

## Circumstances

E-40

Uhh, dry as the fuck, and I'm (?) one left with yo-yo  
Seven houses down, black street, dark (?) folk don't matter tho'  
I don't know who to trust, what to look fo'  
How many niggaz wanna kill me?  
I'm havin a, hard time tryin to determine  
if that's the homey, or the enemy  
Ol' shady-ass, no build for that  
Just lookin like he plottin on somethin-ass nigga  
But I wanted to mack like he fin' to do somethin  
and I'll get to be dumpin on yo' ass nigga  
One of the main rules, of the game, without a doubt  
Nigga don't you ever pull a gun and don't use it  
Nigga that's a good way to get your brains blow out  
Motherfucker like me get to flashin then I lose it  
Leave that ol' shit up to me and watch me prove it  
Nigga, you betta be real about this shit  
If you in it you in it don't be no punk  
Nigga this ain't no baseball game, niggaz don't FORFEIT NO DAMN FUNK

Two brothers goin sack for sack  
in the back of the 'llac, takin a whiffle  
Strippin the fuck up out of some willow  
Poppin ecstasy like Skittles  
It'll get you in the long run, sniffin them long ones  
Way girl burst ya dick and now it got ya on one  
Came up shorted, circumstances nigga quote it  
What goes around comes around tryin to steal this (?) Brady hostess  
Keep your focus, and never the love of the hocus pocus  
Set up hoes lovin to get jackers to come and smoke us  
Die-hard soldier, T-Pup-alicious, cops get vicious  
No mercy on haters or no bitches  
Got in my clitches waitin for a nigga to take some chances  
so we can deal with these hardco' Sic-Wid-It-ass circumstances

Takin all these CHANCES  
You might never ever ever get them CIRCUMSTANCES  
Penitentiary CHANCES  
You might never ever ever get them CIRCUMSTANCES

I said the world is full of crack babies  
I remember when the world went crazy  
Til I copped a sack, and put it down like that  
and rolled out like it didn't even fade me

Nigga - slang suga delight enough to get my hustle right  
It's double like, a flip new Benzo with the bubble lights  
Scuffle fights with rats and roaches, I was the brokest  
motherfucker, now I'm the closest nigga to ballin ferocious  
motherfucker, dust a nigga off like wax off, cracks off a hard  
(Fo' sheezy) Pimpin ain't easy and motherfucker only if you breezy  
Easy does it, I does it do it off the fluid  
Come with the newest shit I come through with  
Bitch don't you hear the music?  
(Don't you hear the music? Too sexy for my shirt)  
Too sexy for my shirt so bad hurt  
niggaz on the turf wanna put my ass up in the dirt, cause I skirt  
a Lex-o and slurp a genie bottle full of X-O

or maybe cause I'm with 40-Water and a jug of ethel  
You can't love it, don't leave the ghetto  
Me and I'm heated like two jugs of methyl

Damn, (??)cydal shit when vital shit starts to happen  
Eager to be the nigga just for cappin  
Strappin up ain't no thang, it's survival  
It's makin sure you all good when it comes to enemies and rivals  
It's (Higher Learning), but it's (True Lies)  
when it comes to the (Superfly)  
Speedy Gonzalez destroyes from the Eastside  
Is it ridicule or stardom? Did we hurt yo' feelings, pardon  
I'm makin niggaz fall like cops on (Rage in Harlem)  
(Beotch!) I'm on some moonshine shit  
Bit the cork off the Cristal  
I'm drunk so let me chill for a while

Aww yeah yeah now niggaz know  
Well ain't no sense in me fuckin around  
My stompin ground be the H-I-double-L-S-I-D-E bound  
to touch you with them tecs and make them marks, bounce like checks  
Slide a faulty bitch up under these niggaz  
and killin 'em off with sex  
Ain't no tellin what angle I'm comin with these circumstances  
Penitentiary chances, nina ruff fluffin tap dancers  
on your hood for breedin snitch bitch-made niggaz  
Don't fade triggers so they quick get sprayed niggaz  
I fuck with wig-splitters, Colombian neck-tie throat slitters  
(??) take a long time business to get paid  
to get rid of you cheater  
Chatter police-ass niggaz takin chances (takin chances)  
Man you can't fuck with these circumstances

And all you O.G. motherfuckers better stop tryin to mark them yungsta  
cause sooner or later, they gon' dump, like some garbage dusters  
Tryin to throw yo' weight around,  
like you gon', uhh, take over a spot  
Nigga don't you know these youngsters nowadays  
be off that water and hot?

[Chorus Two]