

I Had It In a Drought

E-40

Do dirt buggies, station wagons, servin' the work
Looked up to OG's like Paul and Curt
Rest in peace Big Dank, Big Nate we miss you
When we get up there we gonna play dominoes for some pushups
Chalupa on my mind, all I know is the gravel
Give a fiend a line and take her car for collateral
The eighties was crazy I know you heard it
If you get a ticket, better deserve it
Sideshows jumpin' off after parties and things
Hangin' out the roof with big gold chains
That nigga Quarky used to get it, had the finger waves
High-top fades and French braids
Muscle cars, old schools, new school stunters
Plymouth need to manufacture new Road Runners
Me and D-Shot, big B-Lih and them
My best friend Billy, became Muslim
My love one to this day, that's the way it's gonna stay
Doin' the damn thing 'til I'm old and gray
On my way to cop five on the Highway 5
In the drought it was definitely worth the drive
An expert at grindin' when I was grittin'
My folks used to come down from Richmond
I had a plug in The Sco, a plug in The O
A plug in Pin-oh, and Sacramento
Biatch!

I was grindin', I was grindin'
While you niggas was in the house
(Know, you know, you know you niggas was in the house)
I'm shinin', Boy I'm shinin'
I had it in a drought

Monumental moves me and dudes play by the rules
Suckas be confused, bitches be lovin' on us, some youths
Never tryin' to lose, always in winnin' mode, we refuse
To let a sucka stop us
From gettin' our fuckin' coppers
Keep it lit, keep it pushin' and keep it movin'
I ain't a counterfit bitch, I'm provin'
We shittin' on haters, fartin' and pukin'
Stay away from us if you ain't with the movement
Dollar devoted, you better know it I'm for it
You name it I sold it so much paper came from it
When I was fifteen and a half plus four
On Solano Avenue I bought a clothing store
In Vallejo California entrepreneur
Next to Davenport and the check cashin' store
Across the street from Church's Chicken it was on
A couple doors down, Studio Tone
From the fourth to the twelfth I played the drums
We always wanted to make some songs
Me and The Click knew we was dope
Got my haircut from London Pope
He had the dopest fades in the parts
Special shoutout to Rich Arcs
I had a plug in The Sco, a plug in The O
A plug in Pin-oh, and Sacramento

Biatch!

I was grindin', I was grindin'
While you niggas was in the house
(Know, you know, you know you niggas was in the house)
I'm shinin', Boy I'm shinin'
I had it in a drought

It's a different era some dudes should wear mascara
Actin' like a botch, won't be surprised they cut off they crotch
People change like socks, I promise you playa, God is my witness
I just do me and my mind business
Once upon a time upon the soil
Before all the funk and turmoil
I met this gorgeous broad, she was cute
She played the clarinet at the band revue
She worked at Taco Bell when I was up at Grambling
Looked like someone done drew her, she was handlin'
She trust her first mind, though I was in there
I smoke a sucka like a cigarette
The realest nigga in there thought you thought that I told you
Hella years later still with my girl from high school
I had a plug in The Sco, a plug in The O
A plug in Pin-oh, and Sacramento
Biatch!

I was grindin', I was grindin'
While you niggas was in the house
(Know, you know, you know you niggas was in the house)
I'm shinin', Boy I'm shinin'
I had it in a drought