

Clown Wit' It

E-40

Forty water and Mystikal
What cha know about that nigga?
Huh?

What cha want girl?
You interested in a thug ass nigga
Wit battle wounds and scars
Lawyers, doctors, rappers, R&B singers or sports stars?
Wig splittas and dome crackers that s all I'm accustomed to
Allergic to suckas and bustas and get to sneezin and shit aaachew!
Ain't affiliated wit pathological liars and name droppers
Just bosses and mafia niggas
Slick talkers and collar poppa s
Drug traffic and racketeer bank robbers
Young pits pants saggin totin and packin choppers
I'm having this ghetto money tryin to stay papered up like a fax
I keep tellin all these niggas out this way
you ain't got to have dandruff to have scratch
Protect yo neck and yo chest
See my mentality hasn't changed just my physical address nothin less (less)
I smoke wit the gromiest and the highest
Takin my chances on hepatitis
Sharin my forty s of malt liquor drinkin
211 after any old nigga thinking&

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Give a fuck wit it
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Nigga you must have been drinkin dog water
If you think you can fuck wit the bayou godfather
Smoke like scaldin water I'm come from the 12th ward
Cuts and welts and scars whoever face-off
Burnin and turnin they lights out makin them stay dark
Body beatin and sweepin keepin em sleepin
heat seekin deletin
cause bitch I ain need cha
feel like bullets hit cha when the rhymes flyin off
when I get finish wit cha
you gonna feelin
Dog tired boss (John Cofey from the Green Mile)
Jump shop, hop flight, cop ride and
Tellin finally smell it and chop it up wit Fonzarelli
These niggas be sounding like they talking bout they on one

but when I come they only fuck up one run like homerun
Fire-bringa
Rhyme-singa
Pussy-banga
Young dick- slanga
They funky like Kunta Kinte own thang
on my bike I'm ridin the fuckin rap game on the handle bars

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Livin in California ain't always to cute
Like New Orleans
You can fuck around and get yo head put on flat in a road rage dispute
The poor get poorer
And the rich keep gettin richer
These hoers keep pourin
And the spicks keep getting slicker
I play the game for what it s worth
Hard like penitentiary steel not soft like a Nerf
I know some cats, seriously homey maybe twice,
ain't neva been pass four blocks in they li-a-life
dudes can't even dream a dream about gettin paid
just sittin on the corner sittin there for about a decade
I might not be the sharpest tool in the shed but I'm a rebel
Some cats'll bury their self alive
just to prove they know how to use a shovel
And about you sounding like everybody else ass rappers knock my flow
But in the back of your head you really be sayin
that their nigga right their be snappin
that nigga from the bay
I ain't even gon lie pimpin
That nigga a fool right their
He got a fool style
That nigga their can go&go

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