

## Brownie Points

E-40

[A-1] Yeah  
[E-40] Seven-oh-seven  
[A-1] Yeah.. Charlie Hustle  
[E-40] Playa, playa  
[A-1] What's wrong with these old niggaz man?  
D-Day, what's wrong with these niggaz?  
[E-40] What's wrong with these niggaz?  
[A-1] This fuckin game.. tryin to get brownie points and stripes  
[E-40] Smack points (yeah) yeah  
[A-1] You got somethin for these old niggaz doe  
[E-40] What we got fo' em big balla?  
[A-1] Yeah, yeah, yeah  
[E-40] BEOTCH!

What's the subject? Fo' brings niggaz they Kotex  
Where we reside I creeps my ass up inside  
and smash these brownies off in his FACE  
that I done shitted and pissed on, dude, HOW THAT TASTE  
Catch him out his place, out of his area  
with his nephew and his niece, ooh, the more the merrier  
Nigga tried to fuck mines off (what'd he do?)  
Tried to gauge the porch with my broads on Watoo  
Dude you done broke fuckin code  
I'm first ta dump drop clip, dump-drop-clip reload  
Be like I can motherfuckin explode  
Talkin about I'll be fuckin all kind of women  
That's B-R-P, Blade Run or Pimpin  
Once upon a time there was this guy named Dane  
Tried to fuck my bitch, but he Kris-Krossed game  
I don't owe this motherfucker in the first  
but he done made livin in my house a whole lot worse  
tryin to gain some stripes

It's nothin nice -- READ HIM HIS RIGHTS  
Collar him and laugh, rollin over and politickin with the vice  
Crackin under pressure, bust a pipe  
Snake eyes is crooked dice  
{"Goin all up out your way just to get them brownie points"}  
It's steaks and knives -- READ HIM HIS RIGHTS  
So-called best friend'll stab yo' ass in the back with a knife  
and try to, put yo' ass on ice  
for brownie points and stripes, for brownie points and stripes  
Niggaz'll take your life just to {"get them brownie points"}

You niggaz got me stuck what?  
Watchin y'all spit it and get it fucked up  
Lucked up, my mobb niggaz, yea we gon' bust what  
If he isn't never see mail, cause that we sell  
dope by the truckloads, hoes can catch it retail  
Motherfuckers grindin but we all ain't played  
and all ain't paid, now watch em all get sprayed  
Laid back and watch him misprint it, we been spit it  
for you newcomers who thinkin you done it, I put my fist in it  
Let yo' bitch get it, serve a D and watch a bitch split it  
If I ain't wit it, it wasn't enough fuckin chips in it  
Niggaz try to gain stripe, I flame mic  
Got em all caught up in the same shit, call it game tight

Keep my name hyped, strivin to get my name right  
When it's fucked up, I'm the one you can blame right  
Hatin on my niggaz when I did the shit  
Yo we the shit, represent this hogg ass bitch

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Young Mack Jr. ain't nothin but 14, Mack Jr. think he tough  
Mack Jr. be havin problems with his stomach, throwin up that green stuff  
Mack Jr. done tried everything (in the Bay) the whole taco  
Mack Jr. be takin whiffles of that Khadafi and shovin it up his nostrils  
Mack Jr. just got out the hall, Jr. I call your bluff  
Jr. ain't to be played, Jr. quick to bust  
Mack Jr. be geekin, Mack Jr. be havin withdrawal  
Mack Jr. be tweekin Mack Jr. be workin hella close with the law  
I don't KNOW this motherfucker, never saw the dude  
but Mack Jr. all the time be seein my viznideos on the tizznelevision tube  
Fool know not that he'll blunder, I got yo' ass hypnotized, talkin about  
"When you see that nigga E-40, Element of Surprise!"  
One of my fellas overheard about it in the pen, chopped a couple of kites  
Told me to be careful cause niggaz'll take yo' life for braggin rights  
That ain't fair so stop that baby attitude why do niggaz gotta cheat  
Don't them niggaz know I got enough fetti to put they whole fuckin family to  
sleep?

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