

Aight, what's really? You hit my lifer number  
This Sick Wid It/Jive Records  
Leave your message at the beep (BEEP)

Hah! Mmmhmmm. Yeah, uhh... on my pager!  
What you say? Oh yeah. Kick that shit then nigga!

Higher than a bird, off that herb, in the O-A-K  
Off on perv, parked on curb, rollin up a vay  
Licked it three times, laced it with the Alize  
About twomp a day, baby hit me frequent-lay!  
Sneak, and Forty, from chocolate short-ay, we been  
all prepared, cause my nights is no day, the broad say  
I last! Cause you six months  
But I say, she pullin a gang of major stunts

Bust, bust niggaz, consequences when you're doin the do  
Fuck around and get caught up in a catch twenty-two  
In the area! Dirt and dust  
Where the yah! B.A. Plus  
But ain't yo sista Suga-T? (Suga-T)  
Ain't you the one that say Sprinkle Me (Sprinkle Me)  
I loves me some Forty-Ridah  
I seen you up in 2Pac's video poppin your collar

I play this playa shit like Bugs Bunny  
Ain't no cartoon figure nigga I makes money, ain't nuttin funny  
If you're ever in some funk, call your potnah on the cell  
and leave one-eighty-seven, at the end of the number  
B-uh-Benzy on Washington, on the cellular phone  
You could tell that the Easy Bay was his home  
My people goin off like a high school build'  
And all my money in stacks, and all my pockets on swell  
M-uh-mobbin like a playa, but I'm still a G doe  
Pager goin off like C-3PO  
Time for the Hurricane, E said word  
I put a nigga on his back, fuck what you heard

If it's major, hit me on my pager  
Rang it, ring it, rang it, ring it, ring my telephone, ring my telephone

I be so rebel-yalous  
When I'm talkin on my phone-telyalous  
You can have my baitch, but I maintain  
I chop it up as a loss and charge it to the game  
She said you must be playin some kind of phone tag  
Cause erytime I hit you, you don't hit me back  
Why is dat? Cause you're hella hard to get in contact with  
Thought you thought, was killin big girl was crackin on some crabs  
Six o'clock, the girl said that's my crib be at the West plus  
due to go, left me at home be leavin my ass up in the living room all alone  
And I be starvin rubbin my monkey fiendin for some Donkey Kong  
Now you're talkin, let's get the show on the road  
I know you're tired of barkin, you need to hop on my load  
So we can stab out, strike rock and Arroyo Park  
at the top of hill, so I can check your oil

I said ah one to the two ah two to two three  
Tell me why your baby momma keep on pagin me  
I didn't give the hoe the number, so why does she call  
She says she wanna do me, and all of y'all  
But I'm like that nigga on The Mack, I don't want the honey  
I want the money some of you niggaz is funny style and meanwhile  
I'm sellin my piece to these tricks cause it's the paperchase  
laced with game, see I'm livin in the hustlers dream  
Call up a player if it's major  
Specially if it's scrilla nigga hit me on my pager

Rang it, baby gimme a call  
My name you're screamin, how I be hittin them walls  
You got me tinglin, how you be workin them drawers  
With a kiss I make em all say this, yeah that's raw  
I glance your cut, bass we uhh, big cheeks  
with a blast headin straight for the nut, big A&H  
got some bitches all in the cut, it's that season  
Drop my number to the hoe to hit me up

Yo, you're nine-one-oneing me to death, what's all that fo'  
Got my Williams and fillin my pager and pager on the overflo'  
What's happenin with all that old bullshit  
is it really all that damn serious  
You're draining the hell out of my battery  
got your partner thinkin curious  
Cause in the Y-E-A A-R-E-A the game ain't constipated  
Buckin around in the Golden State where the game originated  
Fools be scandalous they used to be squares be turnin vicious  
Hit me on pager, hit me if it's major

[Chorus 2X]