

End Of The World

E-40

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 scroll
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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All my fuckin homies chasin G's ain't nothin
It ain't hard to explain (explain)
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 Saggitarious, 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]