

[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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