

Highway

E-40

What up though?
Whoa

I keep lookin' through my rearview
Seen them police on my ass
I only check the rearview
'Cause I ain't lookin' back
Have you ever counted money on the highway?
Took chances on the highway
Tell 'em tell 'em broke niggas down my way
While speedin' down the highway
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Ever had to add a hundred on the highway?
Midday, midway with the sky grey
All hundreds stacked up in a duffel bag
I'ma run the subways while you fuck with that
All I'm thinkin' 'bout is pearls when I'm off the pack
If a nigga ain't winnin', nigga game whack
Explain that, plug solid
Fuck with the boss, niggas know I got it...

...know I got it, time to cop it
Cop the piece cheap, flip a profit
Never tell nobody where my bundle at
Born in the trap on the tarmac
Where the bitches be lazy (lazy)
Social security make the kids think they crazy (think they crazy)
Every day is a hustle (hustle)
Don't get comfortable, don't get cozy and cuddly

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Smoke a turtle, calm me down, help control my temper
My 1911 Kember will leave you limber
Dismantled, dismembered and send you straight to hell
Take off the head and that'll kill the tail
Watch out for stranger danger, that's the enemy
Got old folk in Cali that's Crips that's praying for me
Gun's dark like an alley and I'll shoot
Pay a hubba-head a quarter ounce of goup

Hollered at my granddaddy right before he passed

Told me keep the family tight, don't forget the fast
It ain't about the cash it's to maintain it
Ghosts in the Phantom no car paint
So I wiggle and ride with a choppa inside
I'll be all outside
Yeah, then I outta the ride
Put a few on the slide you better hope he survive

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I'm tired of doin' what I'm doin, tired of hustlin' in reverse
Havin' money is dangerous it's a gift and a curse
Long as I can see that shit comin', bitch, I'ma blast first
Run up and I bet ya get done up my nigga BLAUH-BLAUH
I got a daughter to feed
And my baby mama pregnant, with my second seed
I got the same cell number I been havin' for years
In case there's money on the line, best believe that I'm all ears

About the guap we can talk or have a seat
Grab something to eat and try to make a sweep
We in the streets like double yellow lines
Last week seen the plug about eleven times
I'm getting tired of the drive though
Five-oh they be starin' at the car so
Method to the mission, I just pay commission
Catch you with that chicken better
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