

Behind Gates

E-40

Say Earl, let's get it crack-a-latin in this bitch..
Uhh.. nigga nigga.. y'know (y'know) y'know!
Uhh, Ice Cube and E-40 up in this motherfucker
For those that don't know,
we do it like this (like how?) We do it like this (like this)

I gotta say some shit 'fore we start the single
I'm sick of motherfuckers bitin 40 lingo
Everytime I see yo' bitch ass you got a jingle
and you ain't wrote shit, got it from my people
Your whole ego, is evil, negro, fo'rizzo, we go
get the Desert Eagle, blast on your Regal
Your dub, no "California Love," California slugs
from California bloods, and Calfironia cuz

Dip ridin them little itty bitty ass wheels
in the town like you might see on shoppin carts
If I ain't ridin mustard or mayonnaise-zinas (?)
and bowed toes, (?) low on horse
then I'm bluffin, I'm less than nothin, a constipated dude
Constantly fartin, but I'm really supposed to be, shittin on fools
Peep - Ice Cube and E-40 doin a track together
That's HEAT! Players it don't get no better than this pimpin
That's HEAT! Two of the most grizzliest and Godzilla-ass niggaz
to ever touch the mic.. (touch the mic)

Behind gates, heaven or hell, mansion or jail
Keepin it real, two niggaz from the hood makin mill's
Behind gates, heaven or hell, mansion or jail
Was destined to have somethin pimpin, be about your mail

NOW! I might talk a different language but I'm not Scottish
Got more homies in jail, than I do in college
I'm a cold piece of (?) - slide through the park
and come back every fifteen minutes in a different car
on the strength of flamboastin pu-uh-purposes
Smokin burners (burners)
Finger on my thumper (thumper) in this concrete habitat
Never know when you just might have to, put a head on flat

Our status, is penthouses, yo' ass, is rent houses
We got, ten houses, can't even, spend ours
We go, invent ours, in about, ten hours
Comin with that mob-ass shit, it's a hit bitch
Broke bitch, turn into a rich bitch
Every trick bitch wanna be a legit bitch
We got big ol', big gold gates
We got big ol', big gold, nickel plates (who is it?)

Let me tell you, broke niggaz can't offend me
Evidently, yo' Bentley musta said "rent me"
I see you rollin, lookin stolen, L.A.P.D.
is actin just like me, they can't believe what they see
Pull you over, it's over, nigga, can't be sober
Rollin through this neighborhood fool nice to know ya
Fakin like you got the bacon, with that tickin-ass Rolex
A nigga blast til the soul reflects

My roots grew up tearin projects, players shootin craps pimpin
Placin side bets, hair full of naps pimpin
Bunch of ruffnecks, play the old tracks mayne
Money cars sex, servin cocaine
White girl, wedding dress, in the dope game
Block cleaners, poppin out of my Ford Excursion truck
with heaters, poppin at all of my enemies better duck
Even though I'm makin tapes I'm still stuck

[Chorus - 2X]