

## Act a Ass

E-40

Walla walla walla bang bang (ehh-yeahhhh)  
One me on the grand tree damn come from around kingsman (heh heh heh)  
Walla walla walla bang bang walla dang dang dang (yea yea)  
Walla walla walla bang bang what a dang thang (yea yea oh yea yea oh)

Its smoky up in here, so open up the vents  
We heated up in here... the street instruments  
My piranhas is hungry, we play for keep  
We freakin this booch, we 60something deep  
We licorice booch if you feel a frog its leap  
Promiscuous booch sometimes we like to cheat  
I'm spillin' my liquor, its all on my clothes  
I'm Smellin like alcohol bout to follow my nose  
I'm mad doggin and thuggin, buckin and grudgin  
We off of them pills, and we aint talking bout bufferin  
(You flossin grills?) like they do down south  
(100 dollar bills?) with furniture in they mouth  
If you like it, I love it, when its dry as a drought  
If you dig it, I dug it, be about your paper route  
If its woofers and sub hits, clientele and clout  
Party and clubbing, up in the building talking loud

We gon' act a ass (push my glock up in the grass)  
We gon' do the fool (we'll be breaking all the rules)  
So don't make me murdah (eh)  
Emcees up in side (eh)  
We gon' tap nigga and grind like that boy yeah  
We gon' act a ass (aye-yeahhhh)

(Yo) I'm having my yay-per, im feeling my scrill  
I'm seeing my money mayne, im a hustler for real  
Gotta get it while its good, aint no time to wait  
Its dangerous in my hood, with plenty money to make  
I'm drinking a beer, im smoking a swisher  
I barely can steer, im full of this liquor  
I handles my biz, im takin' my exit  
Then parking this britch, the magazine street exit  
I pull up my truck, im stopping my soul  
Stop at the 7-11, talking shit on my phone  
Hustler by nature (nature), buster by choice  
I'm checkin' my pager, im checkin' my voice  
Re-up and re-coppin', peddlin' and pushin'  
More keys than a janitor, my nick-name is bookman  
Bitches be lookin', old-folk be starin'  
Patin' me down, searchin' the clothes that im wearin'

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(Yo) many fourteens, M-1 therapy  
AR-15 pimpin' m16s without me  
Wont be no slang in the gang, it'll be extinct  
I've been bamboozled and hit with mayne

People hit with all kind of these identity thieves  
Underrated and hated, on by all these squares in the industry  
Man I'm a legend pimp, they call me EE four owe  
XP boy used to push that blow  
Gas, break, dip, stop, and go  
Ride the strip, hit the sto'e  
You know that I bought it, you know that I got it  
Had to cop a bottle of the blue hypnotiq  
Incredible Hulks, you know what I mean  
Mix it with some bark and watch that shit turn green  
Higher than an elephants eye, me and my guys  
Off Rossi and hash, after that ass...

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Well alllllright  
Me a bad man, ruff by nature  
You punkin' on me you goin' into danger  
Me and the Don, ruff and down low ranger  
Me thought me pot was comin' from Jamaica  
No mess with stranger, no like imposta  
Call me forecaster, we more like rasta  
With the mix for ganja, I buy a lil cha cha  
When they know inside, they blow sofa

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