

Back in Business

E-40

Prepared for the hatred
With my problem solver my patriot
Goon up and get tooned up
Dropped off erased it
Stay dedicated and faithful to my camp (what about yo camp?)
Try my loved ones they get stamped
Stapled, removed
Soil tested and block approved
Really a good dude
But he can get trooped
From the school of hubbarocks some life savers up in the socks
Sprintin and runnin from the cops
The cherries, the sirens
The po-po penelope one time
The alphabet boy's stilettos
The sophisticated dog trained attackers
The K9 Sheppards
In order to do some right you gotta do some wrong
Got hella shit goin on
The dusty, the dirty, the smirk (ugh)
I ain't paranoid I'm prepared
I ain't nervous
When you cookin birdies in the kitchen
Can't be slippin like a transmission
Gotta be on your peesin toes
It's hard to make an honest livin
When your kids ain't got no clothes

Playin the game how it was meant to be played
The way it's supposed to be
Money hungry and sany
Soil savvy and grainy
Hard headed and mannish
Me and my Philipinos and Hispanics
Romanians and Asians, Samoans, Tongans and Caucasians
Not no California Bears
Not no California raisins
All of us is fools
All of us is patients
Ethiopians, Afghanis and Eritreans
Africans, Jamaicans and Indians
Ugh, ave animal
We some hood hysterians
You can tell by the way I carry it that I'm a block barbarian
A goon witta spoon, wrist game sick
Pay the neighbourhood chef to teach a nigga how to whip
A nigga how to whip
A fixture how to mix
Got it clock wise twistin it
Drop it off, deliver it
Never half step
Go for the juggler
Get yo money man
Don't be no couch potato hustler

Fella you're a silent dude
Your name just came up

Bro you gon' live a long time
We just talked you up
Wha-what was the subject
What about was the subject
Was it good or was it bad?
The subject was about how you make them suckaz back up like sea crab
Gotta raise the white flag
Too many drinks they had
Disrespecting the boss, that's how you got fucked off
You mean something
You somebody
You really stand for something
They got big ass M on they chest (for what?)
For nothing
You know my homie with the two-toned legs (what about him)
He thuggin
A couple of them niggas were off
They licked the sweaty balls
These hoes nowadays is dogs
Givin up them drawers
Do anything for the cash
Wipe the coochie off witta napkin and take a hooker bath
Ain't none of my niggers kept us
They gotta pay our mackin ass
We be slummin'em we be trapin'em
In the slow lane and the fast
Money hogs fame and kissin
Alcohol weed and bitches man we back da fuck in business