

Gas, Break, Dip

E-40

{*static*} Calling all hustlers, calling all players
Please report to your scraper
Turn the ignition on, open all four doors
and commence to slapping, thank you {*static*}

{Gas break} (LOUDER!)
40-Water. Federation, E-40
BOTCH!

Gas break, dip, then scrape {*3X*}
Sideshows, donuts, figure eights then
Gas break, dip, then scrape {*3X*}
Sideshows, donuts, figure eights

Aight, look, look here man
Look... I live my life like any day can be my life
Fools be tryin to hit me, like a porno website
I pulls up in the Chevy with them Rally Racer stripes
Some of my fellas on Harley Davidson bikes
With they lights on, in the daytime, the opposite of night
with them growlin-ass pipes ridin
30 deep with a broad on the backseat, highsidin
Tycoonin and timin, strivin and grindin to get my money on
Rappin and rhymin, tryin to go diamond and talkin on my phone
With the music slappin, slappin this song, they say I'm wrong
Cause I be poppin it at these hoes, fo' tears when I'm off Patron
Sucker repellant cologne I put on, when I leave my home
My 45 pistol chrome bust a nigga shit, bust a dome
Yo' bread is midget and dwarf, like a Hobbit
My yaper is long and lanky like Predrag Stojakovic
Tall like the mileage on my 70 Cutlass-es
Gas break and dip and then scrapin it with my loved ones

I'm out the sunroof, gone off that rotgut
Straight scrape, that's the sound when the shocks touch
White walls with some pipe, haulin D skippers
Candy paint straight coonin, look at me nigga
Get my scratch, all about my mail - uhh
Ant, Stress, and Doonie, them boys from the fields
Gas, break, dip, scrape
Smoke it, up, figure eight

How I scrape? Goldie's a eight
Pull up, dig in my nose, and give you handshake
40-Agua, lent me the Range (love some bam shit)
Cross my fingers {?} I won't crash it
But my drink's spiked, so I just might
Dent a bumper or two, and bust a headlight
Now, all my niggaz in they scrapers (DO'S OPEN)
Thug in the Benz (get that Vogue meat smokin!)

Okayyyy, okayyyy
'96 Cutlass, mayonnaise and mustard
Dusted and disgusted but my guts like custard
Green caramel, Too \$hort, "Freaky Tales"
Bumpin in the zoney, pimpin tenderonis
Blueberry blunt wrapped with a Rick Rock slap

Like Busta Rhymes, make they gun booty cheek clap
Stop by the trap, shoot a few craps
Don't trust na'r a nigga, keep the strap on my lap
Cell phone might be tapped, so we speak in all slang
That's why the white folk think that we all strange
People in the back of me see the TV's
Ant scrapin tough like a pair of Dungarees
Coonin E-Feez, on Myrtle Beach
Carlos Rossi, where the turtle growin trees
My na'r na'an nutta make all the hoes stutter
Gas break dip bend the pussy then cut her

Punch the gas then break (then break)
Then dip (then dip) then scrape (scrape scrape)

Gas, break, gas, break

{*static*} This was an official, Sic'Wid It, Federation slap
You may now, close your scraper doors, and go home
Thank you