

Gamed Up

E-40

I ain't new to this shit, baby
No, no, I'm too grown
Tryin' to run game on me
I been in this too long

I'm gamed up
I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm
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Bitch, how the fuck you think you supposed to run game on me?
I could have been a pimp at the age of three
And when it comes to funk, I know a few hitters in that arena
And I ain't talkin' John Cena, I'm with hyenas

Born hustler, not a sucker, but a king
Don't nothin' come to a sleeper but a motherfuckin' dream
All my years I had peers that I looked up to
That been on and off the streets, back and forth to the stew

Sometimes I drink too much, I got three bladders
I'm paranoid, I pack three hammers
I smoke a lot, I got three lungs
I'm looney as fuck like Yuck and Num

How you expect me to help you if you won't help me help you?
I ain't in the way, you in the way of you
I keep my ear to the turf like a soccer shoe
I know these streets like the Gracies know Jiu-Jitsu

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Hate come with the plate
When you eatin' everybody want a taste
Turnin' my money over and flippin' it like a acrobat
I got more TracFones than Saul from Breaking Bad

Where I'm from, they'll shank you in a bathroom stall
Where I'm from, they'll deflate yo' head like a Tom Brady ball
Hella long ago before my Mangoscato
I used to spin the gumbo pot like
Havin' money ain't new to me, I'm a staple
Seasoned like a mu'fucka: basil
I respect my OGs, look up to them like a father
They stay movin' mean, up in the pen they shot callers

I went from not even being mentioned to the center of attention

Right now I scoot a European, but I used to scoot a lemon
It's me man: benefactor
What's that on ya wrist? Yacht-Master

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Something similar to a curtain call, my beats be clappin'
Bankroll swoll' like an allergic reaction
Suckerism's contagious like a yawn
If you play with the bull, ya gonna get the horns

Some people got time for everybody else
Except for the people that's gon' be there when it's nobody else
I could show you the newest way to play the oldest game in the world
I ain't gotta have money to pull yo' girl

When the next man is winning, don't be concerned
You can hate or you can learn
I'm the get-money whisperer, teach
Hustlers how to get money; preach

I'm from the Wild, Wild, Wild, Wild West
Where they aim for the dome and the chest
Be cool if you a tourist or a guest
Tuck yo' chain in yo' shirt, it's a mess

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