

Fired Up

E-40

The streets is my financial advisor
When I see other people havin' their money, I get inspired
I'm far from a hater, that's what I'm not
I'm a congratulator, tell 'em 'I see you' and give 'em props
From my savings in my socks on the block and flea-flickin' rocks
Getting beat up by cops to buying mansions on mountaintops
No more going to the station getting fingerprinted
The only time I get fingerprinted now is when I close escrow
Still with the activation, still with the mannishness, blowin' cannabis
Strains of that cookie blue fertilized in that bat boo-boo
That there guano or maybe them chicken droppings
Girl Scout cookie and gorilla glue crossing
Some can't comprehend what I'm saying 'cause they way out of touch
And they square as a box of Fruity Pebbles and Cocoa Puffs
Out the loop like a hula hoop, get they game from the 'net
I get my game from the soil, the turf, the trenches, the set

Tool on me in the club, yeah, I'm plyered up
Talk shit, get hit, jaw wired up
Roll another 'wood up, I ain't high enough
Where the bottles at? We here tryna fire up
(We finna get this muthafucka fired up)
Fired up, fired up, fired up
(We finna get this muthafucka fired up)
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(We finna get this muthafucka fired up)

UH!

Verse two

I'm a make it do what it do
My nigga, I don't know about you
But I'm about my business like a Jew
My diamonds be flexin' and pokin' out like a titty nipple
The way I be dressin' is kinda fly for a bigger niggro
Too blessed to be stressin', I reckon, life is a bitch
Plead the fifth, no confessin' and I'm too thorough to snitch
Watchin' Trapflix, rollin' a spliff in the afternoon
On the couch in the living room with my lady on blue lagoon
I stay timin', I'm a tycoon, like my vodka coming out soon
I ain't lying, I never do, I'm a factor, you could be too
BIATCH!

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Financials used to be ugly but now they gorgeous and lovely
When my paper was injured it made a speedy recovery
They say I'm short-tempered, I'll shoot you right in your artery
I'm begging you, asking you not to try me or bother me
Earth is my turf and my soil, gravel or property

And these suckas and haters is hella bad for the economy
I go bad on these batches and I don't do no apology
Razor-sharp like a cactus and I believe in astrology
Loyalty, not dishonesty, THC, I blow broccoli
I'm a fixture in the game, I'm tryin' to build a monopoly
I want the money, fuck the fame, so break me off somethin' properly
And you can find me getting high and drinking brew on the balcony
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