

Bag on Me

E-40

I got some gidname for the bridnain, gas, 91 octane
They say '40, you've been doin' it for years, how you maintidnain? '
In a region where people supposed to fail
Living in the Bay with the sharks and killer whales (pimp)
I tell 'em 'I'm grown, not with the bitchness'
I'm too crispy and polished, I stay solid, I mind business
I don't hate on brothers, I take my hat off to hustlers
And what I want for myself, bruh, I want for others
Republicans wear red, and Democrats wear blue
Politicians be bangin' and set-trippin' like me and you
It's OK to have nice things, but don't let them things have you
That's what my OG told me and my whole crew
In the heart of the slums I hung with the bums
Soaked up game, like a sponge
Back then, insufficient funds
So I started slangin' gook, pocket full of hunds
BIATCH!

Whole stack full of hun'eds, got that bag on me
When I got that bag, know them bands on me
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From the kiddie walk to Blackhawk, in a guarded gated community
No streetlights or sirens, in the land of the opportunity
Rubbing my shoulder with the white folks
In the beginning, it was so new to me
Tycoons and golf carts
Came a long way from grinding up on the block
Life savings all in my socks
Mouth full of spitters, swallowing rocks
Me and my niggas and gritters posted up with chops
Bagging up zippers, microwaves and pots
I need to duplicate myself but I cain't 'cause I'm one of one
Let's go one-on-one, potna, put down the gun
I pull strings like a banjo
I could have some niggas run up in your bando
My muscle car souped up and I ain't talkin' 'bout Campbell
I'm thinkin' 'bout buying a Bentley truck and a lambo
I dress like a king and I'm out here living a dream
If you put your mind to it you could do anything

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Tryin' to put something together, having my gouda and my cheddar
Foldin' it backward like an omelet, 'bout to get higher than I can measure
Got that plug like a Tesla, your bitch, you might wanna check her
She slick and she freaky sneaky, she want me up in her kidney
She want me to suck her titty, she wanna sit on my lap
Your bitch doin' too fuckin' much, I ain't fuckin' with none of that
I'm too busy, I'm in a rush, in the traffic checking my traps
On my way to the studio, laughin', rappin', making slaps
Only saps I fuck with is the SAP Center
Where the Sharks swim, surrender
Don't test us, we got a short temper
Fuck around and chop you down like timber
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