

Tired of Sellin Yola

E-40

I'm tired of selling yola
We up and they coping
Turning my money ova
Try'na flip a profit
One day amma quit and amma
Go legit

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He got the block on lock
But he can't stop he was bit by the hustling bug
Ever since he sold his first rock or should I say dove
His shorty blunt shorty mellowed out and gave him a jr
He stayed loyal neva crooked like a wimple liner
So his plugged kept frontin he work on consignment
He didn't flam coons he kept it low key, stayed under the radar
And stacked his money
But I wish I could say that about his plug attention whore
Spent 30 thou out in the strip club
A sucka for bitches, buying hoes cars for christmas
Ugh love triangles now he got some killers on his ankles
They put some bread on this head somebody want him dead
He losing sleep try'na find out who is it
So he can reverse the hit, but he comin up with nothin
No clues, caz he fuckin with 3 or 4 different crews
Not only that but the feds on his back
Caz one of his boys in there tellin cause he got popped with a brick
A brick, a unit, a birdy, a kick, on suicide watch he in there sick
Cryin like a bitch, a lame, askin himself why he in this game
Now everybody ain't built for this shit betta get in and get out
And do what? Go legit

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Back to the first paragraph the beginning
The loyal nigga I was talkin about earlier out there winning
Stacked enough to branch out on his own
To cut out the liaison, liaison? yea the middle man
That little loyal nigga worth bout 300 thousand grand
Bought a cannabis club and pawn shop, what else

A green burrito and a carls junior
What happened to the dude with the sack, the plug
He's no longer they murdered him outside the club
The thought, the function I ain't surprised at these events
Is where most people be losing they lives
The scammers be scamming, plotting and planning
Stand outside a the party, infiltrating and phone pimping
Phone pimping? Yea droppin dimes and tellin the perpetrators
What kinda of cars the victims be driving
Wow, that kinda heavy, what kind a vehicle he was in? a Chevy
When did the ambulance come? Asap
But by time they got there his brains be sitting in his lap
Dang that ain't cool, he must a had him leakin his poo
I know huh, that's what I was thinkin
I wonder where his niggas was at when he was leavin
Catin, talking to some broads
Bullshit, try'na get them draws
That's why you suppose to get in the game, get out real quick
Invest ya money get a business and go legit

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