

# Sick Wid It II (Featuring Turf Talk)

## E-40

[Turf Talk + (E-40)]

Damn nigga, ay where Mikey at mayne?  
Ay, ay Droop-E, Droop-E! You old enough to drink nigga?  
Whassup cousin? (Whassup tycoon, what's goin on?)  
It's your young nephew Turkey mayne  
(What is it boy? What's goin on family?)  
There's a lot of shit that need to be said big cousin  
(Talk to me, I'll talk back)  
First of all I'ma start by just sayin we can't be fucked with  
And you know it! (Ooooh)  
Got all the whole hood in this motherfucker (the whole soil)  
Sick Wid It nigga (now) been runnin this shit

[E-40]

Look out pimp!

Oyster Perpetual, cushion cut bezel  
I'm busy I ain't even had time to eat a fortune cookie  
Since I signed with BME every promoter  
and every agency in the industry been tryin to book me  
Mackin-ass 40, what that do?

Sometimes me, always you

Man you a real-ass nigga, man you a boss  
If I had yo' hand I woulda been done cut mine off  
A cult following, hustlers they love me  
Kill a tree and put a rock in the hospital over me  
If you see me up in the mountains with a lion, I ain't lyin  
Nigga don't help me, my nigga help the mountain lion!

Uhh, chalupas {?} thousand dollar stacks

Turn a couple of ki's into a couple hundred racks

The main drag, the soil, the blacktop

The gravel, the D-spot, we open like IHOP

[Turf Talk]

Yea mayne! These motherfuckers know!

Nigga this is big 40-Water motherfucker!

The ambassador of the Bay nigga!

Nigga we stay eatin over here motherfucker!

You niggaz need to step your motherfuckin weight up nigga

Sick Wid It, BME motherfucker[E-40]

Look out pimp!

Hit me on my chirp, I got that work

Fuck e'rybody else, I got myself on my shirt

Better hurry up and come and get 'em we got the lowest rates I'm tellin you pimpin cause they  
goin like hotcakes

Cops come and spoil it we flushin it down the toilet  
Throw it in the battery acid and then destroy it  
Pay attention and learn, while I teach you how to grit and grind  
Fifteen five? All the time (cool)  
These square-ass rappers, they get a few bucks  
Then they, lose contact get out of touch  
With the, with the streets, we stick to the turf like cleets  
Off the leash, we thirsty we hungry we beasts  
Look out, watch out, here come the jumpout  
Hide your dope in your anus, and put the weed out  
'Fore they beat us and choke us and take our funds  
And shoot us with them tazer guns[Turf Talk]  
You niggaz'll get your motherfuckin head knocked off fuckin with us boy  
Nigga we been doin this shit nigga  
Niggaz need to bow the fuck down and pay homage nigga  
Niggaz been stealin our shit for years 40!  
Niggaz brave to talk around these motherfuckers, WATER![E-40]  
The whole enchilada, the whole taco  
Motherfucker I'm a capo!  
Play with hundred round drums  
Me and my u-salaam(?)  
A stingy nigga, watch every penny that I spend  
Go to any hood in the world and fit right in  
A young nigga, with an old soul  
A busy nigga, put the President on hold  
Ride Vogues, 26 inch toes  
Got the inside of the laws smokin like broke stogs  
You can find me in the mall, buyin up all the clothes  
Or in A-T-L or Club 112, throwin them 'bows  
Left and right arms froze, cold like the ice from the cooler  
Just left the jeweler, rose gold, Frank Mueller  
I smoke big, growin weed in my garage  
Police roll up, I got a cannabis card[Turf Talk]  
Wait wait wait! Money. power and respect motherfucker  
40 told you niggaz mayne! We hongry nigga!  
We eat soup with a fork around this bitch mayne!  
Knahmean? Step your motherfuckin weight up nigga  
You niggaz pockets is touchin motherfucker  
You starvin! [laughter]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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