

How I'm Feeling Right Now

E-40

The liquor, the girls, the money, the trees The liquor, the girls
(I can't explain how I'm feeling right now!)

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I'm on this AK47 I ain't talking bout the gun
Rolled up in a slit bix with the bubble pound
Fat bank roll man my money can't fold
I been getting bread since I was 12 years old
Pull up to the trap with the boom blam blap
Stapler in my lap case I gotta make em scat
Sitting in my Lounge with the neck full of gold
On the phone with the homie with my bitch on hold
I'm so high, I'm so bent
I'm so zapped, I'm so hent
I'm so me'd out, me me me
Ooh me, I'm in love with me
State to state, internationally
I get cake they can't fuck with me
I just ate but I'm still hun-gray
I'm a ape not no mon-kay
BITCH!

Uhh!

The money, the trees, the liquor, the girls
My city, my state, my country, my world
The hustle, the shrime, I want it, it's mine
The dollar, the quarter, the nickel, the dime
In the parking lot throw it up already on my seventh cup
Drop me fore I pulled up, tonight I'm finna live it up
I'm feeling like don't talk to me, I'm feeling like don't touch me
I'm feeling like don't look at me, I'm feeling like don't bug me
No I'm not I'm trippin' sweetie I'm just bullshittin'
Tell me what you want to drink I'll buy it what'chu sippin?
The Vodka or this Landy no mistaking for no trickin'
Hella batches in this muthafucka wanna get with pimpin
Na I'm a take it, so listen while I put'chu up on game
Walk around this muthafucka ask about my name
Brisk Vallejo California what I claim
Solid as rocks keep it funky like dooky slang
BITCH!

Where am I?
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know
Where am I?
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know