

It's the end of the world (world)  
Everybody's lookin for some satisfaction  
I just want me a girl (girl)  
Every motherfucker with some weed start passin  
It's the end of the game (game)  
All my fuckin homies chasin G's ain't nothin  
It ain't hard to explain (explain)

Came in the game with a few dollars, I left the game with a few mill'  
That's the way I woulda retired from this rap game fo' real  
Get a distribution deal, brush up some of this dirty scrill  
Live up on the hill, like E-40 Fonzariggadale - end of my history  
Showin some love to all of my thugs, all of my folks incarcerated  
Liftin waterbacks and drinkin mud, walkin the yard with they elbow up  
Poppy grains crushed up, big A and little A  
My cousin Freddy Smith and Mack North, see ya when you touch down  
Man I'm doin alright, I missed your call the other day  
But I got yo' kite, you know my cousin such-and-  
such done got back on the pipe  
They took her down the other night for tryin to steal a bike  
Anyway, we walkin on, man I can't wait 'til y'all get home  
Man there's so many funny style-ass negroes on this earth the real ones gone  
Hoe shit lead to mo' shit (mo' shit)  
Gats is cheap man ain't no mo' money left out here  
Man I'm one of the last of the Mohicans

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My gunspray'll pop this off the world keep stackin

Uhhhhhh, I ain't tryin to be landin in a {?}  
For whatever it's worth I'ma get off first  
Better him than me though, I done got down on fools befo'  
Come with the package 'specially when you're out there pitchin blow  
I wear these glasses to look like a nerd, square off like Urkel  
Movin too fast like turbo, gotta slow it down like turtles  
Scrillionaire, millionaire, overcomin obstacles and hurdles  
There's somethin 'bout my circle  
Surrounded by Saggitarius, not too many Virgos  
Just Scorpios and Aries, like...  
Like right now I'm in the local booth, whassup slugger?  
Hey Pimp Juice! Ya alright? Oh fo' sho'! Fa shiggadale  
You got some tweak? Nope I smoked it to the fingernails  
The fingernails? Yeah cuz-o, the fingernails  
Man I'm so high right now that I can barely even spell  
Barely spell? On the real pimpin I can't tell  
Pimpin you lyin I, yeah mayn I'm drunk as hell

It's about a quarter after nine (nine) I know I opened up  
a verse with that line before but I'ma say it one mo' time  
I think I drunk too much wine (too much wine)  
Anybody got a Motrin? I feel like my head's explodin

Wakin up in the mornin, squeezin and fartin and yawnin  
Smokin a joint to the dome and  
Talkin on my burnt out phone and, to my breakin broad that ain't knowin  
To my mistress broad be hoein, my mistress broad that's hoein  
In lieu of my pregnant broad that's showin, glarin and glowin  
Ready to drop the load explode, sittin on the porch, lightin a torch  
Puffin on a clove, in and out of church, back and forth  
Hustlin gangster mode, run back in on that turf, sellin that Nerf  
That soft white rocky road, dolla danglin for danglin gangland  
Manglin (manglin), set you up and bangin claimin (claimin)  
The park in the game that rainin, off there drinkin and thinkin  
Chokin and sparkin and flamin, barely maintainin (barely maintainin)  
Hopin and wishin and dreamin the Lord'll let me into his kingdom  
(Let me into his kingdom)

[Chorus - 2X]