

## Anybody Can Get It

E-40

When a motherfucker walk up in the club, I mean I mean  
And a nigga be 70 deep  
But if a nigga let his motherfuckin scrotum hang over his shoulder  
And come up and do a WALK-BY on your bitch-ass  
It's nay-thun  
Don't give a fuck about how much money you got nigga  
It's about how you outsmart the next nigga

Bitch, nigga, what the fuck's up!  
(Anybody can get it!)  
Hoe, niggaz, go pull your skirts up  
Don't think that you won't get touched, BITCH!  
I'm in your grill now, nigga what you gon' do?  
I'm in your grill now, bitch what you gon' do?  
I'm in your grill now, nigga what you gon' do?  
Don't think that you won't get touched, BITCH!

Hoes, hoes, money, roll  
Mr. Whup-Ass done stepped in the do'  
(BONE CRUSHER!) Bring the pain, to your skull  
Y'all niggaz don't want a fight, all y'all want is a hug  
Your bark is worse than your bite, with your mean mug  
Let's take it to the grass and we'll see what's up  
Y'all knows about me, Mr. Streetsweep  
Twinkie soft niggaz get dealt with swift-ily  
I'm amazin; I always bring the heat  
Pull the cake up through the ground if he fuckin with me  
Me and E-Fonzarelli, new Starsky & Hutch  
Motherfucker don't act like you can't get touched  
Grindin niggaz bows up and we turn 'em to dust  
As the crowd go ah-OOOOH-AHH cause you know you fucked up  
They don't wanna see me, nicknamed the realest  
Don't believe me, ask them Adamsvillers  
This A-T-L nigga!

I sit at the bar and tear up hundred dollar bills  
My car, my Hummer got 26 inch rims  
I'm a star on my side of the earth, I bleed the block  
Promethazine, codeine, water and hubba rock  
Million dollar dreams and fiends and things of that nature  
Triple beams and things and T-Mobile paint ya  
Told myself - I need to stop pushin hop  
I need to stop pushin hop so I can buy a WingStop  
My young hyenas be bustin guns, mashin and pistol packin  
Smokin so much 'dro that our lungs feel like they collapsin  
Trick I see you and yo' partners laughin  
Jaw-jackin and scammin and plottin  
Old soft-ass, medicated, cotton-ass nigga  
You're out of line I told you once befo' it's dubya dot  
Bust a Head dot com, on mine, hit the flo'!  
And don't come back no mo' no mo' no mo' no mo'  
Motherfucker it's E-4-oh from the Valle-jo  
Still rappin like I'm po' - BEOTCH!

I'ma kill a motherfucker's ass if I have to  
But is it worth it is the question that I ask you  
To blast your punk-ass

And is you bleedin, only to give Satan a damn good  
reason to play with me, look bitch I'm sayin  
You don't listen 'less that tec-9 sprayin yo' ass  
Glass breakin in your home boy, thinkin you fast  
I never mash out, 'til the iron smack up yo' body  
Then you pass out, I pray to God for peace  
I done best to get my black ass out of these streets  
But y'all don't listen 'less I'm cussin and bustin the shit  
You keep beggin, and I'ma give it to ya you bitch!  
In your face, your back, your chest, neck and lungs  
You want war, you will get it for Mr. Crawfordson  
They call me really really doe, ain't no hoe in my blood  
A couple slugs bitch you thugs'll give me a hug  
Real gangster niggaz raise up  
Y'all sticky ooh-wee niggaz blaze up  
or get yo' ass sprayed up, bitch nigga!

And there you have it! (And there you have it)  
Anybody can get it (anybody)  
Don't act like you can't get touched, peeyimp!  
Yeah, my dude Bone Crusher (that's right)  
Lil Jon and the Eastside Boyz (yeahh!) David Banner  
And E-40 Belafonte pimpskillet  
Trust that, BOTCH! BEOTCH!!