

Don't Try This at Home

E-40

Ma money short but it used to be long
In front a ma mama's home, sellin d drone (the drone, drone)
Yea gupe, gupe, gupe, yea paypay (yea papypay, papypay)
Yea yola (yola, yola), yea cola (cola, cola)
Winnin em at they own game, pushin dem pale ass sugar cane
A1 top grade (ugh)
I want d finest in life, fuck wid ma love ones nigga I'm a kill you twice (k
ill you twice)
(Twice, twice) yea twice!, 3 times, yea thrice!
Yous a cat, yous a feline, yous a kitten
You ain't got through rights at a weddin
You got me all d way fuckin fucked up
I got a enough paper to have your son don't show up

(Don't try this at home)
No money back guarantee, fuck it I'm a give you gang fo' free
I think I'm right, but you think I'm wrong
Don't try this at home (Don't try this at home)
Don't try this at home
Don't try this at home

Fresh to death, like I belong in a coffin
Young Philphy Rich, I'm d fliest nigga walkin
Yellow tape, betta proceed with caution
With my young high heels they be higher than a morson
I murk d track with Thuggy an 40
Posted on d block I'll be thuggin wid d 40
Slide through I give you 8 fo' d 40
Next time you come you betta coppa ho oz
Fake niggas don't try this at home, see me near you've entered the kill zone
Where dem AKs knock off a nigga own
He ain't from aroun here, he might not make it home
It's young Phiphy Rich fake niggas imitate
You masturbate, while a real nigga penetrate
A couple niggas in ma circle had to eliminate
Cause they was tryna steal a food from a nigga's plate

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I think I'm right, but you think I'm wrong
Don't try this at home (Don't try this at home)
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(Okay, here we go)
Hold up, parental advisory
I get so waddy when d liquor get inside me
Broke not hardly, smoke like Martin
Hoe like sitting like she sittin on a Harley
Who go harm me, you an what army
Live watch chillin room, ma killers be swarmin
Take two money shots, call me in d mornin
Cover me I'm goin in, without no warnin
I think I'm right, ma mama think I'm wrong
Say I'm rockin wid d chrome, make sure I make it home
Early in d mornin, d kitchen shakin salts
Nickel an dime, nigga six figures forelong

Don't try this at d crib, all ma niggas thuggin like this where I live
Stevie Joe I don't need ID, the lil niggas in d hood wanna be like me, motha
fucka