulk

Y'know in VOLUMES

Y'know like Costco? We fuck with Bosco

(Fuckin with Bosco) You smell me?

It's that mob shit nigga, so damn sinister

Sssshit, BEOTCH!

Chorus: {all}

Fuckin they nose like this

[T] Your nose, fuckin your nose like this

[E] Like that? [T] It's like that

[E] Like this!

Fuckin they nose like this

[T] It's like this

[E] Like that? [T] Like that

[E] Like this! (Weeee, beeee)

Fuckin they nose like this

[T] Your nose, fuckin your nose like this

[E] Like that? [T] It's like that

[E] Like this!

Fuckin they nose like this

[T] It's like this

[E] Like that? [T] Like that

[E] Like this!

[B-Legit]

I be the first out, nigga shady bring the worst out

Black beretta put the thirst out

See I'm rollin in my truck, dick hardest to fuck

Hit a block, and let the bitch blow on my sock

I got bass rock tips, red-nose tits

Las Vegas chips better dub out here (uh-huh)

Spend G's overseas got 'em sprung on the game (sprung on the game)

And all in Amsterdam you was hearin my name

I move raps over beats, tales from the street

Concrete walker, straight male stalker

(??) broken temple of hemp, I keep it simple

Money all mine, I give a fuck if you fine

My crew, doggish, Sic-Wid-It hoggish

Ball in two-thousand, suckers ain't allowed in

Catch me on the track with the froze up wrists

and I'll be fuckin they nose, like this (BEEOTCH!)

Chorus w/ minor variations

[Suga T]

These bitches in competition (what what)

but ain't gon' bust a grape in a food fight

and nigga, you blowin hot air

I don't care, I keep a spare square

Bitches better beware, run up I dare you

Suga T the boss bitch, hittin switches

Mobbin old school then beatin down bitches

I'm struttin my tools, fool; give it up or shut up

Been done mess around and got stuck-up, set up

I still ride with yola copped in my cot

Impulse with chops and still be a top notch

Fuckin your nose, and yo' dome (and yo' dome)

Man Shot, let these haters know

[D-Shot]

I was intrigued by the way things ran

How it was done (what else) how a bitches mind was run

So I hollered at the master pimp, who was dressed in mink

I asked him could I buy him a drink

He said, "What can I do for you son?" I said I wish to pimp

I want yo' same stroll, and I want yo' limp  
I want my mail to be as long as yours  
Sport big cars and breakin all the whores  
Load me up with your finest disk  
I'm only fifteen and I'm ready to pimp  
I want my hoes to pull in all the tricks  
I'm fuckin they nose like this  
Chorus w/ variations