

## 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  
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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  
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