

Got That Line

E-40

Niggas want that old mob shit back
(Take it back to that old school Federal way, man. Understand.)
For all my mob music monsters
(In a major way. I'm still burning duct tape.)
Bitch!

Nigga, this rap shit slow?
I'll be back selling blow
Posted right there by the store
Selling narcotics for the low
Niggas think I fell off?
Niggas done lost they mind
Niggas think since I'm rapping now
I still got that line
Still got that line
Still got that line
Nigga still got that line
Who got that line?
Who got that line?
(I still got it, man.)
Nigga still got that line
Still got that line
Still got that line
(Who need it?)
Nigga still got that line
Nigga, this rap shit slow?
I'll be back selling blow

In the traffic, in the wind getting money
Never stunting clumsy gotta feed my family tummy
Ain't shit here funny
Pull your ho card, not a game motherfucker, this ain't gin rummy
It's funky out here - musty, keep your guns oiled up, not rusty
Not a starter pistol; pack something husky, bust the gusty
Sawed-off, something that'll get your point across
Knock a motherfucker head off; tomato soup, not chicken broth
Promethazine, no cough; six-fifty with a brick of boat cost
If coke cost too much so I'm charging
Twenty-four, five for the margarine
I might bargain, or show you love for the butter
Peel your broccoli, give you a better price than your little plug
You could lose your life, catch a fucking slug, plotting on a balling-
ass thug
I stay with the pyro on me cause ain't nobody gonna protect me like me
I don't want no cowards around me, big bank, FDIC

Nigga think I fell off? Posted up front of that store
With a hard ass kick of that blow (that snow), OG having his cho (money)
Another word for cho is doe (fetti), trying to outsmart the po-po (Five-0)
Come looking for me and I gotta go (what you do?), I'm running through the s
tore back door
Knocking over candy and chips, commenced to hit the fence
It's not my first offense, about my dollars and sense
I like to trap and trench, we like to trench and trap
Everybody with me don't rap
Operation gouda stack, [sic], in this world of pain no patch
Pain reliever disbeliever, push Keisha, pack a 40-caliber gat

Got ho no more, toe-to-toe, don't nobody wanna fight no more
Throw it all away over a ho, never see the light no more
Ninety-nine plants I grow, got vegetables, outdoor seaweed, spinach
I'm not a save-a-ho, I'll break a ho, don't be surprised if I take your bi-
nitch

Survival tactics, never hustling backwards
Throw-off methods, that's why I wear these glasses
So I can look like a nerd, po-po roll right past us
Savage-ass nigga from the gravel
Baller status, living hella lavish
You can find me at the shooting range, target practice
With a thumper in my fist going tactical
Shaka Zulu heart built for battle
Free all of my real ones missing summers
In the stew doing football numbers
Caught my brody with a K and some methamphetamine
Didn't take the plea bargain, so they gave him all day
All his family can do now is pray
Hoping they reduce his stay
Pass the hat around for the lawyer pay
Get him out before he hella old and gray
One day, I'm a probably be a deacon on the alter
Hopefully, I don't have to break bad like Walter
Get my hands dirty again and push birds
Either that or that windshield glass Heisenberg
Same toilet, different terd, I'll serve if I'm down on my revenue
Call the neighborhood chef, Raul

[Hook]