

## Blessed By the Game

E-40

It's a game of cat-and-mouse in the Bay  
Everybody know where everybody stay  
Somebody didn't make it to the house  
Somebody got shot in they mouth  
Gotta keep you a thumper, on the tuck, on the under  
Can't be shinin' too flossy, they'll turn you into a body  
Can't be stuntin' too often, they'll turn your car to a coffin  
Have you coughin' up blood while you was smokin' your bud  
And sippin' your barre, or should I say lean  
Him and his hoe, now it's a crime scene  
I'm a master of reality  
Rap about good times and casualties... UH!

From the bottom, and I ain't ever changed  
From broke to having my change, mayne  
Get up and get it, don't always place blame  
I've been blessed by the game

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This morning, the Lord tapped on my head  
Said 'If it wasn't for me, you would be dead'  
Got up out my bed, got on my knees and thanked Him  
I was hecka scared, it was cloudy and rainy  
When it come to communication, you gotta be smart  
Put your pride to the side and have a heart-to-heart  
With your family and folks, your friends and your foes  
Life can be short or taller than a stripper pole  
I'm a get my shit together, bruh, I promise, I betcha  
I'm slappin' E-40, don't shoot the messenger  
Pack a Mac or a 40 just in case they test ya  
Watch out for the Porky, pigs, they arrest ya  
Some crooked, corrupted, attitude like 'fuck it'  
Some do they job and care about the public  
I'm a master of reality  
Rap about good times and casualties... BIATCH!

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Techniques and tactics, mammoth mathematics  
Runnin' through paper like it's a laxative  
Since I toddler valued a dollar, ya hear me?  
I'm the same the dude, I ain't an impostor, ya feel me?  
When you get on your feet, don't forget your peeps  
'Cause they the ones that hold a nigga down in the streets  
When it's all said and done my testimony ain't gon' be phony

Sometimes I lose count on how many people owe me money  
Forget about it, hustla, just love 'em and keep it pushin'  
Never know when you gon' need a brother, we hoodlum  
Boss, not a sucker, I love my loved ones, we folks  
My bloods and my cousins grew up together, so dope

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